

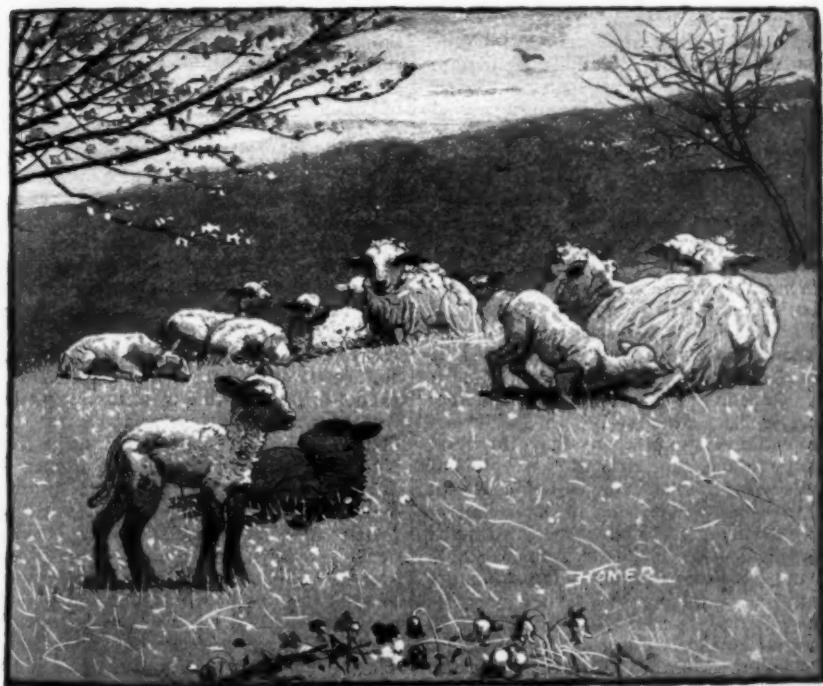
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XX.

JUNE, 1880.

No. 2.

SPRING HEREABOUTS.



SPRING LANE.

NO DOUBT, if some wandering philosopher could record his observations, it would be found that the aspects of the spring in the neighborhood of our large cities differ as widely as the cities themselves. Not that the doings of Nature are very different; "those blind motions of the spring that show the year has turned" are much the same in their manifestation all along the line on which Boston and New York,

Philadelphia and Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Cleveland are sown; and anemones and wood-violets, marsh marigolds and maple blossoms have neither prejudices nor partialities, but come at about the same time to all who live on the track along which empire has chosen its westward way: But man has modified the landscape at large, though he cannot affect the details, and his needs, his tastes, his temperament

even give a local coloring to the look of things about his dwelling-places. The wild-flowers come in their seasons, the sap stirs and the blossoms start at their due time, but there are signs about our cities that show, even more plainly than these, that the spring has arrived.

What characterizes the coming of spring about New York is the odd way in which the city and the country dove-tail into each other at this time. I am comparing it now in my memory with the spring about Boston and Philadelphia, and not with the cities of the West, about which I know next to nothing. In Boston and Philadelphia you have the city and you have the country, but they are separate; a sharp line divides the suburb from the town. The suburbs of Boston and Philadelphia are famous for their beauty; the suburbs of New York, even to the eye of the most partial New Yorker, are tame and, in some places, even ugly, and almost everywhere the opportunities they afford for rural beauty have been neglected; but the truth is they are not looked upon as suburbs,—they are only the ravelings out of a city whose web is loosely woven, and which has only been a city for a comparatively short time. Fifty years ago New York was an overgrown village, and her citizens had the domestic and mental habits of villagers; the real country came up to their doors, and their city life, such as it was, ran out into the fields. But, fifty years ago, the cities of Boston and Philadelphia stood fast where they do now. Hardly a block of New York remains as it was when this writer was a boy, and had relatives and friends living about the Battery and Bowling-green, and when he gathered dandelions in the rocky fields about Eighth street; but Boston proper is the same now that it was then; the same names are on the door-plates of Beacon, and Mt. Vernon and Chestnut streets, and one has to ride as far now as he had to ride fifty years ago to get to anything like the real country. For all I can see, Brookline is what it always was,—a lovely rural suburb, with a finished air, as if it were all owned by the first families, who mean to keep it looking just so trim and tamely picturesque to the end of time. No doubt, the Boston people think Brookline is country, and it is a pretty imitation; but just so they think their streets are dirty, though to a New Yorker they look like extensions merely of their cosy drawing-rooms; and of late years they have been so irritated by New York's claim to pre-eminence in every-

thing that they have been trying to get themselves into a state of mind about the smells on the Back Bay land, though, to a New Yorker, the Back Bay is violets and heliotropes to the streets of his city when the wind blows from Hunter's Point.

Of course, spring comes to Boston as to us, but it comes in a neat, orderly way, confining itself to the markets, the florists' shops and the almanac, giving a tardy filipp to the trees on the common, and adding now a deeper violet to the cold noses of the hardy girls who would scorn, as much as a Viking, to stop indoors for the worst weather that ever blew.

In New York, however, the spring comes in informally, like other things, and we may even think 'tis born here, and that the countryside gets it at second-hand. Of late, we are getting confused about the time of its arrival, in consequence of the invasion of untimely cucumbers and strawberries from the South, although things had been growing into a bad way before, with canned vegetables and Boston lettuce that kept up a make-believe spring all winter long. To hear strawberries hawked about the streets in March, two or three months before they are due, is to rob us of all real interest in spring growths, and make us weary of them in advance. But, after all, these things do not affect the veritable spring, whose comings and goings are not dependent on such accidents. You cannot bring the spring by setting your table with peas and strawberries and lettuce out of time, any more than you can make New York Paris by putting all the women in Worth costumes and Virot bonnets, or make a New York clerk an English swell by merely dislocating his shoulders, sticking out his elbows, and dressing him like a groom. Spring is in the heart of things and in the constitution of man, and it doesn't really come till the heavens and the earth are of one mind that they are ready for it. Then it comes in reality, and we all know it, and canned vegetables and southern strawberries are recognized for the shams they are.

Though, with land reckoned at so much a square inch, New York has lost the pristine glory of her "back-yards," yet, in old quarters of the city, the back-yards (the one luxury in which the richest man in new New York hardly dares indulge himself) are still the first camping places of the spring on her arrival in this quarter. Looking out of my window upon the open square of yards, only broken in one place by an invading "flat," I

watch the spring creeping on, from the time when the owner or some itinerant gardener climbs on the trellis, or lifts himself on a step-ladder, to prune the grape-vines, to the day when the young girls next door run to the house from their first visit to the back "garden" to announce to mamma and the neighborhood that the crocuses are in bloom, or that the first shoots of the peonies have broken the ground with their rosy finger tips. Then work begins in earnest, and more itinerant gardeners, or, in one or two of the yards, more skillful and expensive hands from the florist's, come in with spades and rakes and hoes, and turn up the beds, and rake the remains of last year's vines and roots in heaps, and lift and pound the grass-plot in the middle into shape, or even sod it over freshly, and then set out a new lot of rose-bushes, geraniums, border-pinks and heliotropes, with tuberoses and lily bulbs to give the garden-plot fresh incidents as the weeks roll on. Meanwhile, in the streets, the signs of spring,—worth all the cries of fictitious imported strawberries, and all the wilted southern vegetables, stifled into ripeness in the holds of ships between here and Charleston,—are the cart-loads of sods, with a twig of pussy-cat willow stuck in them as if to prove, by a sort of collateral evidence, that they were really brought from the country and were not manufactured by steam in some city factory; the blowsy German women bawling from door to door their flowering plants in pots, which they carry in big baskets on their heads; or the ash-barrels on the front sidewalks (for New York has no alley-ways), stuffed with the trimmings of vines, and the tangle of garden-sweepings and cuttings of last year's growth from shrubs and trees, in addition to their usual contents.

The sidewalks, too, have their new life, and swarm with children, especially in the older quarters, who make the stoops and flagging their play-ground all the out-of-school hours, and set up such a round of visiting on the part of the little girls, from area



BUDDING OF OAK AND VINE.

to area,
and stoop
to stoop,
and from
one side

of the street to the other, as shows how native is the social instinct, and how it feeds on nothing. Meanwhile the boys appear in force, with stilt, tops (which they whip in the fashion of the old Webster's Spelling-

Book), and in some few places with kites, though of late years the all-pervading telegraph-wires have seriously interfered with that pretty sport. And yesterday, on the sidewalk in crowded Sixth avenue, I saw a little child of six or seven standing, all unconscious of the passers-by, nursing on her shoulder a black kitten, and singing softly to herself some baby song with neither words nor air. And on the smooth asphalt of the Park a Marimon of a sparrow, neat and trim as her French rival, was dancing a shadow-dance all to herself, the *motif*, so to speak, being a refractory straw which she kept on picking up and dropping, and which, as her husband in the tree a few yards off sang the *finale* of his accompanying twitter song, she flew successfully off with, and wove into her new nest. It was only a night or two before that I had seen Dinorah dance her shadow-dance upon the stage, and it seemed natural now to believe that the first suggestion came from seeing some such bird-play as this.

The shop windows are other indexes to the change that is taking place. Those of the florists, who had been getting on rather

slowly for a few weeks with roses and violets and occasional lilies-of-the-valley, with a few white hyacinths (these first hyacinths, however, with their loose clusters and slender bells, having a charm that is somehow wanting to the more perfect, later bloom), now become sweetly gay with tulips, narcissuses, crocuses, daffodils, and hyacinths in glasses, while the trays of cut roses lying in fragrant heaps have a more natural out-of-door air (though likewise raised under glass, they require less care) than the superb Jacqueminots, Maréchal Niels, and Gloire de Dijons that preceded them and keep alongside them far into the summer.

The street flower-stands, too,—sadly botanical and scientific late into the winter, with ferns and alder berries, and berries of the bittersweet; then, about holiday time, ecclesiastically somber with evergreens and holly, then scientific again with more ferns and mosses,—at last become human and sociable, with jacks-in-the-pulpit, club-mosses just arrested in the act of taking their little hats off to the spring, meek bouquets of marsh marigolds, and bunches of twigs of pussy-cat willows or maple buds, plaintive reminders to the "cit" of country boyhood pleasures.

It is not in the flower-shops only that one sees the dull winter taking his leave. The tailors' windows tempt us men with their

lighter cloths, and even the shoe-shops hide their heavy-soled shoes and put their best foot foremost, clothed in the dapper gaiter or the low-cut shoe that speaks of sunny days and dry pavements. The trunk shops, too, seem to take a vigorous start in the spring, and bring out upon the sidewalks a great array of trunks and bags and boxes, of all shapes and sizes; some large enough to hold the clothes of an entire family, though doubtless intended to transport only a portion of the dresses of some newly made bride or woman of fashion; others reasonably capacious, but made so shallow in form as to suggest to the passer-by, who perhaps has already a journey in his mind, the suitability of just such a traveling companion for his state-room, in case he should decide, in this fine spring weather, to go over the ocean and see for himself how England looks in May. For one of the effects of spring is to make us all restless, and Nature, with her mounting sap, and pushing grass and pairing birds, is not to have a monopoly of motion; man, also, will repair and build, and make love, and migrate, as well as the bird.

The carpet shops, conscious that their regular stock in trade is now beginning to look somewhat worn, put out more attractive bait to beguile the passing purchaser, in the shape



A SPRING STUDIO: PAINTING AN OLD MILL IN THE SUBURBS.



ON THE HARLEM.

of rolls of cool-looking matting, in fresh tints and varied patterns, for decorative art has invaded even stand-still China, and where there used to be only two kinds of matting,—the red-and-white check and the plain straw,—there are now a dozen. But I may remark in a parenthesis that, let decorative art do what it can, it will never invent any pattern prettier, or that will wear better, than the red-and-white check. It holds its own, century after century, by as inalienable a title as bread and butter, roast beef, sunshine and potatoes.

There are shops to which spring brings only the sad conviction that their occupation is gone for as long as spring and summer last; and some shops, that have an elastic trade adapted to all the year, have to put half their stock on the retired list until cool weather comes again. Just as the animals themselves are making up their minds to go into winter quarters, the furriers begin to roll up their skins and pack them away for the season; the plumbers, to whom the universal thaw no longer promises bursting pipes and leaking leaders, retire to their back offices to devise new complications and more intricate traps for another season, while the so-called furnishing shops feed the quickened imagination of housekeepers with mops and pails and scrubbing brushes, cheerful emblems of

spring cleaning, and remand to the cellars their coal-scuttles and fire-irons, while a background of refrigerators, ice-pitchers and lemon-squeezers carries the mind gaily forward to the sweltering heats of summer. About this time, too, expect, as the almanacs say, to see steamer-chairs, with the initials or the full names of their owners painted on them, standing outside these shops, provokingly suggestive either of ocean voyage or yacht cruising. But as the busy man cannot hope to enjoy either of these pleasures, he mentally resolves that the first sunny holiday he can find he will sail down to Staten Island, and through the pretty Kills, to catch sight of spring as she comes rippling up our beautiful Bay,—touching the marsh grasses with young green light, throwing a misty veil of leaf-tips and swelling buds over the trees, and sending her sea-gulls as couriers to announce her coming, careering in their beautiful flight about our boat,—sea-gulls, the last of April's scurrying snow-flakes, flying first blossoms of the May, scud of the breakers, borne inland by the salt south-wind.

The carpenters and masons, who have been dormant all winter, now appear, with the first audacious fly, and, like the woodpecker, make their presence known by an energetic tapping and hammering. Look-

ing out of the window to see on which of these old-neighbor houses they have alighted, we find it is our next door, who is taking advantage of these first unseasonably warm days to enlarge his back balcony into a room; but so fickle is our April weather that hardly have the workmen got rid of the old piazza (for with such a high-sounding name do we dignify our narrow balconies, for the most part never used), and so deprived the house of the protection it afforded, than a rude snow-storm sends them back to their shop, and hides their new lumber for twenty-four hours under a white blanket. It is odd to see how citizens seem to dislike a tree. The pretty apricot that, every spring for the five years we have known her, has covered herself with a light veil of pink blossoms, and in the cool morning just touched the city air with a whispered breath of almond scent—the pretty tree is gone, cut off ten feet from the ground, a mangled stump. The light brush of its branches lies in a heap, the infant buds are nipped in their swelling, and, if we could see her, the ousted Hamadryad is sitting forlorn by her dismantled home. Etiquette forbids that we should ask the reason for this bit of destructiveness, but we cannot help being sorry for an act that seems to have had no reason in it.

But, if our next-door apricot is gone, the opposite-house baby has re-appeared, and we are sure, for a time at least, of something always prettier than any apricot tree could be. The baby was born in the early winter, but immediately went into retirement. Its first appearance at the window in its nurse's arms, very pink and very much swathed in flannel, was hailed as an auspi-

cious sign on our first taking possession of winter quarters, but, as has been said, it disappeared from the view of the back-window world, and was naturally forgotten. Now, however, it has appeared again, with the tulips and jonquils, and the old artist Time has added so many touches to his first sketch,—working over the red ground in which he always lays in his heads, and subtly managing his carnations, with gold lights in the tendrils of the hair, and blue eyes dashed in with a full, wet brush, a mouth like a bud, and—can it be?—why does the nurse leave the window, and come back with the mother, all nods and wreathed smiles? Why this fumbling in the baby's mouth? Is it a tooth? Yes, it would seem the first pretty millet seed has sprouted, the first pearl has been strung on the rosy thread. Old painter Time is finishing his picture, and has put in the first of his high lights. Nature, good foster-mother, is providing playthings for her child, for while the new baby was crooning at the window, the black cat brought out her two kittens into the yard below, and gave them their first taste of the open air and a sight of the fences they are one day to climb. Pretty, soft black accents in the Munich-gray of the picture!

By the stir on the roof of another opposite neighbor's "extension," and by the monotonous cooing of the pigeons that live there in cotes nailed against the wall, it may be guessed that babies and kittens are not the only young things whose growth and nurture the year is to tend. The older pigeons will soon be training their pigeonettes in flying up and down or across the open court, and it will not be many weeks or days



WATCHING THE GOATS.



DRIVING IN THE FLOCK.

before we shall hear the pattering of the red feet and the cooing of the iris-breasted visitors on our tinned roof, with the quick whirl of frightened wings as we step to the window to watch their restless play. How dull, after all, would the square shut in by the houses be—sunny and bright as it is—without these various movements of animate life!

Once, when we could not go to the country ourselves, a bit of April was brought to us by a kind-hearted maiden,—a basket of marsh-marigolds—greenish-yellow blossom-flowers just now leaves, and leaves that are all but flowers. She brought them—this girl, like one of Botticelli's Graces floating out of his Allegory of Spring—in a pretty basket of her own contriving, a softly-woven hat of straw, the edges drawn together at two sides with a knot of ribbon, and the flowers nestled closely together in the open ends. They looked out with their homely, friendly faces, recalling many an early April stroll in Westchester woods, where these firstlings of the year greeted us, thickly clustered along the banks of the creeping streams.

But the lover of spring will not be content with her city smiles. He will follow her to the rocky suburbs if, as is sadly likely, he cannot woo her in the real country. However, here again New York has an advantage over some other cities, in the curiously untamed wildness of her outlying regions. Even on the island itself, on its northernmost extension, the woods and rocks are still as they were in the days of Peter Stuyvesant, though, now that the elevated railroads have reached to the borders of the wildwood, it cannot be long before it will disappear, or be so broken up as to be no longer a strolling place for people tired, for

a time, of city sights and sounds. The Harlem river is the resort of innumerable boating gentry, but its shores are so steep on the one side and so marshy on the other as to give no opportunity to the walker, and the railroad that now skirts its northern shore and follows its windings has made such enjoyment as we once had in it no longer possible. But boat-hiring is made so easy that the river may be enjoyed this way with more pleasure, perhaps, than if we were only to walk along its banks. In a boat we are double owners of the stream,—we not only survey it from side to side, we command its inaccessible places; and now in the spring we see the water weeds brightening with answering green, as the marsh grass quickens along the edge and the arrowheads sharpen their serried tips in the sun, while the minnows flash in gathering and dispersing ranks, moving with a swift unanimity, as if an electric flash gave the silent signal, while at every fresh boat-length the plash of the vigilant frog is heard. We must linger long after the world is still, however, before we hear that sound which is one of the few in nature that mark an era in the progress of the year—the sound of the “peeper,” as clear and distinctly recognizable as the cry of the first locust or the chirp of the first cricket—one of those sweet surprises, like the first sight we get of the new moon, the first dandelion in the meadow, or, more delightful still, in the city grass-plots,—sights and sounds

“That always find us young,
And always keep us so.”

Of these firstlings, however, the sight of the dandelion is cheerful, and so is the peeper's cry, albeit its monotone may, to

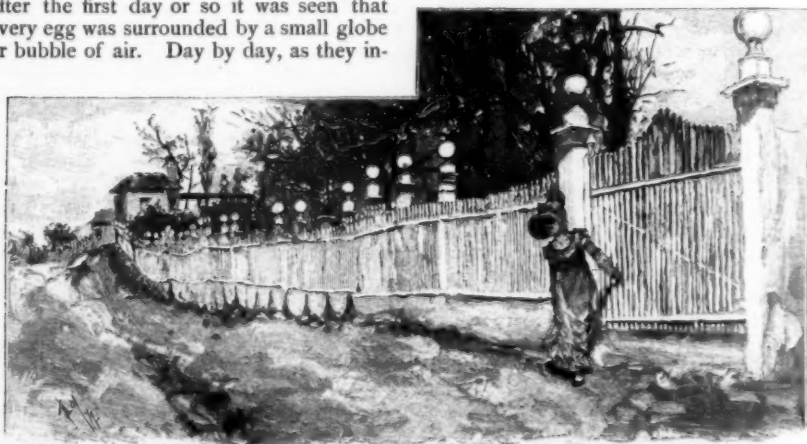


PICKING DANDELIONS.

some ears, be melancholy or plaintive; but the cry of the cicada and the cricket (which, of course, are not "cries" at all) are necessarily melancholy, because they belong to the fading year; they are cadences in the song of Nature as she sits at the rushing loom of Time. But the peeper's note is the tinkling bell that rings the curtain up and ushers in the play-time of the pleasant world.

I remember to have once brought home from a Westchester-county brook a formless mass of jelly, through which were distributed at intervals dark points like seeds. Bringing it home, I put it into a glass vessel filled with water, and set it in the window, watching it day by day. Each of these little points was an egg of the common frog, and after the first day or so it was seen that every egg was surrounded by a small globe or bubble of air. Day by day, as they in-

creased in size, the bubbles grew with their growth, and at length, from simple dark points, the eggs assumed an elongated form, like small melon seeds. But what made them magically interesting to watch was the curious phenomenon by which, every now and then,—and though I watched them long and often I could never ascertain any settled periodicity in the matter,—an electric thrill seemed to dart through the inert, gelatinous mass, and all the separate eggs, each in its transparent bubble, would wriggle simultaneously—just one short, sharp wriggle—and then all would remain quiet, till Nature had generated enough electricity for another shock. This continued until the eggs had developed the beginnings of a tail, and the



A SPRING MORNING AT MME. JUMEL'S IN THE OLD TIME.

air bubbles had increased so that they nearly touched one another; when, having no aquarium in which to keep my brood, I carried them back and slipped them into their native brook again. Are the planets such eggs in a vast, cosmical, nebulous mass, each with its own bubble of atmosphere, and does an electric flash run through our inert mass with the spring, and thrill us all into new life after winter's stagnation? Something thrills us, and the simultaneousness of it is past all scientific explanation. The very roots in the cellar feel the impulse; the potato strains its eyes so, to get a sight of what's going on, that they project from its head like the eyes of snails; the onion says to itself: "I'd be a hyacinth, if I could, but as I can't, I'll start off like one. Would that a bulb by any other name would smell as sweet." The beets and carrots try to follow suit, but they are a clumsier breed, and the only change that comes over them when the spring is making other things burst into bud and leaf, is that they become pith and cork, and end by wilting away.

The Park is the place where most New Yorkers first see the spring in its full beauty, and perhaps the only place where we see it at all beyond the city bounds. Here are broad swards of grass, ampler and greener than the country can show, and sown with dandelions so thickly as literally to make the green one yellow. And sheep and lambs really enjoying life, and ducks and geese and swans on the ponds and streams, lead-

ing their young broods out to see the glad new world into which they have been so lucky as to be born. 'Tis all very pretty, and we must enjoy the lush exuberance of the leafage, and the flower-garlanded trellises and rocky walls, hid out of sight with the purple wistaria and the scented honeysuckle; but whoever has courage to push beyond these formal walls into the rude, unkempt, but very much alive unbuilt-up world outside will find a more satisfying experience—unless, indeed, he be a fore-ordained "cit," and must go only where he can keep his boots clean.

The roads that lead by the now tottering palings of old New York houses like that of Madame Jumel's; the bits of pasture still uninhabited by city improvements, where children watch the goats or pick the dandelion leaves that make a dish of bitter "greens" to season the spare home meal, or keep the clamorous geese in sight, as they nip the springing grass or wrestle with their yellow beaks in the plashy rivulets that drain the rocky lots,—in all these straying-places about the city we may find happy substitutes, if we will, for a more ambitious country side, and bring back to the work-a-day world and the round of daily toil some gleam of real sunshine, the remembrance of some pretty glimpse of Nature, or, if nothing more cheerful, the conviction that, if not for him then somewhere for others, spring is bathing the earth in sunshine and making all things new.

SUCCESS.

Who wins the race? The boy who strives
For victory solely, and derives
No pleasure from the racer's art,
Nor keen delight to play his part,
But, struggling for his flag or button,
Must bolt his triumph like a glutton?

Who wins the race? The maid who craves
That all her friends should be her slaves?
A warm look here, cold shoulder there,
Now wafting bliss and now despair!
Amid the herd her charms have smitten
Gives one a finger, ten the mitten!

Who wins the race? The man who pours
His every nerve where he adores,
Outstrips his foes at any rate
And gets the maid by efforts great,

So set on owning that he's blind
To hot or cold, to wet or wind?

The race—who wins it? It is he
Who loses, gains the loftier fee!
O boy, love racing, not the prize;
Love love, sweet girl, not lover's cries;
And, man, far sooner bear a hurt
Than stoop to wrangle for a flirt!

SUN-SPOTS AND FINANCIAL PANICS.

I RECEIVE so many letters relating to the imagined troubles which the movements of the planets are to occasion during the next few years (chiefly through the intervention of the solar spots), that I think many may find interest in the most recent development of the sun-spot mania,—Professor Stanley Jevons's theory that there is a close and intimate connection between commercial crises and spots upon the sun. My object is not, I need hardly say, to advocate Professor Jevons's theory. Nor do I propose merely to show how slight is the evidence on which his theory is based, and that, in some respects, it is even opposed to those views in whose support it was adduced. I write more with the view of discouraging that flow of unscientific speculation with regard to sun-spots which has recently set in.

About the year 1862, Professor Jevons prepared two statistical diagrams relating to monetary matters, the price of corn, etc. The study of these satisfied him that the commercial troubles of 1815, 1825, 1836-39, 1847, and 1857, exhibited a true but mysterious periodicity. There was no appearance of like periodicity, indeed, during the first fifteen years of the present century, when "statistical numbers were thrown into confusion by the great wars, the suspension of specie payments, and the frequently extremely high prices of corn." He admits, moreover, that the statistical diagram, so far as the eighteenth century is concerned, presents no appreciable trace of periodicity.

In 1875, attracted by questions raised respecting solar influences, Professor Jevons discussed the data in Professor Thorold Rogers's "Agriculture and Prices in England since 1259." He then believed, he tells us somewhat naively, that "he had discovered the solar period" in the prices of corn and various agricultural commodities, and he

accordingly read a paper to that effect at the British Association at Bristol. Subsequent inquiry, however, *seemed to show that periods of three, five, seven, nine, or even thirteen years, would agree with Professor Rogers's data just as well as a period of eleven years*; in disgust at which result, Professor Jevons withdrew the paper from further publication. He still looks back, however, with some affection on this paper, and quotes with complacency this passage:

"Before concluding I will throw out a surmise, which, though it is a mere surmise, seems worth making. It is now pretty generally allowed that the fluctuations of the money market, though often apparently due to exceptional and accidental events, such as wars, panics, and so forth, yet do exhibit a remarkable tendency to recur at intervals approximating to ten or eleven years. Thus, the principal commercial crises have happened in the years 1825, 1836-39, 1847, 1857, 1866, and I was almost adding 1879, so convinced do I feel that there will, within the next few years, be another great crisis. Now, if there should be, in or about the year 1879, a great collapse comparable with those of the years mentioned, there will have been five such occurrences in fifty-four years, giving almost exactly eleven years (10.8) as the average interval, which sufficiently approximates to 11.1 years, the supposed exact length of the sun-spot period, to warrant speculations as to their possible connection."

However, Professor Jevons, though he had done his best to follow the course laid down for such researches "by those who are determined, above all things, that some terrestrial cycles shall be made to synchronize with the sun-spot cycle," had been thus

"The thing to hunt down," says one of these, "is a cycle, and if that is not to be found in the tem-

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far disappointed. "I was embarrassed," he says, "by the fact that the commercial fluctuations could with difficulty be reconciled with a period of 11.1 years. If, indeed, we start from 1825 and add 11.1 years' time after time, we get 1836.1, 1847.2, 1858.3, 1869.4, 1880.5, which shows a gradually increasing discrepancy from 1837, 1847, 1857, 1866, and now 1878, the true dates of the crises." The true cycle-hunter, however, is seldom without an explanation of such discrepancies. "I went so far," he says, and again his *naïveté* is charming, "as to form the rather fanciful hypothesis that the commercial world might be a body so mentally constituted, as Mr. John Mill must hold, as to be capable of vibrating in a period of ten years, so that it would every now and then be thrown into oscillation by physical causes having a period of eleven years." Unfortunately for the scientific world, which could not have failed to profit greatly from the elucidation of so ingenious a theory, even though it had subsequently been found well to withdraw it, Professor Jevons became acquainted about this time with some inquiries by Mr. J. A. Broun, tending to show that the solar period is 10.45 years, not 11.1. This placed the matter in a very different light, and removed all difficulties. "Thus, if we take Mr. John Mill's 'Synopsis of Commercial Panics in the Present Century,' and rejecting 1866, as an instance of a premature panic" (this is very ingenious), "count from 1815 to 1857, we find that four credit cycles occupy forty-two years, giving an average duration of 10.5 years, which is a remarkably close approximation to Mr. Broun's solar period."

Encouraged by the pleasing aspect which the matter had now assumed, Professor Jevons determined to go further afield for evidence. "It occurred to me at last," he says, "to look back into the previous century, where facts of a strongly confirmatory character at once presented themselves. Not only was there a great panic in 1793, as Dr. Hyde Clarke remarked, but there were very distinct events of a similar nature in the years 1783, 1772-3, and 1763. About these dates there can be no question, for they may all be found clearly stated on pp. 627, 628 of the first volume of Mr.

Macleod's unfinished 'Dictionary of Political Economy.' Mr. Macleod gives a concise, but I believe correct, account of these events, and as he seems to entertain no theory of periodicity, his evidence is perfectly unbiased." It is true that neither Wolff's nor Broun's period can be strictly reconciled with the occurrence of four commercial crises, at intervals of exactly ten years; for three times 11.1 are 33.3, and three times 10.45 are 31.35, whereas the interval from 1763 to 1793 amounts only to 30. However we only have to regard the crisis of 1793 as a "premature panic" to remove this difficulty. Indeed, with premature panics and delayed panics, overhasty sun-spot crises and unduly retarded ones, we can get over even more serious difficulties.

This "beautiful coincidence," as Professor Jevons called it, led him to look still farther backward, "and to form the apparently wild notion that the great crisis, generally known as that of the South Sea Bubble, might not be an isolated and casual event, but only an early and remarkable manifestation of the commercial cycle." The South Sea Bubble is usually assigned to the year 1720, and, as that would be 43 years before 1763, we should have 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ years, instead of 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ years, for the average interval, if three commercial crises occurred between 1720 and 1763. But this difficulty is merely superficial. "It is perfectly well known to the historians of commerce," says Professor Jevons, "that the general collapse of trade, which profoundly affected all the more advanced European nations, especially the Dutch, French, and English, occurred in 1721. Now, if we assume that there have been, since 1721, up to 1857, thirteen commercial cycles, the average interval comes out 10.46 years. Or if we consider that we are in this very month (November, 1878) passing through a normal crisis, then the interval of 157 years, from 1721 to 1878, gives an average cycle of 10.466 years."

Before this could be accepted, however, three commercial panics had to be found to fill in the space between 1721 and 1763. Professor Jevons felt this keenly. He spent much time and labor, during the summer of 1878, "in a most tedious and discouraging search among the pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers of the period, with a view to discover other decennial crises." He seems to have done everything he could think of, short of advertising—"Wanted, three crises, fitted to fill a crisisless gap in last century's commercial history"—

perate zones, then go to the frigid zones or to the torrid zone to look for it; and if found, then above all things and in whatever manner (!) lay hold of, study, and read it, and see what it means,"—or make a meaning for it, if it has none, he should have added.

but the results were not very satisfactory. "I am free to confess," he says, "that in this search, I have been thoroughly biased in favor of a theory, and that the evidence which I have so far found would have no weight if standing by itself. It is impossible in this place, to state properly the facts which I possess; I can only briefly mention what I hope to establish by future more thorough inquiry." Even this—which has yet to be established—amounts to very little; but that is the fault of the facts, not of Professor Jevons.

In the first place, it is remarkable, he thinks, that the South Sea Company, which failed in 1720-21, was founded in 1711, just ten years before, "and that on the very page (312) of Mr. Fox Broun's 'Romance of Trade,' which mentions this fact, the year 1701 also occurs in connection with speculation and *stock-jobbing*, as the promotion of companies was then called. The occurrence of a crisis in the years 1710-11, 12 is, indeed, almost established by the list of bubble insurance companies formed in those years, as collected by Mr. Cornelius Walford."

If the probability that a commercial crisis occurred in 1710-12 (though the history of trade perversely omits to mention such a crisis) is not considered sufficient, in company, even, with the mention of 1701 as a year of stock-jobbing, to prove beyond all possibility of question that commercial crises occurred in 1731, 1742, and 1752, let the hesitating student observe, that quite obviously "about ten years after stock-jobbing had been crushed by the crisis of 1721, it reared its head again." It is remarked in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1732, that "stock-jobbing is grown almost epidemic. Fraud, corruption and iniquity in great companies as much require speedy and effectual remedies now as in 1720. The scarcity of money and stagnation of trade in all the distant parts of England, is a proof that too much of our current coin is got into the hands of a few persons." Before 1734 matters had become still worse, for Mr. Walford says that "gambling in stocks and funds had broken out with considerable fervor again during the few years preceding 1734. It was the first symptom of recovery from the events of 1720." In 1734, accordingly, we find that an act was passed to check stock-jobbing.

It might still seem, however, to some of those doubting spirits whom no arguments can satisfy, that the occurrence, in 1734, of "the first symptoms of recovery from the

events of 1720" is not in itself proof positive of the occurrence of a commercial crisis in 1732. They might, in their perversity, argue that the next commercial crisis after that of 1720-21 would presumably have followed the recovery, in 1734, from the effects of the South Sea collapse. To satisfy these unbelievers, Professor Jevons points out that in 1732 a society called the "Charitable Corporation for Relief of the Industrious Poor" became bankrupt. Many people were ruined by the unexpected deficit thus discovered, and Parliament and the public were asked to assist the sufferers.

The failure of a charitable corporation in 1732 is not perhaps in itself demonstrative of the occurrence of a commercial crisis in 1732, but when considered in connection with the founding of the South Sea Company in 1711, the occurrence of stock-jobbing in 1701, the revival in 1734 from the events of 1720-21, and especially with the circumstance that Professor Jevons's theory absolutely requires a crisis in 1732, it must in charity be accepted. It would indeed be exceedingly unkind to reject the evidence thus offered for a commercial panic in 1732, because none can be found to show that between 1732 and 1763, "anything approaching to a mania or crisis," took place. "My learned and obliging correspondents at Amsterdam and Leyden," says Professor Jevons, "disclaim any knowledge of such events in the trade of Holland at that time, and my own diagram, showing the monthly bankruptcies throughout the interval, displays a flatness of a thoroughly discouraging character."

This would dishearten perhaps any one but a believer in sun-spot influences. But the rule laid down by the high-priest of their order, to hold on resolutely to any cycle found or imagined, "above all things and in whatever manner, to lay hold of" such a cycle, despite all difficulties and every discouragement, is one which they follow with a zeal worthy of a more scientific and logical system of procedure. Though Professor Jevons would find no evidence whatever of a crisis between the well-imagined one in 1732 and the real crisis in 1763, inquiry leads him to believe, he says, "that yet there were remarkable variations in the activity of trade and the prices of some staple commodities, such as wool and tin, sufficient to connect the earlier with the later periods." The evidence is not complete, and as it does not quite agree with the sun-spot theory, it is "probably misleading." Any one "who

can point out to Professor Jevons a series of prices of metals, or other commodities not merely agricultural, before 1782, will, he announces, confer a very great obligation upon him by doing so.

However, though the theory absolutely requires a crisis in 1742 and another in 1752, or thereabouts, let us defer for the present any minuter inquiry on this point. "I permit myself to assume," says Professor Jevons, "that there were, about the years 1742 and 1752, fluctuations of trade which connect the undoubted decennial series of 1711, 1721, and 1732 with that commencing again in the most unquestionable manner in 1763." There is something very pleasing in this. We permit ourselves to assume that the strongest possible evidence of steady commercial relations between 1732 and 1763 may be set on one side. We make a series of undoubted crises out of three dates: of these the first (1711), marking the time when one of the greatest commercial swindles of the last two centuries was started, indicates a season of undue confidence, instead of undue depression; the second (1721) is not the true date of the event with which it is connected; and the third (1732) was not marked by any commercial event in the remotest degree resembling a general panic or crisis. Having achieved this noteworthy deed of derring-do—running atilt against, and for the time being overthrowing, all the rules of logic (as if, in a tourney, a knight should overthrow the marshals, instead of his armed opponents)—Professor Jevons is able triumphantly to declare that the whole series of decennial crises may be stated as follows: (1701?), 1711, 1721, 1731-32, (1742? 1752?), 1763, 1772-3, 1783, 1793, (1804-5), 1815, 1825, 1836-39, (1837, in the United States), 1847, 1857, 1866, 1878. A series of this sort, we are told, is not, like a chain, as weak as its weakest part; on the contrary, the strong parts add strength to the weak parts. In spite, therefore, of the doubtful existence of some of the crises, as marked in the list, "*I can entertain no doubt whatever*" (the italics are most emphatically mine),—"I can entertain no doubt whatever that the principal commercial crises do fall into a series having the average period of about 10.466 years. Moreover, the almost perfect coincidence of this period with Broun's estimate of the sun-spot period (10.45) is by itself strong evidence that the phenomena are causally connected." There is evidence of splendid courage in these statements; it is

in this way that, according to the Scotch proverb, one either makes a spoon or mars a horn.

Before proceeding to consider the evidence by which the series of commercial crises is to be connected, or otherwise, with the series of sun-spot changes, let it be permitted to us to separate the actually recorded crises from those which Professor Jevons has either invented (as 1701, 1711, and 1732) or assumed (as 1742, 1752, and 1804-5). We have left the dates 1721, 1763, 1772-3, 1783, 1793, 1815, 1825, 1836-39, 1847, 1857, 1866 and 1878. The corresponding intervals (taking, when an interval instead of a date is given, the date midway between the two named) are as follows: 42 years, 9½ years, 10½ years, 10 years, 22 years, 10 years, 12½ years, 9½ years, 10 years, 9 years, and 12 years. The evidence for the decennial period is not demonstrative, and the logical condition of the mind which, in presence of this evidence, "can entertain no doubt whatever" that the true average period is 10.466 years—which, be it noted, is a period given to the thousandth part of a year, or about 8¾ hours—must be enviable to those who possess a much smaller capacity for conviction—that is, a much greater capacity for doubt.

But it may happen, perchance, that the irregularity of the recurrence of crises affords evidence in favor of a connection between commercial panics and the sun-spot period. It is well known that the epochs when the sun is most spotted do not occur at regular intervals, either of 11.1 years, 10.45 years, or any other period. If the irregularities of the sun-spot period should be reflected, so to speak, in the irregularities of the panic period, the evidence would be even more satisfactory than if both periods were quite regular and they synchronized together. For in the latter case there would be only one coincidence,—a coincidence which, though striking, might yet be due to chance; in the other there would be many coincidences, the co-existence of which could not reasonably be regarded as merely fortuitous.

Only, at the outset, it may be as well to determine beforehand what our conclusions ought to be, if no such resemblance should be recognized between the irregularities of the two periods. We must not, perhaps, expect too close a resemblance. We may very well believe that while the normal relationship between two connected sets of phenomena might result either in absolutely simultaneous oscillations, or, at least, in

oscillations of perfectly equal period (so that whatever discrepancy might exist between the epochs of the respective maxima or minima should be constantly preserved), yet that a multitude of more or less extraneous disturbing influences might prevent either form of synchronism from being actually observed. For instance, if we supposed that the absence of sun-spots is the cause of commercial depression, we might imagine that at the time of fewest sun-spots a commercial crisis would occur, unless extraneous causes delayed it; or we might imagine that, as a regular rule, the crisis would follow the time of fewest sun-spots by a given interval, as a year, or two years; yet we might very well understand that occasionally a crisis might be hastened by a few months, or even a year, or might be in equal degree delayed. Still, there are limits to the amount of disturbance which we could thus account for without being forced to abandon altogether the theory that sun-spots influence trade,—despite the antecedent probability (which some consider so great) of a relationship of this kind. For instance, if we found commercial crises occurring in a year of maximum disturbance at one time, while at another they occurred at years of minimum disturbance, at another, midway between a maximum and the next following minimum, and, at yet another, midway between a minimum and the next following maximum, we should not feel absolutely forced to accept the theory that sun-spots somehow govern trade relations. Nay, I think a logically-minded person would feel that in the presence of such discrepancies nothing could establish the theory—otherwise so extremely probable—of the influence of sun-spots on trade.

Professor Jevons has not definitely indicated his own opinions on this point. Perhaps if he had, we should have found that he would allow wider latitude to the discrepancies which may exist than one less attached to the sun-spot theory of trade would consider permissible. We have seen how readily he has been satisfied respecting crises which had to be either invented or assumed.* Perhaps a little further evidence

on this point may be useful, as showing the extent to which that bias in favor of his theory, which he has so frankly admitted, seems really to have influenced him. We have seen that if crises fail to occur when his theory requires them, he readily constructs or assumes crises to fit into the vacant places. He is equally ready to deal with what others would regard as the equally fatal difficulty, that crises take place when, according to the decennial theory (a wider theory than the solar one, be it noticed), they should not have occurred. "There is nothing in this theory," he says, "inconsistent with the fact that crises and panics arise from other than meteorological causes. There was a great political crisis in 1798, a great commercial collapse in 1810-11, (which will not fall into the decennial series); there was a stock exchange panic in 1859; and the great American collapse of 1873-75. There have also been several minor disturbances in the money market, such as those of February, 1861, May and September, 1864, August, 1870, November, 1873; but they are probably due to exceptional and disconnected reasons. Moreover, they have seldom, if ever, the intensity, profundity and wide extension of the true decennial crises." In other words, if recognizable crises fail to occur when the decennial period requires them, yet we may assume that, at the proper time, some trade disturbances have taken place, only on so small a scale as to escape notice; but if trade disturbances occur which even attract notice, at times not reconcilable with the decennial theory, then we may overlook them, because a true decennial crisis is intense, profound, and widely extended. It is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" with the supporters of the decennial theory. Though even with this free-and-easy method of reasoning, the American crisis in 1873-75 might seem rather awkward to deal with. Americans,

extent occurred at those dates. Certainly the audience did not understand that, after long and careful search for the crises which theoretically should then have taken place, Professor Jevons had failed to find any trace whatever of their occurrence. By the way, the audience at Manchester would not seem to have been very profoundly impressed by a conviction of the antecedent probability of the theory advocated by the lecturer. At first, Professor Roscoe's statement of the theory was received as a joke. "Laughter," "laughter," and "renewed laughter," followed the enunciation of the theory. Only when the evidence, carefully freed from whatever might suggest doubt or difficulty, was brought forward, did the audience gradually become convinced that the lecturer was in earnest.

* Professor Roscoe, in a lecture on "Sun-spots and Commercial Crises" (delivered, strangely enough, as one of a series of science lectures for the people), has raised Professor Jevons's assumed crisis a grade higher in the scale of probability. The dates, 1742, 1752, and 1804-5, when a crisis ought to have occurred, but did not, were given by Professor Roscoe as dates of doubtful crises, by which his audience understood that crises but of comparatively small

at any rate, are not very likely to accept the doctrine that that crisis was not intense, profound, and widely extended.

I may remark in passing that, in jestingly advancing the theory which Professor Jevons has since adopted, I dealt—also jestingly—with this very difficulty in a way which seems to be at least as satisfactory as Professor Jevons's method of treating it. "The last great monetary panic," I wrote in 1877, "occurred in 1866, at a time of minimum solar maculation. Have we here a decisive proof that the sun rules the money market, the bank rate of discount rising to a maximum as the sun-spots sink to a minimum, and *vice versa*? The idea is strengthened," I pointed out, "by the fact that the American panic in 1873 occurred when spots were very numerous, and its effects have steadily subsided as the spots have diminished in number; for this shows that the sun rules the money-market in America on a principle diametrically opposite to that on which he (manifestly) rules the money-market in England; precisely as the spots cause drought in Calcutta and plenteous rain-fall at Madras, wet south-western and dry southeasters at Oxford, and wet southeasters and dry south-westerns at St. Petersburg. Surely it would be unreasonable to refuse to recognize the weight of evidence which thus tells on both sides at once." This is nonsense, and was meant to be taken as nonsense; but it strikingly resembles some arguments which have been urged, within the last hundred years, too, respecting solar influences.

Let us turn, however, to the actual records of sun-spots, and compare them with Professor Jevons's list of commercial crises.

We have no better collection of evidence respecting sun-spots than that formed by Professor Wolff. Broun and Lamont have called in question some of Wolff's conclusions, as will presently be more particularly noticed. But, in the main, Wolff's evidence remains unshaken. Very few astronomers—I may even say not one astronomer of repute—have adopted the adverse views which have been thus expressed, and certainly none, even among those who have admitted the possible validity of such views on points of detail, entertain the least doubt respecting the general validity of the conclusions arrived at by Wolff.

After carefully examining all the evidence afforded by observatory records, the notebooks of private astronomers, and so forth, Wolff has deduced the following series of

dates for the maxima and minima of solar disturbances since the year 1700:

Intervals in years.	Dates of Maxima.	Possible error in years.	Intervals in years.	Dates of Minima.	Possible error in years.
12.5	1705.0	2.0	11.0	1712.0	1.0
10.0	1717.5	1.0	10.0	1723.0	1.0
11.0	1727.5	1.0	12.0	1733.0	1.5
11.5	1738.5	1.5	10.7	1745.0	1.0
11.5	1750.0	1.0	10.8	1755.7	0.5
8.5	1761.5	0.5	9.3	1766.5	0.5
9.5	1770.0	0.5	9.0	1775.8	0.5
9.0	1779.5	0.5	13.7	1784.8	0.5
15.5	1788.5	0.5	12.0	1798.5	0.5
12.8	1804.0	0.1	12.0	1810.5	0.5
12.7	1816.8	0.5	12.7	1823.2	0.2
7.7	1829.5	0.5	10.6	1833.8	0.2
11.4	1837.2	0.5	10.2	1844.0	0.2
11.6	1848.6	0.5	12.2	1856.2	0.2
10.6	1860.2	0.2	10.9	1867.1	0.1
	1870.8		11.4		
				1878.5	

The dates below the line are not in Wolff's list.

It would be difficult, I conceive, for the most enthusiastic believer in sun-spot influences to recognize any connection between the crises and the curve of solar maculation, whether Professor Jevons's list or the natural crises be considered. To quote from an article in the London "Times," which has been attributed to myself (correctly):

"Taking $5\frac{1}{4}$ years as the average interval between the maximum and minimum sun-spot frequency, we should like to find every crisis occurring within a year or so on either side of the minimum; though we should prefer, perhaps, to find the crisis always following the time of fewest sun-spots, as this would more directly show the depressing effect of a spotless sun. No crisis ought to occur within a year or so of maximum solar disturbance; for that, it should seem, would be fatal to the suggested theory. Taking the commercial crises in order, and comparing them with the (approximately) known epochs of maximum and minimum spot frequency, we obtain the following results (we italicize numbers or results unfavorable to the theory): The doubtful [I ought to have written assumed] crisis of 1701 followed a spot minimum by *three years*; the crisis '(imagined)' of 1711 preceded a minimum by one year; that of 1721 preceded a minimum by *two years*; 1731-32 '(imagined crisis)' preceded a minimum by one year; 1742 '(no crisis known)' preceded a minimum by *three years*; 1752 (no crisis) followed a maximum by *two years*; 1763 followed a maximum by *a year and a half*; 1772-73 came *midway* between a maximum and a minimum; 1783 preceded a minimum by *nearly two years*; 1793 came *nearly midway* between a maximum and a minimum; 1804-05 '(no known crisis)' *coincided* with a maximum; 1815 preceded a maximum by *two years*; 1825 followed a minimum by *two years*; 1836-39 *included* the year 1837, of maximum solar activity (that being the year, also, when a commercial panic occurred in the United States); [1857 preceded a minimum by one year. This case was, by some inadvertence of mine, omitted from the 'Times' article]; 1866 preceded a minimum by a year; and 1878 follows a minimum

by a year. Four favorable cases [it should have been five] out of seventeen [it should have been eighteen] can hardly be considered convincing. If we include cases lying within two years of a minimum, the favorable cases mount up to seven (eight), leaving ten unfavorable cases."

I might have added, at this point, that if a number of dates were scattered absolutely at random over the interval 1701-1880, we should expect to find some such proportion between dates falling within two years on either side of a minimum and those not so falling.

It must be remembered, I added in the "Times" article, that a single decidedly unfavorable case, as 1815 and 1837, "does more to disprove such a theory than twenty favorable cases would do toward establishing it."

To the "Times" article Professor Jevons replied in a letter, which scarcely seemed to require an answer. At any rate, it left entirely undefended the weakest part of his theory. The agreement between the average period for commercial crises and Mr. Broun's estimate of the average sun-spot period was insisted upon afresh; but the circumstance that crises have occurred at every phase of the sun-spot wave—at the maximum, at the minimum, soon after either of these phases, soon before either, and midway between maximum and minimum, both when spots are increasing and when they are diminishing in number—was in no way accounted for. General doubts were thrown, indeed, on Wolff's accuracy; but no special error was indicated in his interpretation of the evidence he had collected, and still less was any definite objection taken to Wolff's spot curve, regarded as a whole.

Soon after, however, in the "Athenæum," Professor Jevons advanced a more definite defence of his theory. He first argued in favor of Broun's average period of 10.45 years, and then commented unfavorably on some definite dates in Wolff's series.

By the elaborate comparison of magnetic, auroral, and sun-spot data, he said, "Mr. Broun appears to show conclusively that the solar period is not 11.1 years, but about 10.45, this last estimate confirming the earlier determination of Dr. Lamont." It should be mentioned here that the magnetic and auroral data cannot be regarded as of themselves proving anything respecting the sun-spot period; they are as invalid in this respect as some of the evidence which Hansteen and others have derived from terrestrial relations respecting the solar rotation. The

real fact is, that, having shown clearly enough that the average magnetic and auroral period has (at any rate, during the last century) been 10.45 years, Broun has endeavored to invalidate the evidence obtained by Wolff for a sun-spot period of 11.1 years, simply because, if such a period is admitted, the theory of synchronism between magnetic and solar disturbances must of necessity be rejected. For this purpose, Broun has endeavored to show that Wolff has overlooked a small maximum of sun-spots in 1797. The table given above shows very clearly that, if an extra maximum is to be thrown in anywhere, it must be between the maxima of 1788.5 and 1804.0, the interval between which is 15½ years. Mr. Broun has certainly not succeeded in demonstrating that 1797 was a year of many spots, nor could a small maximum then occurring be regarded as affecting the sun-spot curve more than the two small maxima which can be recognized in Wolff's picture of the sun-spot curve at about the years 1793 and 1795. Professor Jevons, however, complacently adopts, as proved, what Mr. Broun has surmised with very little probability. "The fact is," he says, "that Dr. Wolff overlooked a small maximum in 1797, and was thus led to introduce into his curve an interval of seventeen years" (15½ only), "an interval quite unexampled in any other part of the known solar history." This, again, is incorrect: there was precisely such an interval between the maxima of 1639.5 and 1655.0 as between those of 1788.5 and 1804.0; while the maximum of 1655.0 was followed by an interval of twenty years before another maximum occurred. We have on this point the definite information of Cassini, who, writing in 1671, when spots were beginning to reappear, said: "It is now nearly twenty years since astronomers have seen any considerable spots on the sun." "Mr. Broun shows, moreover," proceeds Professor Jevons, "that the 11.1 period fails to agree with all the earlier portions of Dr. Wolff's own data, which yield a period varying between 10.21 and 10.75 at the utmost. This must relate to the earlier portion of what Wolff calls the modern series, viz., from 1750 onward. It would be just as much or as little to the purpose to reply that the six intervals from the first maximum of the present century, 1804.0, to the last, which cannot be set earlier than 1870.6, have an average length of exactly 11.1 years. It is admitted that five or six periods do not afford sufficient evidence to determine the average, and, for my

own part, I may as well admit that I doubt the stability of the sun-spot period altogether, believing that in one century it may amount to fifteen or twenty years, and in another to seven or eight. But, at least, the observations of the present century and the mean period of 11.1 years resulting from them are open to no sort of question, whereas the very arguments on which Professor Jevons and Mr. Broun insist in opposing Wolff's conclusions would (if admitted) shake all faith in the evidence he adduces from Wolff's earlier dates of maxima and minima.

The next point insisted on by Professor Jevons seems still less to the purpose, except as bearing on Wolff's general accuracy. "Almost more serious," he says, "as regards the credibility of Dr. Wolff's results, is the fact that Mr. Broun gives good reasons for believing that the year 1776 was a year of maximum sun-spots, whereas Dr. Wolff sets that very year down as one of minimum sun-spots." The following are Mr. Broun's own words: "There are no means of testing the earlier epochs of Dr. Wolff; but no long period given by him will be satisfied by them. If I have already shown good grounds for substituting a maximum in 1776 for Dr. Wolff's minimum, a similar change in some of the epochs of the preceding century and a half may be quite possible." "Now, a highly scientific writer in the 'Times,'" proceeds Professor Jevons, "has condemned the theory of decennial crises, because the dates assigned will not agree with those of maximum and minimum sun-spots, taken, no doubt, according to Dr. Wolff's estimates, and an eminent French statist has rejected the theory on the same ground. I think I am entitled, therefore, to point to the doubts which Mr. Broun's careful inquiries throw upon the accuracy of Dr. Wolff's relative numbers."

Now, a study of the curve of sun-spots will show how little Dr. Wolff's accuracy is, in reality, impugned by Mr. Broun's attack. We recognize in the curve, which, be it remembered, is Wolff's, a double minimum in the space between the year-ordinates for 1771 and 1781. One corresponds to the year 1773, the other to the last quarter of the year 1775. As the latter appeared, from the evidence examined by Wolff, to be a more marked minimum, the former he regards as the true minimum for that particular wave of spots. But no one who knows anything about the varying aspects of the sun's disc during the two or three years which include the minimum, will

wonder if the study of records, necessarily incomplete (for until Schwabe's time no one thought of keeping the sun constantly under survey), should have left the time of the actual minimum rather doubtful in one or two cases. The wonder is that Wolff should have found sufficient evidence to determine the true minimum in so many cases. This, of itself, would suffice to show how laborious must have been his researches. In the particular case about which Mr. Broun raises his question, it can be seen from Wolff's curve of spots that after an apparent minimum in 1773, spots began to appear, then grow fewer in number, till they reached a lower minimum in 1775, neither of these minima, however, being such as to correspond to an absolute spotlessness (which is represented by the level of the lowest minima in Wolff's curve). Then they increased rapidly in number, being greater in number in 1777 than they had been at any of the three preceding maxima. That in 1776, when the spots had already become very numerous, there should be records from which Mr. Broun could infer the existence of an actual maximum, is not at all surprising, though no astronomer accepts the inference; nor, if any did, would the inference at all carry with it the weight which Mr. Broun and Professor Jevons seem to recognize in it. Again, it is absolutely certain that there was a maximum in 1779; so that the supposed maximum of 1776 would involve one more wave, which, with the new wave introduced between 1790 and 1800, would give seventeen complete waves between the maxima of 1705 and 1870, an interval of less than one hundred and sixty-five years. This would make the average length of the sun-spot period 9.7 years, which would not at all suit the views of Mr. Broun and M. Lamont.

In passing, I may remark that in the article in the "Times" (I am obliged to identify myself with Professor Jevons's "highly scientific writer," simply because I wrote the article in question) I did not condemn the theory of commercial crises; I expressed no opinion on that theory. What I indicated was simply that no possible connection can exist between that theory and the theory of sun-spots. As a matter of fact, I do not believe in the decennial theory of crises, though I perceive that in quite a number of cases commerce has oscillated through depression, revival and excitement to the next depression in about that time. Nor, again, do I believe in the sun-spot theory,

though I perceive that during the last century or two the average sun-spot period has been about what Dr. Wolff indicates. But I have not attacked, and certainly I have not condemned, either of these theories. What I do insist upon very strongly, however, is, that the oscillations of commercial credit and the variations of the sun's condition as to maculation have, since the beginning of the last century, shown no manner of agreement.

"I will even go a step further," adds Professor Jevons, "and assert that, in a scientific point of view, it is a questionable proceeding to dress up a long series of relative numbers purporting to express the number of sun-spots occurring during the last century, with the precision of one place of decimals. As Mr. Broun has pointed out, there were no regular series of observations then, and results deduced from the occasional observations of different astronomers cannot be reduced into one consecutive series without a large exercise of discretion. As Mr. Broun has pointed out, Dr. Lamont has criticised some of the epochs which Dr. Wolff considers certain (*sicher*), and has shown that they depend on few observations. He remarks that old observers directed their attention chiefly to large sun-spots, so that Flangergues (one of the principal observers during the period in question) saw the sun frequently without spots, when many were seen by other observers. The true scientific procedure would have been that which Professor Loomis has pursued in regard to auroras, namely, to place in a table all the reasonable observations, carefully distinguishing those by different observers, so that there should be the least possible admixture of Dr. Wolff's own personal equations." I have quoted this passage in full—first, because it presents the opinions of those adverse to Dr. Wolff in this matter; secondly, because the remarks about the difficulties of the subject (difficulties, that is, with which Dr. Wolff has had to contend, and with which he has contended energetically and skillfully) are in the main just; but thirdly, and chiefly, because it affords sound criterions by which to test Professor Jevons's method of procedure. If we should eschew one place of decimals in dealing with the results of observations counted by hundreds, what are we to think of three places of decimals deduced from a few dozen records of commercial matters? If a sun-spot period based on maxima and minima, every one of which

is based on real observation, is untrustworthy, what opinion are we to form of a trade period based on crises of which five, or nearly a third of the whole number, are either imagined or assumed? If, in fine, Dr. Wolff's method is unscientific, what name shall we find for that by which, having derived a decennial period from admittedly unsatisfactory evidence, and having rejected the sun-spot period accepted by astronomers for one carefully concocted to fit another theory, Professor Jevons insists on the agreement of this fictitious crisis period and this incorrect sun-spot period, without attempting to show that the admitted variations of one agree with the admitted variations of the other?

For, after all, the strongest evidence against the theory that commercial crises depend on the sun-spots, is given by those crises and sun-spot waves about which there is no sort of doubt or question—the crises on the one hand, and the maxima and minima of sun-spots on the other, recorded during the present century. The study of the second half of the table given above will satisfy any unprejudiced person that this is the case; from the crises of 1804-5 (which never took place, but must be assumed to have taken place to make up the series for the decennial theory of crises) to the crises of 1866 and 1878, we have crises occurring in every part of a sun-spot wave, on the crest, on the valley, on the ascending slope, and on the descending slope. No theory of association can hold out against such obvious evidence of the absolute independence of the two orders of events.*

*The matter has been well summed up by a correspondent of the "Athenæum." "Professor Jevons," he says, "seems to attach great weight to the length of the average sun-spot period; but if the average length of the period between commercial crises during a couple of centuries were shown to be identical with, or to differ but slightly from, the average period of sun-spots, this would be but a small step toward proving association between the two phenomena. The separate periods of minima must be shown to correspond with speculative crises, and the curve also must be proved to be of the same character. Professor Jevons does not appear to be aware that Dr. Wolff has, in the forty-third volume of the 'Memoirs of the Astronomical Society,' given a list of the manuscripts and printed authorities from which he derives his data. Similar but fuller information is supplied by Dr. Wolff in the pages of his 'Astronomische Mittheilungen.' Dr. Wolff does not pretend to equal accuracy for all the periods, but there can be little doubt with regard to the sun-spot periods which have occurred during this century, and, according to Professor Jevons, there seem to be serious discrepancies between these and the periods of commercial depression."

PETER THE GREAT. V.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

XV.

PETER'S MARRIAGE. HIS RETURN TO HIS BOATS.

ON account of another festival, the name-day feast of the Tsaritsa Natalia was postponed for a day. After a religious service in the cathedral, the nobility and the delegates of the regiments of Streltsi and soldiers were admitted to the palace to express their good wishes, and were entertained at dinner, before which they each received a glass of *vodka* from the hand of the Tsaritsa. This shows that, however heated might be the feelings of the respective parties surrounding Sophia and her brother, at all events, the formal respect due to the widow of the Tsar Alexis was preserved.

There was no use of Peter's returning to his boats now that winter was so near, even had his mother and his friends been willing to allow him to go. He therefore again turned his attention to his soldiers, who had so long been out of his mind, and from the demands which he made upon General Gordon and others for drummers, fifers, and drilled recruits,—demands which were with difficulty granted, both by Gordon and Galitsyn,—he was evidently preparing maneuvers of considerable importance. Just at that time a second campaign was decreed against the Turks and Tartars, and the Streltsi and regular soldiers were all ordered to the front, in order to reach winter-quarters near the frontier, and maneuvers on any large scale at Preobrazhensky were therefore given up. The previous campaign of Galitsyn against the Tartars had turned out so badly that there was discontent at the declaration of a new one. There was dissatisfaction in Moscow with the rule of Sophia and Galitsyn, and Peter's partisans were evidently of opinion that it was time for him to take upon himself the burdens of the government, and that they were strong enough to assist him. That there was high feeling between the parties at court is shown by many little entries in Gordon's diary, though, usually, he was most careful not to mention anything which might in any way compromise himself. But he says, for

instance, that he dined with General Tabort, where he met Prince Basil Galitsyn and many of *that party*; and a fortnight later he tells us that he rode back from Ismaïlovo with Leontius Neplúief, with whom he talked at length about the *secret plots and plans*. Peter himself added a little to the flame of party feeling by unthinkingly getting into conversation with an army scribe, who happened to be drunk, and asking him many details about the pay and condition of the troops. This act was viewed with displeasure by the Government.

Besides the preparations for the campaign, Galitsyn and Sophia were much troubled by the position of affairs abroad. There was fear lest France, by attacking Austria, might compel the Emperor to make a separate peace with the Turks, and the question came up, what it was necessary to do in such a conjuncture. It was thought that the recent capture of Belgrade by the Austrians might induce them more readily to compromise with the Sultan, and messengers were therefore sent both to Vienna and Warsaw to stir up the Emperor, and, in any case, to obtain for Russia as good terms as possible. A great deal of interest, too, was taken at this time in the affairs of England, for William of Orange had just landed at Torbay, and James II. had fled. But a short time before this last piece of news, which took two months in coming, and was communicated in official despatches to the Dutch Minister and in private letters to General Gordon, the latter had had a conversation with Prince Basil Galitsyn at dinner, in which Galitsyn had said: "With the father and brother of your King we could get along very well, but with the present King it is perfectly impossible to come to an understanding; he is so immeasurably proud." Gordon pretended to understand this as complaining that no envoy was sent to Russia, and answered: "The King, as I believe, on account of the troubles in his own States, has not leisure enough to think of things that are so far off." But Galitsyn said, further: "The English cannot do without Russian products, such as hides, hemp, potash, tallow, and timber for masts;" upon which Gordon gave, as he says, an answer

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of a double sense, implying that he agreed with the Prince. Gordon, who was a zealous Catholic, lost no opportunity of defending King James, and for his steadfast adherence to the Stuart cause gained encomiums even from the Dutch Minister, at a dinner given by him on King William's birthday.

To add to the troubles of the Government, and the prevailing discontent, Moscow was plagued with fires. As in most Russian towns of the present day, the houses at Moscow were built of logs, the interstices being stuffed with tow, the roofs, too, being generally of wood. The day following the name's-day of the Tsaritsa Natalia a fire broke out in the house set apart for the entertainment of foreign ambassadors, just outside the Krémelin, which spread to the north-east with great rapidity, overleaped the walls of the Kitaigorod and the White Town, crossed the river Yaúza into the quarter of the Streltsi, and the suburb called the Ragoshkaya, and destroyed over 10,000 houses. Besides several smaller and almost daily fires, there was one on the 16th of September, in the Krémelin, which had burnt down all the priest-houses of the cathedrals and the roofs of the Department of Foreign Affairs and the Department of Kazan. On the night of the 20th, the stables of the Patriarch and the palace of the Tsars narrowly escaped destruction. On the 27th, there was a fire at Preobrazhénsky, in the neighborhood of the palace, which consumed the house of Prince Boris Galítsyn. On the 11th October a fire broke out near the Ilínsky Gate, which extended as far as the Ustrétinka, far beyond the White Wall, and burnt a whole quarter of the town, including many public buildings. This last fire created such embarrassment for the Government, that when, four days afterward, Gordon went to town to ask for a hundred rubles of his pay for that year, he was told that he could not receive it, because the treasury was exhausted, so much money having been advanced to all sorts of people who had suffered by the great fire, in order to enable them to rebuild their houses.

Peter had grown so tall and strong that there had long been a feeling among his party that it was time for him to marry. To this not even Sophia offered any opposition—above all things the succession to the throne must be secured. The marriage of Iván, which she had brought about, had produced daughters only. One of these, indeed, subsequently ascended the Russian

throne as the Empress Anne, but at that time, in spite of the fact that the Regent was a woman, and even that her name was inserted in public acts as Autocrat, it was still thought desirable to have male heirs. Even as long ago as the end of 1685, when Prince Archil Georgia came to Moscow, and was received with great pomp, there were rumors that Peter would soon marry his beautiful daughter. In December, 1687, Prince Basil Galítsyn spent a few days with Peter in the country, which was thought to be a very good omen, and again there was talk of Peter's marrying—this time a relative or friend of Galítsyn. A month later, there was more talk of this marriage project, but the lady was not named.

Now the plan was a more serious one. The usual preparations were made for collecting at Court young girls of noble family, and out of these there was chosen Eudoxia Lopúkhin, the daughter of the Okólnitchy Hílary Abrámovitch Lopúkhin, who, on the marriage, according to custom, changed his name and received that of Theodore. The Lopúkhins were a very good old Russian family, descended from the Princes of Tmútarakán, and several of them had risen to the dignity of boyár. In this generation they were likewise connected with the Romodanófsky, the Galítsyn, Troekúrof and Kurákin families, and thus with the prominent members of the aristocratic party. The bride is said to have been young and pretty, quiet and modest, brought up in the old Russian way. We do not know whether she was selected by Peter himself for her good looks, or whether his choice was directed by his mother and his family. It was probably thought that a good, quiet, stay-at-home wife would be likely to keep him at home, would put a stop to those long excursions for military maneuvers and for boat-building, and, above all, would bring to an end some little heart affairs in the German quarter.

In this his family were partly mistaken. The marriage was celebrated on the 6th of February, 1689, and two months were scarcely over before Peter, seeing the approach of spring, could no longer resist his inclinations, and started off again for his boat-builders on Lake Plestchéief.

He arrived at Pereyaslávl on the 13th of April, and found two boats nearly finished, and, as if to welcome him, the ice broke up, affording soon the opportunity of sailing on the lake. He immediately set to work with his carpenters to complete the boats,

and on the very day of his arrival wrote to his mother:

"To my most beloved, and, while bodily life endures, my dearest little mother, Lady Tsaritsa and Grand-Duchess Natalia Kirillovna. Thy little son, now here at work, Petrúshka, I ask thy blessing and desire to hear about thy health, and we, through thy prayers, are all well, and the lake is all got clear from the ice to-day, and all the boats, except the big ship, are finished, only we are waiting for ropes, and therefore I beg your kindness that these ropes, seven hundred fathoms long, be sent from the Artillery Department without delaying, for the work is waiting for them, and our sojourn here is being prolonged. For this I ask your blessing. From Pereyaslavl, April 20th (O. S.), 1689."

Instead of sending the cables, his mother wrote to him to come back at once, as on the 7th of May there would be the funeral mass in commemoration of his brother, the Tsar Theodore, and it would be impolitic, as well as indecent, for him not to be present. Heart-broken at the thought of leaving his boats when they were so nearly ready, he was at first inclined to refuse, and wrote:

"To my most beloved and dearest mother, Lady Tsaritsa Natalia Kirillovna, thy unworthy son, Petrúshka, I desire greatly to know about thy health; and as to what thou hast done in ordering me to go to Moscow. I am ready, only, hey! hey! there is work here, and the man you sent has seen it himself, and will explain more clearly; and we, through thy prayers, are in perfect health. About my coming I have written more extendedly to Leo Kirillovitch, and he will report to thee, oh, lady. Therefore, I must humbly surrender myself to your will. Amen."

The Tsaritsa insisted, as did also his newly-married wife, who writes:

"Joy to my lord, the Tsar Peter Alexévitch. Mayest thou be well, my light, for many years. We beg thy mercy. Come to us, oh! lord, without delay, and I, through the kindness of thy mother, am alive. Thy little wife, Dánka, petitions this."

There was no resisting longer: he had to go. His mother and his wife kept him a whole month at Moscow, but again he got away, and went back to Pereyaslavl, where he found that the ship-builder, Kort, had died the day before. He set to work himself, and at last the boats were finished, and he wrote to his mother:

"To my dearest mother, I, the unworthy Petrúshka, asking thy blessing, petition. For thy message by the Doctor and Gabriel, I rejoice, just as Noah did once over the olive-branch. Through thy prayers we are all in good health, and the boats have succeeded all mighty well. For this may the Lord grant thee health, both in soul and body, just as I wish."

Some time after, Peter's mother sent the boyár Tikhon Stréshnef to see how he was getting on. Peter sent back by him a few words to his mother, written, like all the preceding, on a scrap of dirty paper, with a trembling hand, evidently still tired with the saw and hatchet:

"Hey! I wish to hear about thy health, and beg thy blessing. We are all well; and about the boats, I say again that they are mighty good, and Tikhon Nikifitch will tell you about all this himself. Thy unworthy *Petrus*."

The Latin signature, although the rest is in Russian, shows strongly Peter's inclination to things foreign. In his stay at the lake and his daily intercourse with the carpenters, he had also made great progress in learning Dutch.

Another death-mass was to be said at Moscow. Etiquette required Peter's presence, and political affairs were taking such a turn that the Tsaritsa insisted on his coming back. Again he abandoned his boats, and went hastily to Moscow, though not so quickly but that he was four days too late for the death-mass. The members of the aristocratic party now made such strong representations that he was persuaded to remain in Moscow, at first for a short time and then longer, until the situation of affairs had become such that an open rupture between the aristocratic party and Sophia was unavoidable. Before describing the manner in which this was brought about, it is necessary to say something about the condition of public affairs in the Empire.

XVI.

THE INTERNAL ADMINISTRATION OF SOPHIA. ARRANGEMENT OF THE DISPUTE WITH SWEDEN.

THE administration of internal affairs in Russia by Sophia's Government need not long detain us. The reforms projected by Theodore were all abandoned, and the deputies from the provinces, called to Moscow by him, were immediately sent home. There was so much to do in order to remove the traces of the riots and disturbances of 1682 that there was no time left for reform. The most important laws on the statute book are those relating to the return to their masters of runaway peasants, to the dispute connected with the boundaries of estates, and to the punishment of robbery and maraud-

ing. Besides this, the Dissenters were everywhere relentlessly persecuted and suppressed. There is a sad old Russian proverb that "when wolves fight, sheep lose their wool." So, while the nobles and grandees were quarreling with each other—all of them too strong to be put down by the central Government—the peasantry and poor wretches who had no strong protection were suffering. They perhaps might have complained to Moscow; but there is another proverb that "in Moscow business is not done for nothing"; and people sometimes suffered for their complaints. The Government did what it could, and some malefactors were punished. But a special decree had to be issued that a man could be punished if he sent his children or his serfs to commit a murder. Later on, as order began to be restored, punishments were somewhat mitigated, and some care began to be taken of the suffering common people. Wives were no longer to be buried alive for the murder of their husbands, but merely to have their heads cut off. The punishment of death was, in certain cases, commuted to imprisonment for life, with hard labor, after severe whipping with the knout. While peasants who had run away and joined the Streltsi regiments were to be sent back, serf-women who had married soldiers were allowed to remain free, but were to be heavily fined. Persons who had been temporarily enslaved for debt were to be no longer left entirely at the mercy of their creditors, but were to work out the debt at the rate of five rubles a year for a man, and two and a half for a woman, and the creditors were no longer allowed to kill or maim them. It was also forbidden to exact debts from the wives and children of debtors who had died leaving no property.

Many edicts were issued with regard to the convenience of the inhabitants of Moscow itself, in respect to Sunday trading, to indiscriminate peddling and hawking in the streets, to putting up booths in unauthorized places, for the better prevention of fires, and the like. People were forbidden to stop and talk in the middle of the roadway, and were ordered to keep to the right side. It was forbidden to drive at full speed through the streets in a manner which is still frequently seen both in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and is always adopted by the heads of the police department,—that is, with a trotting horse drawing the vehicle and a galloping horse harnessed loosely at the side. It was forbidden to beat the crowd

right and left to make one's passage through it. It was forbidden to fire guns or pistols in the houses or out of the windows. It was forbidden to throw filth and manure into the streets. An edict beginning like the following might seem strange, were it not that the strictest regulations had to be made to keep order within the palace itself:

"Chamberlains, lords in waiting, and nobles of Moscow, and gentlemen of the guard! At present your servants station themselves in the Krémelin with their horses in places not allowed, without any order, cry out, make noise and confusion, and come to fisticuffs, and do not allow passers-by to go on their road, but crowd against them, knock them down, trample them under foot and whistle over them; and as soon as the captains of the watch and the Streltsi try to send them away from the places where they have no right, and prevent them from crying out and from ill-doing, these servants of yours swear at and abuse the captains and Streltsi, and threaten to beat them."

The foreign relations of Russia at this period demand a little longer explanation.

In the early times, the dominion of Russia extended to the Gulf of Finland, and the greater part of the territory now included in the province of St. Petersburg was Russian. Extending along the shore of the Gulf, from the mouth of the river Naróva on the southern to that of the Séstra on the northern side, it included most of the territory watered by the Vuókka, the Néva, the Izhóre, the Tóсна, and the Lugá, and formed one of the old Fifths of Great Nóvgorod, under the name of the Vódska Fifth of the land of Izhóre. In this district were some of the very earliest Russian settlements, such as Korélia, Ládoga, and the fortress of Ivángorod, constructed opposite Nárvá, at the mouth of the Naróva, by Iván III. In early times there were many contests with the Swedes, and one of the most famous victories in early Russian history is that gained, in 1242, by the Grand-Duke Alexander Yaroslávitch against the Swedes on the banks of the Néva, which gave him the surname of *Nesky*, and which led to his being made a saint in the Russian calendar. By the treaty of Oriékhovo, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the boundaries between Russian and Swedish Finland were the rivers Séstra and Vuókka. In spite of subsequent wars with Sweden, this boundary remained unchanged until the Troublous Times, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when, in order to secure his predominance over his rivals, the Tsar Basil Shúisky called the Swedes to his assistance, and, as a recompense for a corps of five

thousand men, ceded the town and territory of Koréla, or Kéxholm, on the western shore of Lake Ládoga. The Swedish troops at first rendered considerable assistance to the Russians against the pretender; but when the Russians had been defeated in a decisive battle with the Poles at Klúshino, they abandoned their allies, went over to the enemy, and seized the town of Nóvgorod. They easily took possession of the Vódska Fifth, and all the efforts of the newly elected Tsar, Michael Románof, to drive them out were futile. Peace was finally brought about, at Stólbovo, in 1617, through the mediation of Dutch and English ambassadors, one of whom was Sir John Merrick. England and Holland were desirous of retaining Northern Russia for their trade, and were unwilling to see it pass into Swedish hands. British interests were at stake here. Michael had to yield to circumstances. He received back Nóvgorod, Ládoga, and other districts; but was obliged to give up to the Swedes the fortresses of Ivángorod and Oréshek—now Schlüsselburg—and the whole course of the Néva, and pay, in addition, 20,000 rubles, or what would be at the present time about £40,000 (\$200,000). What was perhaps still harder, the Tsar had to give up one of his titles, and allow the Swedish king to style himself ruler of the land of Izhóre.

In the reign of Alexis, efforts were made to gain access to the Baltic, from which the Russians had been cut off, by taking the town of Riga, which belonged to the Swedes. Embarrassed, however, by a war with Poland, Alexis was unable properly to support this war. His troops were unsuccessful, and he was compelled, by the treaty of Kárdis, to reaffirm all the conditions of the hated treaty of Stólbovo. It was the custom at that time for the monarch, on ascending the throne, to confirm all the treaties executed by his predecessors. Theodore refused to confirm the treaty of Kárdis, without some concessions. He had his grievance against the Swedes—that they had in official documents refused to speak of the Tsar as Tsar, but had called him simply Grand Duke of Muscovy, and the subject of title was one about which all the Russian rulers were very sensitive. Besides that, the orthodox church had been subjected to persecution in the lands under Turkish rule. The ambassadors of Theodore therefore demanded that, as a recompense for these insults, the land of Izhóre, which had been unjustly seized by the Swedes during the reign of his grandfather, should be returned

to Russia. To such a proposition King Charles XI. refused to listen. Negotiations continued at intervals, and Theodore died without the treaty of Kárdis being reaffirmed.

The policy of Sophia was in direct opposition to that of the two previous reigns, and was a far more healthy one. Both Alexis and Theodore had revolted at the idea of acquiescing in the permanent alienation of any portion of Russian territory. Their patriotism and their love of national honor made them feel that every effort should be used to recover to Russia those provinces which had been torn from it. They, therefore, were unwilling either to make treaties recognizing the Swedish claims or to keep them when they were made. It is not to be supposed that Sophia or her counselors were less patriotic than their predecessors, but they felt the necessity of reorganizing the Empire, improving its internal condition, and of establishing good government on a firm basis, before attempting to recover the lost provinces. In fact, Sophia acted much as the French Government has acted since the war of 1870. She desired to devote herself to internal administration, and the formation of an army, before engaging in a struggle with her neighbors. As soon, therefore, as Iván had been proclaimed Tsar, the Government hastened to put an end to any designs of its neighbors, who had already got wind of the rioting of the Streltsi, and the troubles consequent on the death of Theodore. Couriers were sent to Stockholm, Warsaw, Vienna, and even to Copenhagen, the Hague, London, and Constantinople, to announce the death of Theodore, and the accession of the new sovereigns Iván and Peter, and the speedy arrival of plenipotentiaries for the purpose of affirming existing treaties. Immediately afterward, in October, 1683, an embassy was sent to Stockholm, consisting of the Okólnitchy and Lord-Lieutenant of Tcheboksáry, Iván Prontchístchef, the Chamberlain and Lord-Lieutenant of Borófsk, Peter Prontchístchef, and the Secretary Basil Bobínin, with a letter from the Tsars completely affirming the Treaty of Kárdis, and practically giving up all claims to the ancient possessions of Russia on the Gulf of Finland. Charles XI., as may easily be believed, received this embassy with great pleasure, and with all due ceremony he took the oath of the Holy Gospel to fulfill the treaty exactly and honorably. He dismissed the ambassadors with the usual presents, and intrusted to them an

autograph letter to the Tsars, stating that he would not delay sending his plenipotentiaries to Moscow to renew the peace in the usual form by the oath of their Tsarish Majesties. The Russian ambassadors returned to Moscow, in January, 1684, and three months later the Swedish ambassadors arrived,—the President of the Royal Council, Conrad Gildenstjern, the Councilor of the Royal Chancery, Jonas Klingstedt, and the Libonian nobleman, Otto Stackelberg. The nobles living on their country estates for 150 miles about Moscow were ordered to meet the embassy, and the Regent appointed a commission to discuss matters, under the presidency of Prince Basil Galitsyn, including among others the Okólnitchy Buturlin, and the Privy-Councilor Ukraintsef. Apparently as a matter of form, the commission thought it necessary to make certain representations to the Swedes which were entirely unexpected by them. These consisted chiefly in complaints about matters of etiquette, in which it was said that the Swedish Government had not acted properly; that they had purposely refused to the Tsars the title of Tsarish Majesty, and had spoken of them, in the Treaty of Westphalia, simply as Grand Dukes of Muscovy, and that they had permitted the publication of various libels and pasquils, as well as false reports about occurrences in the Russian Empire, especially with regard to the rebellion of Sténka Rázin. The Swedes answered these complaints with very little trouble, expressed their perfect willingness to call the Tsars by any name they pleased; and at a second conference, a week later, managed to raise on their side some points of disagreement, such as that the name of the King of Sweden had been written "Carlus," and not "Carolus," expressing, at the same time, a desire that the Russians should enter into an alliance with Poland and the German Empire against the Turks; that the boundaries between Sweden and Russia should be exactly defined, and that, in future, resident ministers should be kept at the Swedish court, to avoid disputes. At this meeting the Russians said nothing more about their former complaints; agreed to the Swedish demands, with the exception of that concerning the treaty of alliance with Poland, and finally expressed the readiness of the Tsars to take the customary oath in confirmation of the Treaty of Kárdis.

After the protocol had been duly signed, the ambassadors were invited to the Palace to be witnesses of the solemn confirmation

of the treaty by the oaths of the two Tsars. They were driven in the Imperial carriages to the ambassadorial office, where, in the Chamber of Responses, they were received by Prince Galitsyn. Afterward they were conducted by Privy-Councilor Ukraintsef, between lines of Streltsi, up the Red Staircase, and then, passing through files of guards armed with partisans and halberds, were introduced into the banqueting hall, where the boy Tsars, clad in all the paraphernalia of royalty, sat on their double throne, supported on either side by *rhinds* or guards-of-honor, handsome and stately youths of noble blood, clad in white satin and cloth-of-silver, and carrying halberds. The boyárs and state officials sat on benches along the wall. The Tsars, through Prince Galitsyn, asked the usual questions about the healths of the ambassadors, for which they returned thanks, and then sat down on a bench placed opposite the throne. Some moments after, the Tsars personally asked about the King's health, and, on a sign from Prince Galitsyn, read a speech, in which they declared their unchangeable intention of carrying out all the articles of the treaty. After the speech they ordered the ambassadors to come near to them, and the priests to bring the Gospels, while Prince Galitsyn placed on the desk under the Gospels the protocols confirming the treaty. The Tsars then rose from their places, took off their crowns, which they gave to great nobles to hold, advanced to the desk and said that, before the Holy Gospel, they promised sacredly to keep to the conditions of the treaty according to the protocols. In conclusion they kissed the Gospels, and Prince Galitsyn handed the paper to the ambassadors and allowed them to depart.

The same day the ambassadors had a farewell audience of the Princess Sophia, who received them in the Golden Hall. On coming out of the banqueting hall, they advanced down the private staircase to the Palace Square, then through lines of the Stremenoy regiment, armed with gilded pikes, passed the guards carrying halberds, to the Golden Entrance, where the suite stopped, while the ambassadors advanced. At the door they were met by two chamberlains, who announced to them that the great lady, the noble Tsarévna, the Grand Duchess Sophia Alexéievna, Imperial Highness of all Great and Little and White Russia, was in readiness to meet them. The ambassadors bowed, and entered the room. The Princess Regent sat on a throne orna-

mented with diamonds—a present from the Shah of Persia to her father, Alexis. She wore a crown of pearls, and a robe of silver cloth embroidered with gold, edged and



MAHOMET IV., SULTAN OF TURKEY. (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

lined with sables, and covered with folds of fine lace. On each side of her, at a little distance, stood two widows of boyárs, and further off two female dwarfs. Around the room stood chamberlains and a few boyárs. Prince Basil Galítsyn and Iván Miloslávsky stood near the Princess Regent. The ambassadors were announced by Ukraintsef, and gave the salutation from the King and Queen, and the Queen Dowager. The Princess, rising, asked about their health in these words: "The most powerful the Lord Carolus, King of Sweden, and her Royal Highness, his mother, the Lady Hedwig Elenora, and his consort, the Lady Ulrica Elenora, are they well?" After listening to the usual reply, she beckoned the ambassadors to approach her, and after they had kissed her hand she asked about their health. The ambassadors thanked her, and sat down on a bench. Then the gentlemen of the ambassadorial suite were called up and admitted to hand-kissing. Finally, the Princess requested the ambassadors to congratulate the King and Queen, and dismissed them, sending them subsequently a dinner from her own table.

XVII.

ETERNAL PEACE WITH POLAND. THE METROPOLIS OF KIEF.

MUCH more important to settle than the dispute with Sweden was the dispute with

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Poland, and complicated with this was the question of Little Russia, which brought, in its turn, the question of war with the Turks. The Tsar Alexis, as we remember, in accepting the suzerainty over Little Russia, broke with the Poles; and his first successes made him desirous of restoring to his empire all those parts of Russia which entered into the principality of Lithuania. He conquered them rapidly, one after another, declared their union with Russia, and took the title of Grand Duke of White Russia, of Lithuania, and of Podolia and Volynia. The obstinate struggles between the Poles and Russia lasted twelve years, and, in spite of the domestic difficulties of both nations, would probably have lasted longer, had not the Ottoman Porte interfered, in the hope of gaining possession of Little Russia. Both countries were threatened by this attempt of the Sultan, whose might then terrified all Europe, and they hastened to make peace. But as it was impossible to agree on all points, they made, at Andrússova, in 1667, a truce for twelve years, on conditions that at stated intervals envoys should be sent to the frontier to endeavor to negotiate a permanent and substantial peace; and that if these overtures failed, recourse should be had to the mediation of the Christian powers. By this truce the Russian Tsar gave up his claim to Lithuania, White Russia, Volynia, and Podolia, and all the territory on the western side of the Dniéper, with the exception of the ancient town of Kíef, which



EUDOKIA LOPUKHIN, FIRST WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

he was allowed to retain for two years, in order to save its sacred shine from Mussulman profanation, binding himself, at the end of that period, to return it to Poland. In return for this concession the rights of the Tsar were made good to Smolensk and its surrounding district, the region of Séversk, and the Ukraine east of the Dnieper. The Cossack country of Zaporóghi, or "beyond the cataracts" (of the Dnieper), which served as a mutual barrier against the Turks and Tartars, was declared common property. Besides this, Alexis promised to send an army of 25,000 men for the defense of Poland against the Turks, promised to attempt the subjugation of the Crimea, and paid about 200,000 rubles to indemnify the Polish nobility for their property in the district ceded to Russia. It was also agreed that neither side should make a separate peace with the Turkish Sultan, or with the Crimean Khan. The first commission which met in consequence of this treaty, in 1669, was unable to effect a peace, and could only agree in confirming in every point and particular the Truce of Andrússova. But the Russians found it difficult to decide to give up Kiéf, as they were obliged to do at this time, and brought various complaints against Poland, for which they wished satisfaction and indemnity. Rather, however, than engage in a new war, both sides agreed simply to put off all the questions until the meeting of the next commission, in 1674. The meeting of 1674 was fruitless, as was also that of the final commission which sat in Moscow in 1678, in the reign of the Tsar Theodore. The plenipotentiaries could once more agree only to leave matters *in statu quo* until the end of the latest term fixed by the Truce of Andrússova, June, 1693, that is, for fifteen years longer. Nevertheless, the Tsar, alarmed by the threat of the Polish ambassadors, and fearing to break off all relations, returned to the King the districts of Nevl, Sebész, and Velízh, which had been granted to Russia by the Treaty of Andrússova, and paid the indemnity of 200,000 rubles, as agreed upon. All other questions were postponed until a new commission had been appointed, to meet in two years from that time with mediators. This commission never met. Matters got more complicated, partly because, in spite of the treaties, first Poland, and then Russia, concluded a separate peace with the Turks.

As soon as Iván and Peter were crowned, their Government sent to Warsaw an embassy to confirm the treaty of Andrússova

and receive the usual oath for its fulfillment. As soon as King Jan Sobiésky heard of this embassy, he sent to Warsaw to ask if the ambassadors had full power to treat on the points in dispute, which had been left by the Commission of 1678, especially with regard to the surrender of Kiéf and the sending of a corps of twenty-five thousand men for use against the Turks. The ambassadors had come without full powers to



JAN SOBIÉSKY, KING OF POLAND. (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

this effect, and the King in consequence refused to take the oath to the treaty, and sent a special messenger to Moscow to insist upon some arrangement being made. Meanwhile Sobiésky persuaded the Polish Diet to agree to the conclusion of a treaty of alliance with the German Empire; for the rebellion of Emmeric Tekeli had caused an invasion of the Turks, and the overthrow of Austria would be, in Sobiésky's opinion, of the utmost danger to Poland. The treaty of alliance was concluded in May, 1683, both sovereigns agreeing to the use of their influence to induce other Christian princes to join the alliance, and especially the Tsars of Muscovy. For this purpose Sobiésky proposed to Russia to send new plenipotentiaries to the old meeting place of Andrússova, in order to conclude a lasting alliance. The Russians consented to the commission, and negotiations began in January, 1684, at Andrússova. The Commissioners—thirty-nine in number—met, but could not decide anything. The Poles refused to give up their claim to Kiéf, and the Russians could not give their consent to assist them against the Turks. Even the victory of Sobiésky

over the Turks, before Vienna, in September, 1683, could not persuade the Government of Sophia that war was better than peace, although it made it waver. The importance of this victory, and of the deliverance of Vienna from the Turks, was not underestimated at Moscow, where it was celebrated by Te Deums in the churches and the ringing of bells. Prince Galitsyn had asked the opinion of General Gordon, who had seen twenty years' service in Russia, most of it against the Poles and the Tartars. Gordon, in a carefully-written paper, considered the advantages and disadvantages, both of peace and war, and finally concluded in favor of war, and of an alliance with Poland. Galitsyn, however, was too undecided, or had too little confidence in the good intention of Poland and Austria for him to resolve on an alliance, and the Commission of Andrúsova, as has been already said, had no result.

bring their influence to bear on Russia to join them. Although this new crusade against the Turks was the great object of the foreign policy of Innocent XI., and is regarded as one of the great glories of his pontificate, yet this was not the first time that Rome had used all its influence at Moscow for the furtherance of this object. The predecessors of Innocent, Clement IX. and Clement X., had this matter warmly at heart, and did their best to excite the Russians to join their neighbors against Turkey. The despatches to the Vatican of the nuncios at Warsaw and Vienna are full of information as to the negotiations. In 1668, Clement XI. even began a correspondence—which was kept up for years—with the Shah of Persia, in which he was warmly and affectionately urged to join the Christian league against Constantinople. Meanwhile, France and Sweden were intriguing at Constantinople against Austria and the Emperor, and



POPE INNOCENT XI. (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

In the spring of 1684 the Republic of Venice entered, with Austria and Poland, into a Holy Alliance against the Turks, of which Pope Innocent XI. was formally proclaimed the patron. All parties agreed to

stirring up rebellion in Hungary. The dry texts of despatches and documents are, in this case, wonderfully instructive, for they prove that the first wars of Russia against Turkey were caused, not by Muscovite



KAMENETZ, IN PODOLIA. (DRAWN BY E. RIORDAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ambition, but by the constant urging of the Pope and the Catholic powers.

In pursuance of the agreement with Poland and Venice, in the spring of 1684, the Imperial Embassadors, Baron Blumberg and Baron Sherofsky, had brought, besides their formal letters, a personal one from the Emperor to Galitsyn, requesting him to use his influence for the alliance. Galitsyn thanked the Emperor for his great condescension and kindness, and promised to use all his powers for the benefit of Christianity; but, at the same time, declared to the embassadors that Russia would enter into no engagement of the kind desired until permanent peace had been concluded with Poland.*

Meanwhile, although Austria and Venice were successful in their efforts against Turkey, good fortune seemed to abandon So-

biésky. In the summer of 1684, he was engaged in an unsuccessful siege of Kamenétz, in Podolia, and afterward, in 1685, not being himself able to accompany the army, on account of illness, he sent the Hetman Yablonófsky into Moldavia, hoping, by occupying that province, to cut Podolia off from Turkey and force Kamenétz to surrender. Yablonófsky crossed the Dniester and advanced into Moldavia, but was signally defeated by the Turks, and obliged to retreat with great loss. These failures caused the Polish king to renew the negotiations for an alliance with Russia, and in January, 1686, there arrived in Moscow from Poland the most splendid embassy which that city had ever witnessed. There were four embassadors, at the head of which were the Voievode Grimultófsky and Prince Ogínsky, the Chancellor of Lithuania, with

* A curious and very rare pamphlet, printed in 1684, entitled "*Beschreibung des Schau- und lesnoirdigen Moscovitischen Einzugs und Tractements, etc.*," gives an account of the Embassy of Baron Blumberg, and, in addition, a copy of the speech which he made to the Tsars on his final audience, in which he describes Turkey as the "sick man"—a term supposed to have been invented by the Russian diplomacy of a quarter of a century ago. "Now," he says, "is the most

suitable time for obtaining the desired end. Sweden is in a condition of perfect peace; Poland, in consequence of the truce which has been concluded, is quiet and without danger to you; the diseased and dying Ottoman Empire and its complete powerlessness—for it is only a body condemned to death, which must very speedily turn to a corpse—are the auguries for a complete solution of the question," etc., etc.

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a suite of about a thousand men and fifteen hundred horses. The ambassadors were splendidly received. They were met everywhere by the Russian nobility and their retainers. They were escorted into Moscow and through the crowded streets by the Streltsi, and by the famous "winged guard," or *Zhiltsi*; they were feasted and entertained. But the Russian negotiators, under the guidance of Prince Galitsyn, disputed for seven

immediately to send troops to protect the Polish possessions from Tartar invasion, and in the next year to send an expedition against the Crimea itself. Both powers agreed not to conclude a separate peace with the Sultan. Besides this, it was arranged that Russia, as an indemnity for Kiéf, would pay Poland 146,000 rubles. A considerable amount of territory was given up on the western bank of the Dnieper, together with Kiéf; and



SOBIESKY CONSENTING TO THE CESSION OF KIEF. (DRAWN BY P. L. SEYDLER.)

long weeks over the conditions of the peace. The Poles agreed to give up Kiéf, but would not consent to the surrender of the adjoining territory, demanded too great a sum as indemnity, and were unable to come to an understanding with regard to the promise of military assistance to be furnished by Russia to Poland. The ambassadors finally declared the negotiations broken off, and took their formal leave of the Tsars and Sophia. They, however, did not depart, but requested a renewal of negotiations. By this time, the interchange of views was carried on entirely by writing, and finally an arrangement was arrived at by which Poland ceded forever Kiéf to Russia, and the Tsar, agreeing to declare war against the Sultan of Turkey and the Khan of the Crimea, promised

Tchigirin and the other ruined towns on the lower course of the Dnieper were not to be rebuilt. Persons of the Orthodox faith in the Polish dominions were to be subjected to no kind of persecution on the part of the Catholics and Uniates, and were to be allowed the free exercise of their religion; while in Russia Catholics were to be allowed to hold divine service in their houses, although they could build no churches; the Boyár Boris Sheremétief, and the Okólnitchy Tchaadáef were sent to Lemberg to obtain the oath and the signature of King Jan Sobiésky to the treaty. They were obliged to wait two months for him, for that year he had himself headed an invasion of Moldavia, and had occupied Yassy. But, being surrounded by hosts of Tartars, and



OLD RUSSIAN SPORTS. TSAR HUNTING WITH FALCON. (FROM A PLACQUE BY A. EGOROFF.)

his troops being stricken with disease and almost famished, he was obliged to retreat. Saddened by his military disasters, the king was still more grieved over the cession of Kiéf; and although he received the ambassadors with due honors, and gave his solemn oath to the treaty, yet tears ran from his eyes as he pronounced it. He could not even conceal his vexation in a letter which he wrote to the Tsars of Russia, complaining of their inaction.

Sophia and her government considered this peace to be the greatest act of her regency. In the proclamation announcing it to the people, she said that Russia had never concluded such an advantageous and splendid peace. In one sense this was true. The acknowledgment by Poland of the right of Russia to Kiéf was very satisfactory to the pride of Russia, and fraught with great advantage. It was an advantage, too, to be on terms of solid amity with such an uneasy neighbor as Poland. The disadvantages caused by the ensuing declaration of war against Turkey were not mentioned in the proclamation; and, although they were great, they were, in point of fact, outweighed by the advantages of the treaty.

At the same time that the political union

of Kiéf to Russia was thus assured, a religious union of the inhabitants of the western provinces and of the Ukraine to the provincial throne of Moscow was also provided for. Originally Kiéf had been subjected to the metropolis of Moscow, but, in the fifteenth century, in order more completely to separate the inhabitants of these provinces from their co-religionists in Russia, the Prince of Lithuania succeeded in establishing at Kiéf an independent Metropolitan, consecrated by the Patriarch of Constantinople. When the Cossacks of Bogdán Khmelnitzky accepted the Russian suzerainty, it was stated in the treaty that the Metropolitan of Kiéf should be under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Moscow; but neither the Metropolitan of Kiéf at that time nor his successor were willing to accept the diplomas from the Tsars without the permission of the Patriarch of Constantinople, lest they should bring upon themselves the curse of the Eastern church, and continued to style themselves Exarchs of the Patriarch of Constantinople. Owing to these difficulties, since 1676 there had been no Metropolitan, and the spiritual affairs of the country were under the supervision of Lazarus Baránovitch, the aged Archbishop of

Tchernígor, who admitted the supremacy of the Patriarch of Moscow. Negotiations for the election of a new Metropolitan, and his subjection to the Patriarch of Moscow, began in 1683 with Samoilovitch, the Hetman of the Cossacks of the Ukraine, who entered warmly into the project and succeeded in bringing affairs to a conclusion. Much as he opposed the treaty of alliance with Poland, he was strongly in favor of the union with Moscow of the Metropolis of Kiéf, for he felt that this union would bind the inhabitants of Little Russia still more closely to Great Russia, sever their connection with Poland, and, at the same time, would give the Russian Government, through the Metropolitan, a certain amount of influence over all the Orthodox Christians residing in the Polish dominions. He made, however, several reservations and conditions, the chief of which were: that all the ancient rights and liberties of the provinces should remain untouched; that the Metropolitan of Kiéf should occupy the first rank among the other Metropolitans of Russia; that he should still have the title of Exarch of Constantinople; that the Patriarch of Constantinople should properly cede the province to the Patriarch of Moscow, that there might be no schism or confusion in the minds of the Little Russians; that the Patriarch should not interfere or meddle in the affairs of the province; that the printing of books should be allowed at the Lavra of Kiéf; and that a school for free sciences in the Latin and Greek languages should be allowed in the Brátsky Monastery, as before. These demands were all allowed, with the exception of that asking for the Metropolitan the title of Exarch of the Patriarch of Constantinople, as this was thought to be contradictory and useless. Orders for the election of a Metropolitan of Kiéf were then issued, and although at first there was some difficulty in persuading the clergy that they could safely venture on the election without running the risk of the curse of the Patriarch of Constantinople, as his permission had not yet been obtained,—and, indeed, had not even been asked,—yet, under the skillful guidance of Lazarus Baránovitch, the assemblage elected as Metropolitan Prince Gideon Sviátopolk Tchetvertinsky, the Archbishop of Lutzk, who had been obliged to leave Poland on account of the oppression which he suffered at the hands of the Catholics and Uniates, and had taken refuge in the Monastery of Baturín, the capital of Little Russia and the residence of the Hetman.

Prince Gideon—for the title of prince, in conformity to the Polish custom, had been left to him—went to Moscow, and was duly consecrated, on the 8th of November, 1585, by Joachim, the Patriarch of Moscow, although no answer had yet been received from Constantinople. The Archbishop of Tchernígor and the Archimandrite of the Lavra of Kiéf, Yasínsky, refused to acknowledge Gideon as their superior, as they had for many years been subject only to the supremacy of the Patriarch of Moscow. A compromise was made, and their claims, to be independent of the new Metropolitan, were allowed during the lives of the actual incumbents.

At the end of 1684, a Greek, Zachariah Sophia, had been sent to the Patriarch Jacob, of Constantinople, to obtain his consent to a change in the supremacy of the Metropolis, but the Patriarch had replied that the times were so troublous with the Church in Turkey that it was impossible to do anything. The Grand Vizier was on the point of death, and no one knew who would take his place. After the consecration of Gideon, a Government secretary, Nikíta Alexéief, was sent to Adrianople, where the Sultan was then living, partly to complain to the Sultan about his calling the people from the eastern bank of the Dnieper to the western, and partly to arrange with the Patriarch about the Metropolis of Kiéf. Alexéief, and Lisítsa, who was sent by the Hetman, received information from the Patriarch that it was impossible for him to do anything until he had the consent of the Grand Vizier, as it would be necessary to call together the Metropolitans, some of whom disliked him, and would be sure to report to the Grand Vizier that he was in treaty with the Muscovites, and he would then be at once executed. Alexéief then tried to get an interview with Dositheus, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who was at that time in Adrianople, making collections of money. He refused to see Alexéief until he had had an interview with the Grand Vizier. Alexéief, after seeing the Grand Vizier, was permitted to see the Patriarch of Jerusalem, but could not succeed in making him agree to the Russian proposals. He at first positively refused, basing his objections partly on rules of church discipline and partly on the want of respect that had been manifested by the election and consecration of the Metropolitan without the consent of the Eastern Church; and said that it was a division of the Church; that he would never consent to

it, and would oppose it by every means in his power. Alexéief tried to explain that the distance of Little Russia from Constantinople made the relations with that Patriarch a matter of difficulty, and thât, as Little Russia was now united with Great Russia, the good of all the Christians there demanded religious union. He was, however, able to effect nothing with Dositheus, who said it was impossible to do anything without the

arrival, and order him to comply with the wishes of the Tsars. Alexéief then returned to Dositheus, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and found a total change in his sentiments. Dositheus said he had succeeded in finding a rule—which, it appeared, had escaped his memory—by which an archbishop could always pass over a portion of his eparchy to another archbishop, and promised to advise the Patriarch Dionysius to comply with the



OLD RUSSIAN SPORTS. BEAR DANCING BEFORE THE TSAR. (FROM A PLACQUE BY A. EGOROFF.)

Grand Vizier. Alexéief was not inclined to have the Mussulmans mixed up in the matter. Having learned that the Patriarch of Constantinople had been overthrown by an intrigue, and that Dionysius, the previous Patriarch, had again ascended the throne, and was about going to the Porte to receive his berat, he went to the Grand Vizier, and explained to him the desire of the Tsars with regard to the Metropolis of Kíef. The Turks, who were threatened by war on three sides and wished to keep the peace with Moscow, were willing not only to satisfy the Russian complaints with regard to the emigration of the people from the eastern to the western banks of the Dnieper, but to free the Russian prisoners; and the Grand Vizier promised to send for the Patriarch on his

Russian requests. Furthermore, he himself wrote to the Tsars, and he gave the Patriarch of Moscow his blessing, not together with the Patriarch of Constantinople, but alone. Dionysius, the new Patriarch of Constantinople, made not the slightest objection, and promised that as soon as he returned to Constantinople and had assembled his Metropolitans, he would give all the necessary documents. The Grand Vizier told Alexéief that he had heard of the efforts of the Poles to induce Russia to enter into an alliance with them, begged him to express to the Tsars the hope and wish of the Sultan that this would not be done, and that they would always remain, as before, in the increased love and friendship of the Sultan; and, furthermore, allowed Alexéief to rebuild

in Constantinople the church of St. John the Baptist, which had recently been burnt down. This Alexéief had asked as an act of kindness to the Patriarch of Constantinople, for, according to Turkish law, while service could be freely carried on in the existing Christian churches, no new ones were allowed to be built, nor were old ones accidentally destroyed or ruined allowed to be rebuilt; mosques were erected in their place. On arriving at Constantinople, Alexéief received all the necessary docu-

ments from the Patriarch, presented the Patriarch of Constantinople with 200 ducats and three "forties" of sabres, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem with 200 ducats, and was requested by them to ask the Tsars for presents for all the archbishops who had signed the document, as similar presents had been given when the Metropolitan of Moscow took the title of Patriarch.*

* This history of the re-union of Kiéf reminds one strongly of the recent history of the formation of an independent Bulgarian Church.

LAMENTATION.

GONE is the snow, and the cold ground is warming;
 Red is the maple and green is the willow;
 Blackbirds are chattering free;
 Earth, air, and water, with new life are swarming;
 Summer-tide surges in, billow on billow;
 What is it bringing to me?

Life of my life, in the cold ground they laid her:
 Black were the lilies and brown were the beeches,
 Twittered the lone chickadee;
 There, many a weary day, Winter has staid her;
 Summer, sweet Summer, my sorrow beseeches,
 Bring back my daughter to me!

Nay, mock me not with your buds and your greenery!
 Spread me no flowering carpet to walk upon!
 Make me no music, I pray.
 Desolate heart maketh desolate scenery;
 Only one theme deigneth sorrow to talk upon;
 Take all your pleasure away!

Green is the grass on the grave where she lieth;
 Sweet with the wind the birds' carol accordeth,
 Strong are the pulses of spring;
 Yet to my pleading no kind voice replieth,
 None in these blithe tribes my sorrow regardeth,
 From my heart plucketh the sting.

"Will not be comforted"? Nay, Master, hear me!
 Mothers in Bethlehem wept by the manger,
 Whence, in the night, Thou hadst fled!
 Come back to me, I pray; stay ever near me!
 Lest to my heavy heart hope be a stranger;
 Faith find her grave with my dead.

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HONORÉ MAKES SOME CONFESSIONS.

"*Comment ça va, Raoul?*" said Honoré Grandissime; he had come to the shop according to the proposal contained in his note. "Where-h is Mr. Frhownfeld?"

He found the apothecary in the rear room, dressed, but just rising from the bed at sound of his voice. He closed the door after him; they shook hands and took chairs.

"You have fevah," said the merchant. "I have been trhoubled that way myself, some, lately." He rubbed his face all over, hard, with one hand, and looked at the ceiling. "Loss of sleep, I suppose, in both of us; in yo' case volunta'y—in pu'suit of study, most likely; in my case—effect of anxiety." He smiled a moment and then suddenly sobered as he said:

"But I heah you are-h in trhouble; may I ask——"

Frowenfeld had interrupted him with almost the same words:

"May I venture to ask, Mr. Grandissime, what——"

And both were silent for a moment.

"Oh," said Honoré, with a gesture. "My trhouble—I did not mean to mention it; 'tis an old matteh—in paht. You know, Mr. Frhownfeld, there-h is a kind of three not drheamed of in botany, that lets fall its frhuit everhy day in the yeah—you know? We call it—with rheverhence—'ow dead fathe's mistakes.' I have had to eat much of that frhuit; a man who has to do that mus' expect to have now and then a little fevah."

"I have heard," replied Frowenfeld, "that some of the titles under which your relatives hold their lands are found to be of the kind which the States' authorities are pronouncing worthless. I hope this is not the case."

"I wish they had nevva been put into my custody," said M. Grandissime.

Some new thought moved him to draw his chair closer.

"Mr. Frhownfeld, those two ladies whom you went to see the other-h evening——"

His listener started a little:

"Yes?"

"Did they evva tell you their historhy?"

"No, sir; but I have heard it."

"An' you think they have been deeply wrhonged, eh? Come, Mr. Frhownfeld, take rhyght hold of the acacia-bush."

M. Grandissime did not smile.

Frowenfeld winced.

"I think they have."

"And you think rhestitution should be made them, no doubt, eh?"

"I do."

"At any cost?"

The questioner showed a faint, unpleasant smile, that stirred something like opposition in the breast of the apothecary.

"Yes," he answered.

The next question had a tincture even of fierceness:

"You think it rhyght to sink fifty or-h a hundrhd people into povetty to lift one o' two out?"

"Mr. Grandissime," said Frowenfeld, slowly, "you bade me study this community."

"I adv—yes; what is it you find?"

"I find—it may be the same with other communities, I suppose it is, more or less—that just upon the culmination of the moral issue it turns and asks the question which is behind it, instead of the question which is before it."

"And what is the question befo' me?"

"I know it only in the abstract."

"Well?"

The apothecary looked distressed.

"You should not make me say it," he objected.

"Nevvathelless," said the Creole, "I take that libbetty."

"Well, then," said Frowenfeld, "the question behind is Expediency and the question in front, Divine Justice. You are asking yourself——"

He checked himself.

"Which I ought to rheghad," said M. Grandissime, quickly. "Expediency, of co'se, and be like the rhest of mankind." He put on a look of bitter humor. "It is all easy enough fo' you, Mr. Frhownfeld,

my-de'seh; you have the easy paht—the theorhizing."

He saw the ungenerousness of his speech as soon as it was uttered, yet he did not modify it.

"True, Mr. Grandissime," said Frowenfeld; and after a pause—"but you have the noble part—the doing."

"Ah, my-de'seh!" exclaimed Honoré; "the noble paht! There-h is the bitterness of the draught! The oppo'tunity to act is pushed upon me, but the oppo'tunity to act nobly has passed by."

He again drew his chair closer, glanced behind him and spoke low:

"Because fo' yeahs I have had a kind of custody of all my kinsmen's prhopeny interests, Agrhicola's among them, it is supposed that he has always kept the plantation of Aurore Nancanou (or rather-h of Clotilde—who, you know, by ow laws is the rheal heir). That is a mistake. Explain it as you please, call it rhemoss, prhide, love—what you like—while I was in France and he was managing my mothe's business, unknown to me he gave me that plantation. When I succeeded him I found it and all its rhenvenues kept distinct—as was but prhoper—from all other-h accounts, and belonging to me. 'Twas a fine, extensive place, had a good ove-seer-h on it and—I kept it. Why? Because I was a cowa'd. I did not want it or-h its rhenvenues; but, like my fatheh, I would not offend my people. Peace first and justice afte'wa'ds—that was the prhinciple on which I quietly made myself the thrustee of a plantation and income which you would have given back to their-h ownhe's, eh?"

Frowenfeld was silent.

"My-de'seh, recollect that to us the Grhandissime name is a trheasu'e. And what has prheserved it so long? Cherhishing the unity of ow family; that has done it; that is how my fatheh did it. Just or-h unjust, good o' bad, needful o' not, done elsewhere-h o' not, I do not say; but it is a Crheole thrait. See, even now" (the speaker smiled on one side of his mouth) "in a certain section of the territhorhy certain men, Crheoles" (he whispered, gravely), "*some Grandissimes among them*, evading the United States rhenvenue laws and even beating and killing some of the officials: well! Do the people at lahge rhpudiate those men? My-de'seh, in no wise, seh! No; if they were *Amérhicans*—but a Louisianian—is a Louisianian; touch him not; when you touch him you touch all Louisiana!

So with us Grhandissimes; we ah legion, but we ah one. Now, my-de'seh, the thing you ask me to do is to cast ovabo'a'd that old trhaditional prhinciple which is the secrhet of ow existence."

"I ask you?"

"Ah, bah! you know you expect it. Ah! but you do not know the upro' such an action would make. And no 'noble paht' in it, my-de'seh, eitheh. A few months ago—when we met by those ghaves—if I had acted then, my action would have been one of pure-h—even violent—*self-sacrifice*. Do you rhemembh—on the levee, by the Place d'Armes—me asking you to send Agrhicola to me? I tried then to speak of it. He would not let me. Then, my people felt safe in their land-titles and public offices; this rhestitution would have hurt nothing but prhide. Now, titles in doubt, gove'ment appointments uncertain, no rheady capital in rheach for-h any purpose except that which would have to be handed oveh with the plantation (fo' to tell you the fact, my-de'seh, no other-h account on my books has prhospe'd), with matthe's changed in this way, I become the destrhoyer-h of my own flesh and blood! Yes, seh! and lest I might still find some rroom to boast, anothe-h change moves me into a position where-h it suits me, my-de'seh, to make the rhestitution so fatal to those of my name. When you and I fust met, those ladies were-h as much strhangehs to me as to you—as far-h as I *knew*. Then, if I had done this thing—but now—now, my-de'seh, I find myself in love with one of them!"

M. Grandissime looked his friend straight in the eye with the frowning energy of one who asserts an ugly fact.

Frowenfeld, regarding the speaker with a gaze of respectful attention, did not falter; but his fevered blood, with an impulse that started him half from his seat, surged up into his head and face; and then—

M. Grandissime blushed.

In the few silent seconds that followed, the glances of the two friends continued to pass into each other's eyes, while about Honoré's mouth hovered the smile of one who candidly surrenders his innermost secret, and the lips of the apothecary set themselves together as though he were whispering to himself behind them, "Steady."

"Mr. Frhownefeld," said the Creole, taking a sudden breath and waving a hand, "I came to ask about yo' trhouble; but if you think you have any rheason to withold yo' confidence —"

"No, sir; no! But can I be no help to you in this matter?"

The Creole leaned back smilingly in his chair and knit his fingers.

"No, I did not intend to say all this; I came to offer my help to you; but my mind is full—what do you expect? My-de'-seh, the foam must come fust out of the bottle. You see"—he leaned forward again, laid two fingers in his palm and deepened his tone—"I will tell you: this three—'ow dead fathe's mistakes'—is about to drhop another-h rotten apple. I spoke just now of the upro' this rhestitution would make; why, my-de'-seh, just the mention of the lady's name at my house, when we lately held the *fête de grandpère*, has given rhise to a qua'll which is likely to end in a duel."

"Raoul was telling me," said the apothecary.

M. Grandissime made an affirmative gesture.

"Mr. Frhowsenfeld, if you—if any one—could teach my people—I mean my family—the value of peace (I do not say the duty, my-de'-seh, a mechant talks of values); if you could teach them the value of peace, I would give you, if that was yo' phrice"—he ran the edge of his left hand knife-wise around the wrist of his right—"that. And if you would teach it to the whole community—well—I think I would not give my head; maybe you would." He laughed.

"There is a peace which is bad," said the contemplative apothecary.

"Yes," said the Creole, promptly, "the verhy kind that I have been keeping all this time—and my fatheh befo' me!"

He spoke with much warmth.

"Yes," he said again, after a pause which was not a rest, "I often see that we Grhandissimes are-h a good example of the Crheoles at lahge; we have one element that makes fo' peace; that—pahdon the self-consciousness—is myself; and another-h element that makes fo' strhife—led by my uncle Agrhicola; but, my-de'-seh, the peace element is that which ought to make the strhife, and the strhife element is that which ought to be made to keep the peace! Mr. Frhowsenfeld, I phropose to become the strhife-makeh; how, then, can I be a peace-makeh at the same time? There-h is my diffy cultie."

"Mr. Grandissime," exclaimed Frowenfeld, "if you have any design in view founded on the high principles which I know to be the foundations of all your feelings,

and can make use of the aid of a disgraced man, use me."

"You ah verhy generhous," said the Creole, and both were silent. Honoré dropped his eyes from Frowenfeld's to the floor, rubbed his knee with his palm, and suddenly looked up.

"You are-h innocent of wrhong?"

"Before God."

"I feel sure-h of it. Tell me in a few words all about it. I ought to be able to extrhicate you. Let me hear-h it."

Frowenfeld again told as much as he thought he could, consistently with his pledges to Palmyre, touching with extreme lightness upon the part taken by Clotilde.

"Tunn arhound," said M. Grandissime at the close; "Let me see the back of yo' head. And it is that that is giving you this fevah, eh?"

"Partly," replied Frowenfeld; "but how shall I vindicate my innocence? I think I ought to go back openly to this woman's house and get my hat. I was about to do that when I got your note; yet it seems a feeble—even if possible—expedient."

"My frhiend," said Honoré, "leave it to me. I see yo' whole case, both what you tell and what you conceal. I guess it with ease. Knowing Palmyre so well, and knowing (what you do not) that all the voudous in town think you a sorcerer, I know just what she would drhop down and beg you faw—a *ouangan*, ha, ha! You see? Leave it all to me—and yo' hat with Palmyre, take a febrhifuge and a nap, and await word frhom me."

"And may I offer you no help in your difficulty?" asked the apothecary, as the two rose and grasped hands.

"Oh!" said the Creole, with a little shrug, "you may do anything you can—which will be nothing."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TESTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

FROWENFELD turned away from the closing door, caught his head between his hands and tried to comprehend the new wildness of the tumult within. Honoré Grandissime avowedly in love with one of them—which one? Doctor Keene visibly in love with one of them—which one? And he! What meant this bounding joy that, like one gorgeous moth among innumerable bats, flashed to and fro among the wild distresses and dis-

mays swarming in and out of his distempered imagination? He did not answer the question; he only knew the confusion in his brain was dreadful. Both hands could not hold back the throbbing of his temples; the table did not steady the trembling of his hands; his thoughts went hither and thither, heedless of his call. Sit down as he might, rise up, pace the room, stand, lean his forehead against the wall—nothing could quiet the fearful disorder, until at length he recalled Honoré's neglected advice and resolutely lay down and sought sleep; and, long before he had hoped to secure it, it came.

In the distant Grandissime mansion, Agricola Fusilier was casting about for ways and means to rid himself of the heaviest heart that ever had throbbed in his bosom. He had risen at sunrise from slumber worse than sleeplessness, in which his dreams had anticipated the duel of to-morrow with Sylvestre. He was trying to get the unwonted quaking out of his hands and the memory of the night's heart-dissolving phantasms from before his inner vision. He had resort to a very familiar, we may say time-honored, prescription—rum. He did not use it after the voodoo fashion; the voodoo pour it on the ground—Agricola was an anti-voodoo. It finally had its effect. By eleven o'clock he seemed, outwardly at least, to be at peace with everything in Louisiana that he considered Louisianian, properly so-called; as to all else he was ready for war, as in peace one should be. While in this mood, and performing at a side-board the solemn rite of *las ouze*, news incidentally reached him, by the mouth of his busy second, Hippolyte, of Frowenfeld's trouble, and despite Polyte's protestations against the principal in a pending "affair" appearing on the street, he ordered the carriage and hurried to the apothecary's.

When Frowenfeld awoke, the fingers of his clock were passing the meridian. His fever was gone, his brain was calm, his strength in good measure had returned. There had been dreams in his sleep, too: he had seen Clotilde standing at the foot of his bed. He lay now, for a moment, lost in retrospection.

"There can be no doubt about it," said he, as he rose up, looking back mentally at something in the past.

The sound of carriage-wheels attracted his attention by ceasing before his street door. A moment later the voice of Agricola

was heard in the shop greeting Raoul. As the old man lifted the head of his staff to tap on the inner door, Frowenfeld opened it.

"Fusilier to the rescue!" said the great Louisianian, with a grasp of the apothecary's hand and a gaze of brooding admiration.

Joseph gave him a chair, but with magnificent humility he insisted on not taking it until "Professor Frowenfeld" had himself sat down.

The apothecary was very solemn. It seemed to him as if in this little back room his dead good name was lying in state, and these visitors were coming in to take their last look. From time to time he longed for more light, wondering why the gravity of his misadventure should seem so great.

"H-m-h-y dear Professor!" began the old man. Pages of print could not comprise all the meanings of his smile and accent; benevolence, affection, assumed knowledge of the facts, disdain of results, remembrance of his own youth, charity for pranks, patronage—these were but a few. He spoke very slowly and deeply and with this smile of a hundred meanings. "Why did you not send for me, Joseph? Sir, whenever you have occasion to make a list of the friends who will stand by you, *right or wrong*—h-write the name of Citizen Agricola Fusilier at the top! Write it large and repeat it at the bottom! You understand me, Joseph?—and, mark me,—right or wrong!"

"Not wrong," said Frowenfeld, "at least not in defense of wrong; I could not do that; but, I assure you, in this matter I have done —"

"No worse than any one else would have done under the circumstances, my dear boy! —Nay, nay, do not interrupt me; I understand you, I understand you. H-do you imagine there is anything strange to me in this—at my age?"

"But I am —"

"—all right, sir! that is *what* you are. And you are under the wing of Agricola Fusilier, the old eagle; that is *where* you are. And you are one of my brood; that is *who* you are. Professor, listen to your old father. *The—man—makes—the—crime!* The wisdom of mankind never brought forth a maxim of more gigantic beauty. If the different grades of race and society did not have corresponding moral and civil liberties, varying in degree as they vary—h-why! *this* community, at least, would go to pieces! See here! Professor Frowen-

feld is charged with misdemeanor. Very well, who is he? Foreigner or native? Foreigner by sentiment and intention, or only by accident of birth? Of our mental fibre—our aspirations—our delights—our indignations? I answer for you, Joseph, yes!—yes! What then? H—why then the decision! Reached how? By apologetic reasonings? By instinct, sir! h-h—that guide of the nobly proud! And what is the decision? Not guilty. Professor Frowenfeld, *absolve te!*”

It was in vain that the apothecary repeatedly tried to interrupt this speech. “Citizen Fusilier, do you know me no better?”—“Citizen Fusilier, if you will but listen!”—such were the fragments of his efforts to explain. The old man was not so confident as he pretended to be that Frowenfeld was that complete proselyte which alone satisfies a Creole; but he saw him in a predicament and cast to him this life-buoy, which if a man should refuse, he would deserve to drown.

Frowenfeld tried again to begin.

“Mr. Fusilier——”

“Citizen Fusilier!”

“Citizen, candor demands that I undeceive——”

“Candor demands—h—my dear Professor, let me tell you exactly what she demands. She demands that in here—within this apartment—we understand each other. That demand is met.”

“But——” Frowenfeld frowned impatiently.

“That demand, Joseph, is fully met! I understand the whole matter like an eye-witness! Now there is another demand to be met, the demand of friendship! In here, candor; outside, friendship; in here, one of our brethren has been adventurous and unfortunate; outside—the old man smiled a smile of benevolent mendacity—“outside, nothing has happened.”

Frowenfeld insisted savagely on speaking; but Agricola raised his voice, and gray hairs prevailed.

“At least, what *has* happened? The most ordinary thing in the world; Professor Frowenfeld lost his footing on a slippery gunwale, fell, cut his head upon a protruding spike, and went into the house of Palmyre to bathe his wound; but finding it worse than he had at first supposed it, immediately hurried out again and came to his store. He left his hat where it had fallen, too muddy to be worth recovery. Hippolyte Brahmin-Mandarin and others, passing

at the time, thought he had met with violence in the house of the hair-dresser, and drew some natural inferences, but have since been better informed; and the public will please understand that Professor Frowenfeld is a white man, a gentleman and a Louisianian, ready to vindicate his honor, and that Citizen Agricola Fusilier is his friend!”

The old man looked around with the air of a bull on a hill-top.

Frowenfeld, vexed beyond degree, restrained himself only for the sake of an object in view, and contented himself with repeating for the fourth or fifth time,—

“I cannot accept any such deliverance.”

“Professor Frowenfeld, friendship—society—demands it; our circle must be protected in all its members. You have nothing to do with it. You will leave it with me, Joseph.”

“No, no,” said Frowenfeld. “I thank you, but——”

“Ah! my dear boy, thank me not; I cannot help these impulses; I belong to a warm-hearted race. But——” he drew back in his chair sidewise and made great pretense of frowning—“you decline the offices of that precious possession, a Creole friend?”

“I only decline to be shielded by a fiction.”

“Ah-h!” said Agricola, further nettling his victim by a gaze of stony admiration. “*Sans peur et sans reproche*—and yet you disappoint me. Is it for naught, that I have sallied forth from home, drawing the curtains of my carriage to shield me from the gazing crowd? It was to rescue my friend—my vicar—my coadjutor—my son, from the laughs and finger-points of the vulgar mass. H—I might as well have staid at home—or better, for my peculiar position to-day rather requires me to keep in——”

“No, Citizen,” said Frowenfeld, laying his hand upon Agricola’s arm, “I trust it is not in vain that you have come out. There is a man in trouble whom only you can deliver.”

The old man began to swell with complacency.

“H—why, really——”

“He, Citizen, is truly of your kind——”

“He must be delivered, Professor Frowenfeld——”

“He is a native Louisianian, not only by accident of birth but by sentiment and intention,” said Frowenfeld.

The old man smiled a benign delight,

but the apothecary now had the upper hand, and would not hear him speak.

"His aspirations," continued the speaker, "his indignations—mount with his people's. His pulse beats with yours, sir. He is a part of your circle. He is one of your caste."

Agricola could not be silent.

"Ha-a-a-ah! Joseph, h-h-you make my blood tingle! Speak to the point; who —"

"I believe him, moreover, Citizen Fusilier, innocent of the charge laid —"

"H-innocent? H-of course he is innocent, sir! We will make him inno —"

"Ah! Citizen, he is already under sentence of death!"

"What? A Creole under sentence!" Agricola swore a heathen oath, set his knees apart and grasped his staff by the middle. "Sir, we will liberate him if we have to overturn the government!"

Frowenfeld shook his head.

"You have got to overturn something stronger than government."

"And pray what —"

"A conventionality," said Frowenfeld, holding the old man's eye.

"Ha, ha! my b-hoy, h-you are right. But we will overturn—eh?"

"I say I fear your engagements will prevent. I hear you take part to-morrow morning in —"

Agricola suddenly stiffened.

"Professor Frowenfeld, it strikes me, sir, you are taking something of a liberty."

"For which I ask pardon," exclaimed Frowenfeld. "Then I may not expect —"

The old man melted again.

"But who is this person in mortal peril?" Frowenfeld hesitated.

"Citizen Fusilier," he said, looking first down at the floor and then up into the inquirer's face, "on my assurance that he is not only a native Creole, but a Grandissime —"

"It is not possible!" exclaimed Agricola.

"—a Grandissime of the purest blood, will you pledge me your aid to liberate him from his danger, 'right or wrong'?"

"Will I? H-why, certainly! Who is he?"

"Citizen—it is Sylves —"

Agricola sprang up with a thundering oath.

The apothecary put out a pacifying hand, but it was spurned.

"Let me go! How dare you? How dare you, sir?" bellowed Agricola.

He started toward the door, cursing furiously

and keeping his eye fixed on Frowenfeld with a look of rage not unmixed with terror.

"Citizen Fusilier," said the apothecary, following him with one palm uplifted, as if that would ward off his abuse, "don't go! I adjure you, don't go! Remember your pledge, Citizen Fusilier!"

Agricola did not pause a moment; but when he had swung the door violently open the way was still obstructed. The painter of "Louisiana refusing to enter the Union" stood before him, his head elevated loftily, one foot set forward and his arm extended like a tragedian's.

"Stan' bag-sah!"

"Let me pass! Let me pass, or I will kill you!"

Mr. Innerarity smote his bosom and tossed his hand aloft.

"Kill me—firse an' pass aftah!"

"Citizen Fusilier," said Frowenfeld, "I beg you to hear me."

"Go away! Go away!"

The old man drew back from the door and stood in the corner against the bookshelves as if all the horrors of the last night's dreams had taken bodily shape in the person of the apothecary. He trembled and stammered:

"Ke—keep off! Keep off! My God! Raoul, he has insulted me!" He made a miserable show of drawing a weapon. "No man may insult me and live! If you are a man, Professor Frowenfeld, you will defend yourself!"

Frowenfeld lost his temper, but his hasty reply was drowned by Raoul's vehement speech.

"'Tis not de trute!" cried Raoul. "He try to save you from hell-'n'-damnation w'en 'e h-ought to give you a good cuss'n!"—and in the ecstasy of his anger burst into tears.

Frowenfeld, in an agony of annoyance, waved him away and he disappeared, shutting the door.

Agricola, moved far more from within than from without, had sunk into a chair under the shelves. His head was bowed, a heavy grizzled lock fell down upon his dark, frowning brow, one hand clenched the top of his staff, the other his knee, and both trembled violently. As Frowenfeld, with every demonstration of beseeching kindness began to speak, he lifted his eyes and said, piteously:

"Stop! Stop!"

"Citizen Fusilier, it is you who must stop. Stop before God Almighty stops you, I beg

you. I do not presume to rebuke you. I know you want a clear record. I know it better to-day than I ever did before. Citizen Fusilier, I honor your intentions——"

Agricola roused a little and looked up with a miserable attempt at his habitual patronizing smile.

"H-my dear boy, I overlook"—but he met in Frowenfeld's eyes a spirit so superior to his dissimulation that the smile quite broke down and gave way to another of deprecatory and apologetic distress. He reached up an arm.

"I could easily convince you, Professor, of your error"—his eyes quailed and dropped to the floor—"but I—your arm, my dear Joseph; age is creeping upon me." He rose to his feet. "I am feeling really indisposed to-day—not at all bright; my solitude for you, my dear b——"

He took two or three steps forward, tottered, clung to the apothecary, moved another step or two, and grasping the edge of the table stumbled into a chair which Frowenfeld thrust under him. He folded his arms on the edge of the board and rested his forehead on them, while Frowenfeld sat down quickly on the opposite side, drew paper and pen across the table and wrote.

"Are you writing something, Professor?" asked the old man, without stirring. His staff tumbled to the floor. The apothecary's answer was a low, preoccupied one. He wrote and rejected what he had written two or three times.

Presently he pushed back his chair, came around the table, laid the writing he had made before the bowed head, sat down again and waited.

After a long time the old man looked up, trying in vain to conceal his anguish under a smile.

"I have a sad headache."

He cast his eyes over the table and took mechanically the pen which Frowenfeld extended toward him.

"What can I do for you, Professor? Sign something? There is nothing I would not do for Professor Frowenfeld. What have you written, eh?"

He felt helplessly for his spectacles.

Frowenfeld read:

"*Mr. Sylvestre Grandissime: I spoke in haste.*"

He felt himself tremble as he read. Agricola fumbled with the pen, lifted his eyes with one more effort at the old look, said:

"My dear boy, I do this purely to please

you," and to Frowenfeld's delight and astonishment wrote:

"*Your affectionate uncle, Agricola Fusilier.*"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LOUISIANA STATES HER WANTS.

"'SIEUR FROWENFEL'," said Raoul as that person turned in the front door of the shop after watching Agricola's carriage roll away—he had intended to unburden his mind to the apothecary with all his natural impetuosity; but Frowenfeld's gravity as he turned, with the paper in his hand, induced a different manner. Raoul had learned, despite all the impulses of his nature, to look upon Frowenfeld with a sort of enthusiastic awe. He dropped his voice and said—asking like a child a question he was perfectly able to answer—

"What de matta wid Agricole?"

Frowenfeld, for the moment well-nigh oblivious of his own trouble, turned upon his assistant a look in which elation was oddly blended with solemnity, and replied as he walked by:

"Rush of truth to the heart."

Raoul followed a step.

"'Sieur Frowenfel'——"

The apothecary turned once more. Raoul's face bore an expression of earnest practicability that invited confidence.

"'Sieur Frowenfel', Agricola writ'n' to Sylvestre to stop dat dool?"

"Yes."

"You goin' take dat lett' to Sylvestre?"

"Yes."

"'Sieur Frowenfel', dat de wrong g-way. You got to take it to 'Polyte Brahmin-Mandarin, an' 'e got to take it to Valentine Grandissime, an' 'e got to take it to Sylvestre. You see, you got to know de manner to make. Once 'pon a time I had a diffcultie wid——"

"I see," said Frowenfeld; "where may I find Hippolyte Brahmin-Mandarin at this time of day?"

Raoul shrugged.

"If the pre-parish-ions are not complitted, you will not fine 'im; but if they har complitted—you know 'im?"

"By sight."

"Well, you may fine him at Maspero's, or helse in de front of de Veau-qui-tête, or helse at the Café Louis Quatorze—mos' likely in front of de Veau-qui-tête. You know, dat diffcultie I had, dat arise itseff

from de discuss'n of one of de mil-littery mov'ments of ca-valry; you know, I——"

"Yes," said the apothecary; "here, Raoul, is some money; please go and buy me a good, plain hat."

"All right." Raoul darted behind the counter and got his hat out of a drawer. "Were at you buy your hats?"

"Anywhere."

"I will go at *my* hatter."

As the apothecary moved about his shop awaiting Raoul's return, his own disaster became once more the subject of his anxiety. He noticed that almost every person who passed looked in. "This is the place,"—"That is the man,"—how plainly the glances of passers sometimes speak! The people seemed, moreover, a little nervous. Could even so little a city be stirred about such a petty, private trouble as this of his? No; the city was having tribulations of its own.

New Orleans was in that state of suppressed excitement which, in later days, a frequent need of reassuring the outer world has caused to be described by the phrase "never more peaceable." Raoul perceived it before he had left the shop twenty paces behind. By the time he reached the first corner he was in the swirl of the popular current. He enjoyed it like a strong swimmer. He even drank of it. It was better than wine and music mingled.

"Twelve weeks next Thursday, and no sign of re-cession!" said one of two rapid walkers just in front of him. Their talk was in the French of the province.

"Oh, re-cession!" exclaimed the other angrily. "The cession is a reality. That, at least, we have got to swallow. Incredulity is dead."

The first speaker's feelings could find expression only in profanity.

"The cession—we wash our hands of it!" He turned partly around upon his companion, as they hurried along, and gave his hands a vehement dry washing. "If Incredulity is dead, Non-participation reigns in its stead, and Discontent is prime minister!" He brandished his fist as they turned a corner.

"If we must change, let us be subjects of the First Consul!" said one of another pair whom Raoul met on a crossing.

There was a gathering of boys and vagabonds at the door of a gun-shop. A man inside was buying a gun. That was all.

A group came out of a "coffee-house." The leader turned about upon the rest:

"Ah, bah! *cette* Amayrican libetty!"

"See! see! it is this way!" said another of the number, taking two others by their elbows, to secure an audience, "we shall do nothing ourselves; we are just watching that vile Congress. It is going to tear the country all to bits!"

"Ah, my friend, you haven't got the *inside* news," said still another—Raoul lingered to hear him—"Louisiana is going to state her wants! We have the liberty of free speech and are going to use it!"

His information was correct; Louisiana, no longer incredulous of her Americanization, had laid hold of her new liberties and was beginning to run with them, like a boy dragging his kite over the clouds. She was about to state her wants, he said.

"And her don't-wants," volunteered one whose hand Raoul shook heartily. "We warn the world. If Congress doesn't take heed, we will not be responsible for the consequences!"

Raoul's hatter was full of the subject. As Mr. Innerarity entered, he was saying good-day to a customer in his native tongue, English, and so continued:

"Yes, under Spain we had a solid, quiet government— Ah! Mr. Innerarity, overjoyed to see you! We were speaking of these political troubles. I wish we might see the last of them. It's a terrible bad mess; corruption to-day—I tell you what—it will be disruption to-morrow. Well, it is no work of ours; we shall merely stand off and see it."

"Mi-frien'," said Raoul, with mingled pity and superiority, "you haven't got doze *inside* nooz; Louisiana is goin' to state w'at she want."

On his way back toward the shop Mr. Innerarity easily learned Louisiana's wants and don't-wants by heart. She wanted a Creole governor; she did not want Casa Calvo invited to leave the country; she wanted the provisions of the Treaty of Cession hurried up; "as soon as possible," that instrument said; she had waited long enough; she did not want "dad trile bi-ju'y"—execrable trash! she wanted an *unwatched import trade*! she did not want a single additional Americain appointed to office; she wanted the slave trade.

Just in sight of the bare-headed and anxious Frowenfeld, Raoul let himself be stopped by a friend.

The remark was exchanged that the times were exciting.

"And yet," said the friend, "the city was

never more peaceable. It is exasperating to see that coward governor looking so diligently after his police and hurrying on the organization of the Américain volunteer militia!" He pointed savagely here and there. "M. Innerarity, I am lost in admiration at the all but craven patience with which our people endure their wrongs! Do my pistols show *too* much through my coat? Well, good-day; I must go home and clean my gun; my dear friend, one don't know how soon he may have to encounter the Recorder and Register of Land-titles."

Raoul finished his errand.

"Sieur Frowenfel', excuse me—I take dat lett' to 'Polyte for you if you want." There are times when mere shop-keeping—any peaceful routine—is torture.

But the apothecary felt so himself; he declined his assistant's offer and went out toward the Veau-qui-tête.

CHAPTER XL.

FROWENFELD FINDS SYLVESTRE.

THE Veau-qui-tête restaurant occupied the whole ground floor of a small, low, two-story, tile-roofed, brick-and-stucco building which still stands on the corner of Chartres and St. Peter streets, in company with the well-preserved old Cabildo and the young Cathedral, reminding one of the shabby and swarthy Creoles whom we sometimes see helping better-kept kinsmen to murder time on the banquettes of the old French Quarter. It was a favorite rendezvous of the higher classes, convenient to the court-rooms and municipal bureaus. There you found the choicest legal and political gossips, with the best the market afforded of meat and drink.

Frowenfeld found a considerable number of persons there. He had to move about among them to some extent, to make sure he was not overlooking the object of his search.

As he entered the door, a man sitting near it stopped talking, gazed rudely as he passed, and then leaned across the table and smiled and murmured to his companion. The subject of his jest felt their four eyes on his back.

There was a loud buzz of conversation throughout the room, but wherever he went a wake of momentary silence followed him, and once or twice he saw elbows nudged. He perceived that there was something in

the state of mind of these good citizens that made the present sight of him particularly discordant.

Four men, leaning or standing at a small bar, were talking excitedly in the Creole patois. They made frequent anxious, yet amusedly defiant, mention of a certain *Pointe Canadienne*. It was a portion of the Mississippi River "coast" not far above New Orleans, where the merchants of the city met the smugglers who came up from the Gulf by way of Barrataria bay and the bayou. These four men did not call it by the proper title just given; there were commercial gentlemen in the Creole city, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Yankees, as well as French and Spanish Creoles, who in public indignantly denied, and in private tittered over, their complicity with the pirates of Grande Isle, and who knew their trading rendezvous by the sly nickname of "Little Manchac." As Frowenfeld passed these four men they, too, ceased speaking and looked after him, three with offensive smiles and one with a stare of contempt.

Farther on, some Creoles were talking rapidly to an Américain, in English.

"And why?" one was demanding; "because money is scarce. Under other governments we had any quantity!"

"Yes," said the venturesome Américain in retort, "such as it was; *assignats, libranzas, bons*—Claiborne will give us better money than that when he starts his bank."

"Hah! his bank, yes! John Law once had a bank, too; ask my old father. What do we want with a bank? Down with banks!" The speaker ceased; he had not finished, but he saw the apothecary. Frowenfeld heard a muttered curse, an inarticulate murmur, and then a loud burst of laughter.

A tall, slender young Creole whom he knew, and who had always been greatly pleased to exchange salutations, brushed against him without turning his eyes.

"You know," he was saying to a companion, "everybody in Louisiana is to be a citizen, except the negroes and mules; that is the kind of liberty they give us—all eat out of one trough."

"What we want," said a dark, ill-looking, but finely-dressed man, setting his claret down, "and what we have got to have, is"—he was speaking in French, but gave the want in English—"Representesh'n wizout Taxa"—There his eye fell upon Frowenfeld and followed him with a scowl.

"Mah frang," he said to his table companion, "wass you sink of a mane w'at

hask-a one nee-grow to 'ave-a on shair wiz 'im, eh?—in ze sem room?"

The apothecary found that his fame was far wider and more general than he had supposed. He turned to go out, bowing, as he did so, to an Américain merchant with whom he had some acquaintance.

"Sir?" asked the merchant, with severe politeness, "wish to see me? I thought you — As I was saying, gentlemen, what, after all, does it sum up?"

A Creole interrupted him with an answer: "Leetegash'n, Spolecash'n, Pahtitsh'n, Disintegrash'n!"

The voice was like Honoré's. Frowenfeld looked; it was Agamemnon Grandissime.

"I must go to Maspero's," thought the apothecary, and he started up the rue Chartres. As he turned into the rue St. Louis, he suddenly found himself one of a crowd standing before a newly-posted placard, and at a glance saw it to be one of the inflammatory publications which were a feature of the times, appearing both daily and nightly on walls and fences.

"One Amerry-can pull' it down, an' Camille Brahmin 'e pas'e it back," said a boy at Frowenfeld's side.

Exchange Alley was once *Passage de la Bourse*, and led down (as it now does to the State House—late St. Louis Hotel) to an establishment which seems to have served for a long term of years as a sort of merchants' and auctioneers' coffee-house, with a minimum of china and a maximum of glass: Maspero's—certainly Maspero's as far back as 1810, and, we believe, Maspero's the day the apothecary entered it, March 9th, 1804. It was a livelier spot than the Veau-qui-tête; it was to that what commerce is to litigation, what standing and quaffing is to sitting and sipping. Whenever the public mind approached that sad state of public sentiment in which sanctity signs politicians' memorials and chivalry breaks into the gun-shops, a good place to feel the thump of the machinery was in Maspero's.

The first man Frowenfeld saw as he entered was M. Valentine Grandissime. There was a double semi-circle of gazers and listeners in front of him; he was talking, with much show of unconcern, in Creole French.

"Policy? I care little about policy." He waved his hand. "I know my rights—and Louisiana's. We have a right to our opinions. We have"—with a quiet smile and an upward turn of his extended palm—"a right to protect them from the attack of

interlopers, even if we have to use gunpowder. I do not propose to abridge the liberties of even this army of fortune-hunters. Let them think." He half laughed. "Who cares whether they share our opinions or not? Let them have their own. I had rather they would. But let them hold their tongues. Let them remember they are Yankees. Let them remember they are unbidden guests." All this without the least warmth.

But the answer came, aglow with passion, from one of the semi-circle whom two or three seemed disposed to hold in check. It also was in French, but the apothecary was astonished to hear his own name uttered.

"But this fellow Frowenfeld"—the speaker did not see Joseph—"has never held his tongue. He has given us good reason half a dozen times, with his too free speech and his high moral whine, to hang him with the lamp-post rope! And now, when we have borne and borne and borne and borne with him, and he shows up, all at once, in all his rottenness, you say let him alone! One would think you were defending Honoré Grandissime!" The back of one of the speaker's hands fluttered in the palm of the other.

Valentine smiled.

"Honoré Grandissime? Boy, you do not know what you are talking about. Not Honoré—ha, ha! A man who, upon his own avowal, is guilty of affiliating with the Yankees. A man whom we have good reason to suspect of meditating his family's dishonor and embarrassment!" Somebody saw the apothecary and laid a cautionary touch on Valentine's arm, but he brushed it off. "As for Professor Frowenfeld, he must defend himself."

"Ha-a-a-ah!"—a general cry of derision from the listeners.

"Defend himself?" exclaimed their spokesman; "shall I tell you again what he is?" In his vehemence, the speaker wagged his chin and held his clenched fists stiffly toward the floor. "He is—he is—he is——"

He paused, breathing like a fighting dog. Frowenfeld, large, white, and immovable, stood close before him.

"Dey 'ad no bizniz led 'im come oud today," said a bystander, edging toward a pillar.

The Creole, a small young man not unknown to us, glared upon the apothecary; but Frowenfeld was far above his blushing mood, and was not disconcerted. This

exasperated the Creole beyond bound; he made a sudden, angry change of attitude, and demanded:

"Do you interrup' two gen'lemen in dey conve'sition, you Yankee clown? Do you igno' dad you 'ave insult me, off-scow'ing?"

Frowenfeld's first response was a stern gaze. When he spoke, he said:

"Sir, I am not aware that I have ever offered you the slightest injury or affront; if you wish to finish your conversation with this gentleman, I will wait till you are through."

The Creole bowed, as a knight who takes up the gage. He turned to Valentine.

"Valentine, I was sayin' to you dad diz pusson is a cowa'd and a sneak; I repeat thad! I repeat id! I spurn you! Go f'om yeh!"

The apothecary stood like a white cliff.

It was too much for Creole forbearance. His adversary, with a long snarl of oaths, sprang forward and with a great sweep of his arm slapped the apothecary on the cheek. And then—

What a silence!

Frowenfeld had advanced one step; his opponent stood half turned away, but with his face toward the face he had just struck and his eyes glaring up into the eyes of the apothecary. The semi-circle was dissolved, and each man stood in neutral isolation, motionless and silent. For one instant objects lost all natural proportion, and to the expectant on-lookers the largest thing in the room was the big, upraised, white fist of Frowenfeld. But in the next—how was this? Could it be that that fist had not descended?

The imperturbable Valentine, with one preventing arm laid across the breast of the expected victim and an open hand held restrainingly up for truce, stood between the two men and said:

"Professor Frowenfeld—one moment—"

Frowenfeld's face was ashen.

"Don't speak, sir!" he exclaimed. "If I attempt to parley I shall break every bone in his body. Don't speak! I can guess your explanation—he is drunk. But take him away."

Valentine, as sensible as cool, assisted by the kinsman who had laid a hand on his arm, shuffled his enraged companion out. Frow-

enfeld's still swelling anger was so near getting the better of him that he unconsciously followed a quick step or two; but as Valentine looked back and waved him to stop, he again stood still.

"*Professeur*—you know,—" said a stranger, "daz Sylvestre Grandissime."

Frowenfeld rather spoke to himself than answered:

"If I had not known that, I should have ——" He checked himself and left the place.

While the apothecary was gathering these experiences, the free spirit of Raoul Innerarity was chafing in the shop like an eagle in a hen-coop. One moment after another brought him straggling evidences, now of one sort, now of another, of the "never more peaceable" state of affairs without. If only some pretext could be conjured up, plausible or flimsy, no matter; if only some man would pass with a gun on his shoulder, were it only a blow-gun; or if his employer were any one but his beloved Frowenfeld, he would clap up the shutters as quickly as he had already done once to-day, and be off to the wars. He was just trying to hear imaginary pistol-shots down toward the Place d'Armes, when the apothecary returned.

"D' you fin' him?"

"I found Sylvestre."

"'E took de lett'?"

"I did not offer it." Frowenfeld, in a few compact sentences, told his adventure.

Raoul was ablaze with indignation.

"'Sieur Frowenfel', gimmy dat lett'!" He extended his pretty hand.

Frowenfeld pondered.

"Gimmy 'er!" persisted the artist; "befo' I lose de sight from dat lett' she goin' to be hanswer by Sylvestre Grandissime, an' 'e goin' to wrat you one appo-logie! Oh! I goin' mek 'im crah fo' shem!"

"If I could know you would do only as I—"

"I do it!" cried Raoul, and sprang for his hat; and in the end Frowenfeld let him have his way.

"I had intended seeing him——" the apothecary said.

"Nevvamine to see; I goin' tell him!" cried Raoul, as he crowded his hat fiercely down over his curls and plunged out.

(To be continued.)

THE CYPRIOTE INSCRIPTIONS.

EARLY in 1874, before the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City was fairly open to visitors, the writer went thither, in company with one of the prominent Shemitic scholars of the city, to decipher the Phœnician inscriptions of the Cesnola collection. While thus engaged, some small sculptured stones were shown us, inscribed with strange characters, and bearing the label "Cypriote inscriptions. Nobody can read them yet." At the other's suggestion, the writer took upon himself the task of investigating these strange characters, and deciphering them if possible. A few of the characters bore strong resemblance to certain letters of the Phœnician alphabet, some to the Lycian characters; but most of them presented a complete puzzle.

On hunting over the libraries, it appeared that this corner of archæological research had not been quite overlooked. The sharp eyes of the great Hebrew lexicographer Gesenius had found in the writing of Von Hammer a pseudo-Phœnician inscription from Cyprus, which he thought not really Phœnician, but in characters like those occurring on the coins of Pamphylia. This inscription, by the way, the writer has since had the satisfaction of studying on the spot. It is over the entrance to an artificial, circular-domed grotto, cut in the solid rock, amidst a nest of tombs at Alonia tou Episcopou, near New Paphos. The inscription is in Cypriote characters, and shows that the grotto was a shrine to Apollo Hylates.

At that stage of the work, however, the decipherer naturally looked to the Phœnician, which was not so well known as now, even four years ago, and to the almost unknown Lycian and Pamphylian; and the task seemed hopeless. But a further search showed that that ever-to-be-honored investigator, the Duc de Luynes, as long ago as 1850, had obtained a bronze tablet that was found near Dali (ancient Idalium), in Cyprus, covered with Cypriote characters, which moved him to collect and publish all the inscriptions of the sort then known, including coins and other small objects. His work appeared in 1852, a beautiful quarto, entitled "Numismatique et Inscriptions Cypriotes," which is not yet entirely superseded by later publications. Naturally, it contains a few plates and descriptions which do not belong to the subject; notably one object

from the so-called *Tabula Isiaca* in the museum at Turin, whose history has been traced for upward of four hundred years, but which is now generally, with probable justice, considered the fabrication of some Italian silversmith. The Duc de Luynes attempted further to classify an alphabet and begin the deciphering; but without success. One character he wrongly took to be a mark of punctuation; and, of all his conjectures about the alphabet, only one has proved accidentally to be correct, viz., that a character he took to be S, actually has that consonant power. But his labor shows acumen; he proved, even then, that the writing, whatever it might be, read from right to left.

Professor E. M. Röth, of Heidelberg, made the next attempt, and published a beautifully printed quarto in 1855, at the expense of the Duc de Luynes. According to his conjectures (for they were nothing else), he concluded the writing on the bronze tablet to be a proclamation of Amasis, the Egyptian conqueror of Cyprus, to his Cypriote subjects. His attempt at translation may be called ingenious, but nothing more. Adolph Helfferich, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, next tried his hand at the tablet, in 1869. He made it out to be a psalm of praise of a Phœnician colony in Cyprus, in which the fruits of Bacchus and Ceres have a share in the colonists' laudation. But this was another conjectural flight.

Meanwhile, several new discoveries had been made of Cypriote inscriptions, one of which, had it been correctly published, would have helped on the decipherment. This was a bilingual (or digraphic, as both inscriptions are in the same language), published by De Vogué, and now in Paris. It occurs on a mortuary monument, just beneath the sculptured figures of two lions seated back to back, closely resembling a stone figured in one of the cuts in Cesnola's "Cyprus." It is here shown as Figure 1.

KAPV=      

FIG. 1.—BILINGUAL OF DE VOGUÉ, NOW IN THE LOUVRE AT PARIS.

The Greek scholar will see that the left hand portion is in Greek uncials, and answers to the English "Karyx am I"; the word *Karyx* being also the Greek common noun for a

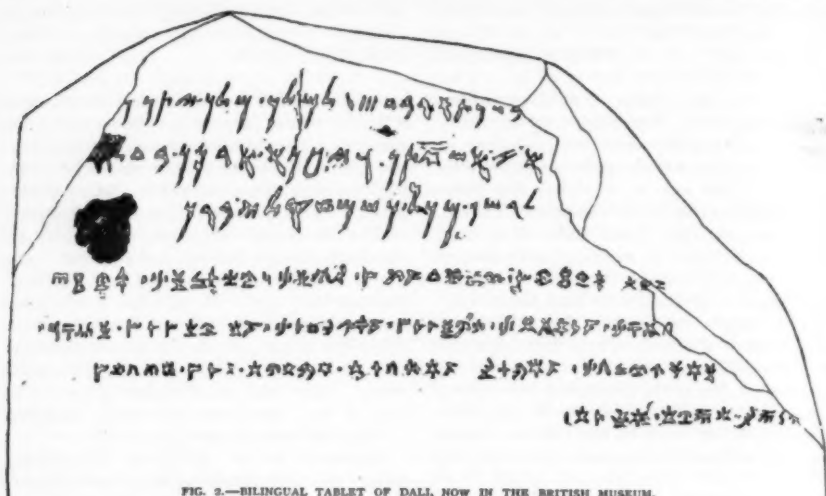


FIG. 2.—BILINGUAL TABLET OF DALI, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

herald. The Cypriot portion on the right contains the syllables *ka, ru, xe, e, mi*, which is precisely the same as the Greek portion, only it reads from right to left in the inscription. But De Vogué, not knowing more than the rest of the learned world, mistook a scratch on the stone for a stroke of the first character, so that when his copy came to be examined in the light of later years, this character seemed to read *ti*, and misled us all, retarding the work of decipherment in no small degree. It fell to the lot of the writer to rectify this mistake, which he discovered in a moment on seeing the stone in the Louvre, in Paris. Since then, three French savants have confirmed the correction.

A new impulse was now given by the discoveries of General di Cesnola. Among the numerous inscriptions found by him are two *quasi* bilinguals; but even to this day they have not helped at all, while others of his inscriptions have afforded wonderful aid. But at the same time that he was exploring Cyprus, a bilingual inscription was found by Mr. R. H. Lang, subsequently British consul to Cyprus, which really furnished the key. This inscription, now in the British Museum, is on a block of marble that probably was once the pedestal of a statue of Apollo Amyclæan, the Phœnician Resheph Mical, at Dali. It is here represented as Fig. 2. The upper part is in the Phœnician character and language, the lower in Cypriot. The Phœnician could be imme-

diately translated. It reads as follows, being somewhat broken:

"[On the — day of the month —], in the year four (IIII) of the reign of Melekiathon [king of Citium and Idalium, a statue] this; which our Lord Baal Ra [m, son of Abdamelek], gave and dedicated to Resheph Michal; when he heard his voice, he blessed."

This king Melekiathon, or Milkiathon, lived about 370 B. C. Some of his Phœnician inscriptions, with others of his son Pumiathon, are in the Cesnola collection in New York.

This inscription, with the Cesnola inscriptions,—which were then in London on exhibition, before their purchase by the Metropolitan Museum,—together with the work of De Luynes, furnished abundant material for the British scholars to work upon, before the Americans had a chance.

It fell to a most deserving man, no other than the brilliant Assyrian scholar, the late lamented George Smith, to light upon the key. A hint at his process will not be amiss here. After many false starts, in the vain attempt to pick out the Cypriot groups of characters that represent proper names, he observed that the first word (legible to him) and the last word of the first line were evidently the same, though having different endings. He therefore equated them with the Phœnician word *melek* (king), as that word appeared to him to occur twice in the Phœnician portion.

He was not entirely right here, but near enough for his purpose. Next, he equated the longest Cypriote group with the Phœnician name Melekiathon, and so on with the other proper names, though the order of words is different in the two portions of the inscription, causing many difficulties. We cannot here follow the interesting detail, but he soon found that probably the characters represented syllables, that the Cypriote nouns were inflected by case, and that the word for king was the Greek word *basileus*. Unable to proceed farther with the stone tablet, he tried the coins, and read several proper names. He finished his work with a list of fifty-four characters, of which nearly thirty have proved to be approximately correct, though far from absolutely so. The work of Smith, however, is by far the most brilliant that has been accomplished in the deciphering of Cypriote.

The work was next taken up by Dr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum. In ingenuity and scholarly ability his work deserves the highest praise. It is almost certain that, had he not been misled by the mistake already noticed in the publication of De Vogué, he would have carried the work almost to its present point. His results were full of brilliancy, though rather negative than positive, consisting more in showing what could not be true than in that which was true. Yet he determined several new characters, showed that the language was substantially Greek, and fixed the approximate date of the bronze tablet of De Luynes. Thenceforward the supposition that the language was Shemitic might be dropped. It had misled all his predecessors. A hint of his prepared the way for Johannes Brandis, who next made a positive advance in the decipherment, but death cut him short. His work appeared as a posthumous one, edited by Ernst Curtius. His alphabet may be seen in Cesnola's "Cyprus," but, though the best then made, it is far from perfect. With all its help not a single Cypriote inscription could yet be read, except the legend on a coin or two, consisting of a proper name and the word for king.

Such was the state of the investigation at the time the Cesnola collection arrived in America, when the writer felt called to the work. The farthest advance appeared in Brandis, and nearly half of that was erroneous. He had not yet discovered what George Smith had believed—that the alphabet was a true syllabary throughout. The

Cesnola inscriptions were known through Europe only by imperfect paper squeezes and plaster casts; but the writer had the advantage of the originals, and was able at once to detect Brandis's confusion of two characters, and thus discover another. Very soon the Cypriote portion of the British Museum bilingual yielded to a patient attack, and was translated nearly as perfectly as ever since, except a word and some characters not occurring in George Smith's copy, but read later by the writer when he saw the stone in London. For the benefit of those who may wish to follow it more closely, as well as to give, at the same time, a specimen of the deciphered writing, the Cypriote portion is here appended; first in Roman syllables, and then in Greek letters. The numbers denote the lines on the stone. In Roman, or Italics:

(1.) * * * *ws. te. i. | pa. si. le. wo. se. | mi. li. ki. ia. to. no. se. | ke. ti. o. ne. | ka. te. ta. li. o. ne. | pa. si. le. u. |*

(2.) * * * *ko. me. na. ne. | to. pe. pa. me. vo. ne. | ne. wo. so. ta. ta. se. | to. na. ti. ri. ia. ta. ne. | to. te. ka. te. sa. ta. se. | o. wo. na. se. |*

(3.) *o. a. pi. ti. mi. li. ko. ne. | to. a. po. lo. ni. to. a. mu. ko. lo. i. | a. po. i. wo. i. | ta. se. | e. u. ko. la. se. |*

(4.) *e. pe. tu. ke. | i. tu. ha. i. | a. ke. tu. i. |*

Lines (1) and (2) are defective at the beginning. Lines (3) and (4) are intact. In Greek letters, according to the best transliteration:

(1.) * * * *νότα βασιλῆος Μιλκιθάωνος*
Κητιών κά τ' Ἡδάλων βασιλεῖ

(2.) [οντος] * * * [δεα] γόμενον τω(ν)
πε(μ)παμέρων νετίστατας τὸν ἀ(ν)ερί(ν)ταν
τί(ν)δε κατέστασε ὁ νάναξ

(3.) ὁ Ἀβδομιλκῶν τῷ Ἀπόλ(λ)ωνι τῷ
Ἀμυκλῶι δαφ' ὧν νοι τῶς εὐχολῶς

(4.) *ἐπίτυχς ἰ(ν) εὐχῶ ἀγῆδῶ.*

This is a sort of Greek not readily read by the tyro. The English of it is this:

"In the year ——— King Milkiathon, being king over the Citians and the Idalians, ——— the latest of the five intercalary days, the prince ——— (son) of Abdmilcon, set up this statue to Apollo Amycæan, for the (reason) that he met for him his prayers in happy fortune."

The first of the Cesnola inscriptions to yield was the one inscribed on a pedestal of soft stone, between the two feet of a broken-off statuette. The stone is that of Golgoi, but it was found in the ruins of the temple of Aphrodite, at Old Paphos. It is here given

as Fig. 3. The following is the reading then made; but there is some doubt as to the article and adjective in the second line, which is not yet solved. If the statuette was really dedicated to Apollo at Golgoi, this reading is probably correct. If to Aphrodite at Paphos, then another reading must be substituted, which need not trouble us here:

(1.) "Egotos set (this) up to the (2.) god, the auspicious (3.) in happy fortune."

During the spring and summer of 1874, the writer was at work at the Cesnola inscriptions, together with those of De Luynes, and succeeded in making considerable progress. While preparing an article for the October meeting of the American Oriental Society in New York, there arrived from Europe an autograph-lithograph publication on the subject, by Professor Moriz Schmidt, of Jena. This was an able and learned treatise, showing knowledge of all the sources of information on the subject, and, in the main, arriving at the same conclusions as the writer. As to the differences: in some of them one decipherer has been sustained; in some the other; in some neither. Schmidt had remarkable fitness for the work by training, having already edited the ancient lexicon of Hesychius, which contains many peculiarities of the ancient Greek of Cyprus not always credited hitherto by scholars, but now confirmed in many particulars by the inscriptions. Schmidt has secured, as he deserved, the priority of publication.

There were, however, other independent workers. Drs. Wilhelm Deecke and Justus Siegmund, of Strasburg, the latter of whom met his death in a tomb at Amathus, in Cyprus, had also prepared a work, which appeared in print in Europe about the time

some instances they coincided with the writer as against Schmidt; and in one case, where Schmidt had made no attempt, they and the writer had reached the same probable conclusion by different lines of argument, which has since been shown to be *wrong* by Dr. Ahrens, of Hanover.

Since the work above related, there has been little progress in deciphering unknown characters, though many inscriptions have been read. Very soon thereafter, Dr. Ahrens issued a treatise, such as could be written only by a life-long student and able master of Greek dialects; but in several matters he was mistaken as to the reading of the inscriptions. In this last respect it has been the writer's fortune to push the matter to the farthest limits yet reached; but the end is not reached yet. Difficulties are mingled with encouragement. The Cesnola Cypriote inscriptions of the first collection were published in fac-simile by the writer, in Volume ten of the "Journal of the American Oriental Society," and a short treatise on the whole subject was presented by him to the New York State University Convocation at Albany in 1875, when first appeared in English a translation of the bronze tablet above referred to as figured in the work of De Luynes. Sundry English attempts at various inscriptions, published independently a little later, are by no means as completely done as those that appeared in America.

The language of the inscriptions, as has been already said, is Greek, but it has a number of remarkable dialectic peculiarities interesting only to the Greek scholar. It is by no means easy to read, nor can a fresh hand who knows Greek well read it readily with the help of a syllabary. In dialect it is nearest to the Doric and Arcadian, but its strongest peculiarities are its own. Each

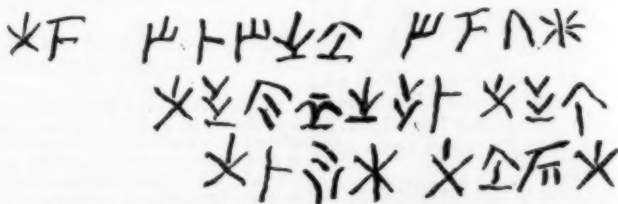


FIG. 3.—DEDICATORY INSCRIPTION OF STATUETTE, FOUND AT PAPHOS. NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

that the writer's article was read before the Oriental Society, and which arrived in America a short time later. They, too, had arrived at mainly the same results; but had made some discoveries peculiarly their own. In

character is an open syllable, either a vowel or a consonant followed by a vowel; and the characters have their own laws of combination into words. There is no difference between the different classes of mutes of the

same vocal organ; the same character stands for *pa*, *ba* or *pha*. With this exception, together with the fact that there is no distinction between long and short vowels, the theoretical Greek syllabary is tolerably complete. Very striking, as well as refreshing to the digger-out of Greek roots, is the fact that the *digamma* here finds its resurrection. It is actually in use in the Cypriote writing, as well as the use of *i* (German *j* or English *y*) as a consonant. The Cypriote writing also adds to the general testimony of transliterations of Greek words into Oriental languages, that the ancient pronunciation of the Greek letter *eta* was our long English *e*, as in modern Greek.

The variant characters present much difficulty. There is quite a difference between the older writing, commonest in the west end of the island, and the later. Often, also, the older writing reads from left to

finished master. He seemed to see the truth, even under a false copy. That "Naked Archer" inscription, by the way, though yet undeciphered, has not been without its use. By its help the writer was enabled to read a difficult variant on the gold armlets of King Ethevander, discovered by Cesnola at Curium, the inscription on which the writer first saw in London. The words "king" and "Paphos" could be easily read; but one character made the rest a puzzle, which the "Archer" characters solved. The same lesson taught the writer to read the inscriptions on a couple of statuettes which he subsequently saw in General Di Cesnola's magazine in Cyprus, and thus ascertain that they had been dedicated to Apollo Hylates. On communicating this conclusion to General Di Cesnola, he said at once: "I am sure of it, for I found them in the temple of Apollo Hylates at Curium,

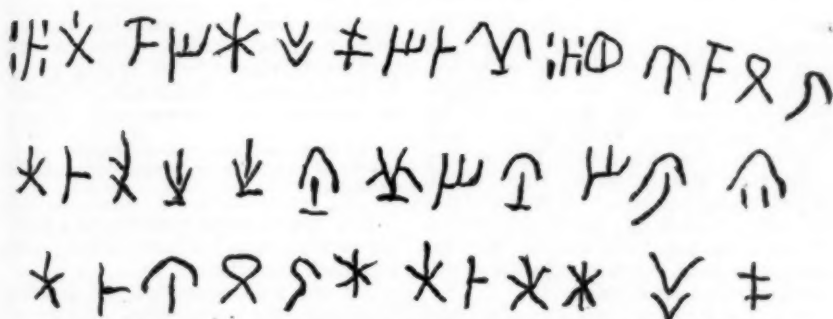


FIG. 4.—INSCRIPTION ON BOX OF STONE, VOTIVE OFFERING TO PAPHIAN APHRODITE, FOUND AT KYTHREA. NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

right. The imperfect copies published in France and Germany have also produced needless difficulties. The writer was able to read immediately from the stone one of the Cesnola inscriptions which, through imperfect copies, had baffled all the Europeans, and which still baffles some Germans who either do not know or cannot trust a better copy. On arriving in London in the autumn of 1875, the writer read immediately an inscription that had baffled him and others in Schmidt's imperfect copy. Just here it should be mentioned that, while at the time discussing with the late George Smith the British Museum inscription known as the "Naked Archer," Mr. Smith remarked several things about that inscription and those of the Cesnola collection which had quite escaped the notice of the Germans, and showed that in a keen, strict following up of matters of epigraphy he was a

as is shown by a Greek inscription on a terra-cotta vase." The statuettes and the pieces of the vase are now in New York.

The number of Cypriote inscriptions now gathered into the museums of Europe and America is not far from two hundred. Of these, by far the largest number are in the Cesnola collection. The others are in London, Paris, Cyprus, Constantinople, except that the coins and gems are scattered over England, France and Germany. One of the most important bilinguals is in Cyprus.

The writing and language appear to have been a solemn hieratic or magisterial writing that existed parallel with the more common Greek and Phœnician. The so-called Hissarlik inscriptions have nothing in common with the Cypriote, if, indeed, they are writing at all. Of the Cypriote inscriptions, the most common are dedicatory and votive, if we except the mortuary ones now beyond

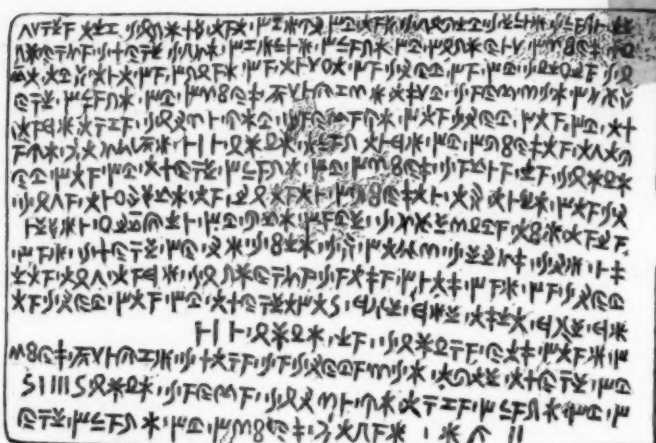


FIG. 5.—BRONZE TABLET OF DALI.—I., OBVERSE. NOW IN THE CABINET DES MÉDAILLES, ETC., BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

recovery. Of these last, hundreds, if not thousands, once existed on the tombs of the vast city of the dead near New Paphos. Their traces are there, but their legibility has gone forever. But those that are left are of the greatest value to the Greek scholar and the philologist. To him they bring many things from the dead to life, and raise one portion of his studies out of the realm of conjecture into that of science. To the archaeologist and historian their importance is great, but their full value in that direction is not yet revealed.

In Fig. 4 is shown a specimen of a votive

inscription found on a small box of stone, whose use is not well known. It was found by Cesnola shortly before leaving Cyprus for the last time, and is now in New York. Its translation is as follows:

"Of Prototimos, priest of the Paphian am I; and he laid me up as an offering to the Paphian Aphrodite."

This is a beautiful specimen for a beginner to work upon; it presents few puzzles and much instruction.

But the most important and extensive document is the bronze tablet. The inscrip-



FIG. 6.—BRONZE TABLET OF DALI.—II., REVERSE. NOW IN THE CABINET DES MÉDAILLES, ETC., BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

tion is engraved on both sides of the tablet, which is heavy, and much thicker in the middle than at the edges. It has a ring at one end, by which it was hung up in the temple of Athene. Figs. 5 and 6 show the two sides of the tablet. It is now in the National Library at Paris, where it was deposited by De Luynes. Its purport will best appear by the following translation:

"When the Medes and inhabitants of Citium attacked the city of Idalium, in the year of Philocyprus that is of Onasagoras, King Stasicyprus and the city the Idalians, commanded Onasilus the son of Onasicyprus, the physician, and his brothers, to heal the men that were wounded in the battle, without compensation; and whereas the king and the city agreed with Onasilus and his brothers, instead of compensation and instead of fee, to give from the king's house and from the city a talent of silver; or that instead of this talent of silver, the king and the city would give to Onasilus and to his brothers from the land of the king that is in the Alampration district, the tract in the meadow land that borders on the vineyard of Okas, and to have all the revenues that come thereon, with all the sale thereof, for life, without tax. If any one shall eject Onasilus or his brothers, or the sons of the sons of Onasicyrus from the tract, on any pretense whatever, he that ejects shall pay to Onasilus and to his brothers, or to the sons, this silver [to wit], a talent of silver. And to Onasilus alone, apart from the others, his brothers, the king and the city bound themselves to give, instead of the reward, forty minæ, two drachmæ and a half of silver; or that the king and the city would give to Onasilus instead of the said silver, from the land of the king that is the Malanian plain, the tract that borders Ameinias' vineyard, and all the revenues coming thereon, which lies next to Thorus the son of Thumias (?)

and to the priestess of Athene, and to the inclosure which is in the arable land of Simmis, the vineyard which Dithemis, the son of Aramneus possessed, which borders on Passagoras the son of Onasagoras; and to have the revenues coming thereon, with all the sale thereof for life, without tax. If any one shall eject Onasilus or the sons of Onasilus, from the said land in the said enclosure, for whatever cause, whoever ejects shall pay to Onasilus or to his sons this silver, forty minæ, two drachmæ and a half of silver. Wherefore the words of this tablet, and the things thereon written, the king and the city have laid up with the goddess Athene who is about Idalium, with oaths not to break these declarations for life. Whenever any one shall break these declarations, may it become unholiness to him. These lands and these enclosures aforesaid the son of Onasicyprus and the sons of his sons shall possess forever, who may be in the district of Idalium."

A word or two more must end this brief account. The date of the earliest inscriptions we have no means of knowing. Only a few can be fixed within narrow limits. We have already seen the date of the bilingual of Milkiathon. The gold armlets of Curium date from the time of Manasseh, king of Judah, an age before the Babylonish captivity, and are therefore older than any Greek letters we know or can trace. The bronze tablets date not far from one of the times of Persian rule. But some of the inscriptions must be much older. When St. Paul landed at New Paphos, most of the inscriptions in the vast necropolis near it must have been still legible, though to us they must have spoken of high antiquity.

A YEAR OF THE EXODUS IN KANSAS.

ONE morning in April, 1879, a Missouri River steamboat arrived at Wyandotte, Kansas, and discharged a load of colored men, women and children, with divers barrels, boxes and bundles of household effects. It was a novel, picturesque, pathetic sight. They were of all ages and sizes, and every modulation of duskiness, these new comers; their garments were incredibly patched and tattered, stretched and uncertain; their "plunder," as they called it, resembled the litter of a neglected back-yard; and there was not probably a dollar in money in the pockets of the entire party. The wind was eager, and they stood upon the wharf shivering; and when the boat backed away, a sort of dumb awe seemed to settle upon and possess them. They looked like persons coming

out of a dream. And, indeed, such they were, in more than casual fancy; for this was the advance-guard of the Exodus.

Soon other and similar parties came by the same route, and still others, until, within a fortnight, a thousand or more of them were gathered there at the gateway of Kansas—all poor, some sick, and none with a plan of future action beyond the abstract, indefinite purpose somehow to find new homes. There was an element of wonder in the matter, which the hungry and undecided creatures themselves could not explain; they appeared to be as much surprised at being there as others were at seeing them there. They had not quitted the South because they wished to do so, they were mainly prompt to say; when questioned for the specific causes of their com-

ing, they were evasive and reticent. But they were not going back. That much they declared with one voice, and a resolute and convincing emphasis; and as for what lay ahead of them, well, "de good Lord" could be trusted.

The case was one to appeal with force to popular sympathy, even in its surface aspect alone; and when there was added the reflection that these patient and simple people, steeped in poverty, had left the clime of their nativity and choice, to search, however blindly, for a chance to better their condition, the heart of the observer had to own a special pity for the poor wanderers. And pity in the West is practical. So temporary shelter was speedily provided for them; food and the facilities for cooking it were furnished them in ample measure; and local philanthropists hastened to devise measures that should secure them homes and employment. Then came more of them. The tide swelled daily. Protests began to go up from the border towns, and that aroused public feeling throughout all Kansas, and brought meetings and speeches, committees and contributions. The sentimental view of the question quickly took precedence, as it could hardly fail to do under the circumstances. In a certain, effective sense, the very raggedness and misery of the immigration was accepted as its best excuse for being. The peculiar history of Kansas—a history crowded with opportune and feverish memories—was invoked, like a piece of holy writ, to vindicate and exalt the movement; there were not wanting, as there are never wanting at such times, those who saw in it the hand of Providence; and the Governor himself, speaking from the capital, welcomed the thickening freedmen, in impulsive and glittering rhetoric, to "the State made immortal by Old John Brown."

And still they came, hundreds upon hundreds of them, and reports announced thousands more on the way or about to start. So fast did they arrive, and so needy were they all, that some organized and systematic mode of dealing with them became a necessity. To such end there was incorporated, early in May, a State Freedman's Relief Association, composed of the State officers and a few other leading citizens, and having its headquarters at Topeka. It was not the design of this organization to invite or promote further immigration; the object was only the humanitarian one of ministering to the necessities of several thousands of poor people, thrown suddenly upon the charity of

the State. At first it was thought that Kansas benevolence alone would be equal to the task; but a few weeks' trial served to refute this idea, and appeals for assistance were accordingly made to the country at large.* During the ensuing summer, about \$22,000 in money was sent in to the Association, and this was used in buying food and clothing and in securing homes and work for the freedmen. Barracks were constructed for them; farming utensils and lumber were supplied them to some extent, and the experiment of starting a colony, on land purchased by the association, was begun with hopeful indications.

All through the summer months they continued to come, not from any one State or section in particular, but from nearly all parts of the South. Perhaps the welcome and assistance extended to such as had already reached Kansas operated to hurry others northward, and to take them to that friendly locality. Certain it is that designing agents of transportation lines, anxious only to secure passenger traffic and pausing at no deception, used this feature of the case to stimulate a general colored hegira to what was thus made to seem a new Canaan. All the Missouri River boats left St. Louis packed with them. Every train brought squads, companies, battalions of them. Not a few came through on foot, all the way from Alabama. The barracks were over-run, the resources of the Relief Association taxed to the utmost. Public sentiment grew critical and apprehensive; the emotional view of the matter gave way to considerations involving serious fears and perplexities. Six months had sufficed to stamp the movement—the problem, as it was now seen to be—with national importance. The Exodus was no longer a mere random interlude; it had become a profound and baffling study.

The closing autumn found at least 15,000 of these colored immigrants in Kansas. Such of them as had arrived early in the spring had been enabled to do something toward getting a start, and the thrifter and more capable ones had made homestead-entries and contrived, with timely aid, to build cabins; in some cases, small crops of corn and garden vegetables were raised. They had settled, as a rule, mainly in the vicinity of five or six

* The fact is worth recording here that not a dollar of public funds has ever been expended in any way for the colored immigrants in Kansas; even the sick and infirm have been taken care of without municipal or county help.

different points in the State, where others of their race, who had gone out years before, were established; and it is not too much to say that, with the slender appliances at their command, they had so far done as well as could have been expected. But they were yet pitifully poor, and winter was close upon them—their first winter in a climate of ice and snow and piercing winds. Their outlook was one to test sorely the fortitude and self-reliance, the fertility and endurance of any people. It was likewise an outlook that came home, with the significance of a menace, to the whole State. They could not be permitted to starve and freeze, but how were they to be fed, clothed and housed? To accept them as so many paupers and make them a public charge was impracticable, not to say impossible; to prolong the existing relief system, with its quasi-official character, and thus indirectly pledge the State to the oversight and maintenance not only of these, but of all who might choose to come, was neither right nor politic; to set them afloat all over Kansas and adjoining States, soliciting alms on their own account, was no less dangerous than inhuman and ridiculous. There seemed to be but one way out of the dilemma. The State officers withdrew from the Relief Association, and confided its work to representatives of the various churches, with immediate executive control in the hands of the Society of Friends; and the task was undertaken of carrying the burden as an organized and distinct Christian charity, having no political taint or affiliation, and relying solely upon the generosity of religious people everywhere. How this task was performed, and how the freedmen came through their first winter in Kansas, it is the chief object of this paper to relate.

The weather was on the side of the newcomers to begin with; such an open, friendly winter was never known in Kansas before. "God seed dat de darkeys had thin clothes," was the remark of one of their preachers, "an' He done kep' de cole off." Most of the time an overcoat could be dispensed with, and the general want of underwear was not so cruelly felt as had been feared; the fuel necessity, always an uppermost one in a prairie country, was reduced to a minimum; the almost utter absence of snow, so often a balk and terror to the border settler, made out-door work easy, and labor was in more than usual demand. Even plowing was possible a fair portion of the winter, and a good deal of it was done, though the scarcity of teams and plows stood constantly

in the way: in one instance, in Graham county, a man "broke" five acres of raw prairie with a common spade. The business of house-building had little to interrupt it, and in this respect much was accomplished. Numerous cabins of stone and sod were constructed while the cold season lasted; that is to say, the walls were laid up, with ordinary black mud for mortar, and then they had to wait for roofs and floors, doors and windows, until money could be earned to buy lumber; in many cases, the women went to the towns and took in washing, or worked as house-servants to meet this exigency, while the men were doing the building. Those who could find employment on the farms about their "claims," worked willingly and for small wages, and in this way many supported their families, and procured now and then a calf, a pig, or a little poultry; others obtained places on the railroads, in the coal-mines, and on the public works at Topeka. Such as got work at any price, did not ask assistance; those who were compelled to apply for aid did it slowly, as a rule, and rarely came a second time. Not a single colored tramp was seen in Kansas all winter; and only one colored person was convicted of any crime.

It is impossible accurately to measure the succor afforded the freedmen during this period by the Relief Association, such a large share of it was in the way not so much of out-and-out gifts as of that better form of charity which helps people to help themselves. A prominent, if not the leading, feature of this relief work has been to procure homes and employment for all who could not begin farming. A kind of intelligence bureau was early organized, and applications for labor of all kinds were invited; and as fast as such applications were received (they came plentifully and from all quarters) selections were made of suitable parties to fill the places, and they were sent on, usually at the expense of the Association, to the persons desiring them, sometimes as many as two hundred in a day. In this way, it is estimated, quite 10,000 of them were provided for, at least for a time, 4,000 of the number going to other States, chiefly to Iowa and Nebraska. The number entirely supported by the Association has at no one time exceeded 500, and this included a daily coming and going average of 300 in the general rendezvous at Topeka. A considerable sum has been expended in lumber, farming implements, and horses and cattle; some purchases have been made of tracts

of railroad land, at low figures, and this has been set apart to families, in forty-acre lots, to be paid for from their crops; and quite a number of individual settlers have been supplied with funds to make the necessary payment on lands "taken up" under the homestead and pre-emption laws. The work of the Association has been done conscientiously, there can be no doubt, and, in the main, practically and with beneficent and justifying results; the mistakes and short-comings, if any, have been on the side of a possibly too considerate and sympathetic course of action.

This Relief Association received during the winter, in round numbers, \$25,000 in money, and 300,000 pounds of merchandise, roughly valued at \$100,000. It is a noteworthy fact that much of the money came in small sums, and was forwarded by the Christian women of America, through their mite-societies and sewing-circles; and it is also noticeable, as well as characteristic, that fully one-third of the entire amount was furnished by the Society of Friends. Ohio gave more than any other single State; New York and Pennsylvania next; then Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois and Iowa, in the order named; and the other States in proportion, nearly every one sending something. Nor will it do to omit that several thousand dollars came from England. Another point; the inference is self-suggesting—indeed, the records avouch it as a fact—that the bulk of the personal contributions is to be credited to the industrial and laboring classes, and people in moderate circumstances. The largest individual gift was \$1,000 from John Hall, a Quaker, of Westchester, Pennsylvania; the only known contribution by any man engaged in politics was \$100 sent by Vice-President Wheeler.

The supplies received were principally made up of clothing, bedding and general household goods. One-fourth or more of the entire quantity came from England, and was forwarded, freight-free, from Liverpool to Topeka—conspicuous among the larger shipments being several crates of crockery from the Staffordshire potteries, one of the most thoughtful and serviceable of all the donations. These supplies were distributed with care and economy, and upon personal acquaintance with each case. It was difficult, however, to go amiss. Few of the immigrants had furniture, bedding, stoves or dishes, and their wearing apparel was, as has been hinted, scant and threadbare; scores of the men were without coats

or a change of shirts; most of the women had but one frock each and no wraps or stockings; half the children were barefooted, and clad only in single cotton garments. Much sickness resulted, of course, chiefly pneumonia and kindred affections; and there are plenty of graves to specify and consecrate that first winter of the Exodus in Kansas. But there was little grumbling, and less lamenting, and no talk at all of returning to the South. They ate their humble fare with thanksgiving and praise, and put away their dead with prayers. In truth, their devout manner of measuring privation and sorrow, and their unwavering faith in a direct over-ruling Providence, was a specially arresting and significant feature of the situation; they leaned on God as if He had been manifested to them in the flesh. Perhaps it was all a trick of mimicry, caught from association with the whites; none the less it was admirable and impressive, and who shall say it did not hush many a fear, save many a heartbreak?

There are, at this writing (April 1, 1880), from 15,000 to 20,000 colored people in Kansas who have settled there during the last twelve months—30 per cent. of them from Mississippi, 20 per cent. from Texas, 15 per cent. from Tennessee, 10 per cent. from Louisiana, 5 per cent. each from Alabama and Georgia, and the remainder from the other Southern States. Of this number, about one-third are supplied with teams and farming tools, and may be expected to become self-sustaining in another year; one-third are in the towns, employed as house-servants and day-laborers, and can take care of themselves so long as the market for their labor is not over-crowded; the other one-third are at work in a desultory fashion for white farmers and herders, and doing the best they can, but powerless to "get ahead" and achieve homes and an assured support without considerable assistance. The poverty of these people cannot be too strongly dwelt upon; for that has been their stumbling-block from the start, and is to-day the one paramount consideration of the Exodus. Neither must it be forgotten that, as a class, those who have so far gone to Kansas are ordinary plantation hands, unfamiliar with Northern agriculture and modes of life. The men cannot at once capably take hold of any but the rudest forms of work, however willing they may be; not one out of a hundred of the women can go into a Northern kitchen and, without teaching or oversight,

cook a common breakfast. This is no reproach to them, especially as they are anxious to learn, and do learn rapidly; but it is a drawback, and a peril. The mere fact that they have to begin their new and empty-handed life by dismissing all their old habits and traditions, and learning, for the first time, as it were, the simple art of making a living by their own labor, is one of deepest import. Poverty alone is enough to grapple with, particularly in a new country; add insufficiency to poverty, weakness to necessity, and the balancing of chances becomes more than doubly grave and difficult.

The area of land bought and entered by the freedmen during their first year in Kansas is about 20,000 acres, of which they have plowed and fitted for grain-growing 3,000 acres. They have built some 300 cabins and dug-outs, counting those which yet lack roofs and floors; and in the way of personal property, their accumulations, outside of what has been given to them, will aggregate perhaps \$30,000. It is within bounds to say that their total gains for the year, the surplus proceeds of their own efforts, amount to \$40,000, or about \$2.25 per capita. This calculation includes those in the towns, and all those at work for daily and monthly wages, as well as those who are settled on the public lands and trying to make farms. But it does not take into account the exceptional cases—one in twenty, at a guess—where families that started with next to nothing now own little homesteads and are really prosperous. It should also be remembered that they have had to live all this time, and that the proverb of "a poor man for children" obtains among them to a distressing degree—not to mention their numerous aged and infirm dependents; eight families, living in a single tenement-house only a stone's throw from where these lines were written, have forty-two children, the eldest not yet in its fifteenth year. Fortunately, they long ago learned to be content with a very meager diet, and seem able to make a feast on what would haunt white persons with visions of starvation. "Gimme a sack o' meal an' a side o' meat," said one of them, "an' my folks kin git along han'some," and many of them did get along throughout the winter with little more than corn-bread and bacon—and there were chickens nightly roosting in the neighborhood, too. All things considered, they have given convincing evidence of their disposition to work, and to be hon-

est, and sober, and frugal. Their savings are not remarkable, to be sure, but they are creditable, and not to be lightly passed over. The wonder is that they have anything whatever to show for their initiatory twelve months of hand-to-mouth hardship and embarrassment.

This does not solve the problem, however. They have yet to master the forces that dispute with them for the control of their fortunes. The ability and opportunity barely to escape actual suffering will not bring them independence; a gain of \$2.25 a head per annum will not rapidly purchase horses and plows, and build houses and fences, and plant orchards, and put money in the bank for rainy days and seasons of ill-luck. At the lowest estimate, it requires \$400, or its equivalent, to "take up," improve, and make remunerative a farm in Kansas. If each colored family had that much, the prediction might reasonably be made that a large majority of them would ultimately succeed, and vindicate the Exodus as a wise, prudent and practical movement. But so long as they lack the advantage of means sufficient to go upon a homestead and develop and manage it without help, their immigration to Kansas or any other frontier State must remain hedged about with obvious and forbidding hindrances. A scheme is on foot among a number of wealthy and benevolent Eastern men to purchase large tracts of unimproved lands and sell them to the freedmen in small lots, on long credit, at the same time providing them with teams and implements to prosecute their farming. With proper supervision such a scheme could hardly fail to operate favorably, as limited trial in Kansas, by the Relief Association, has already shown. In the hands of sympathizing and liberal men, it might even be made profitable as a speculation; but unless chances of this or of similar character shall be opened to them, it is not easy to see how the most of these people are ever to get a secure foothold as tillers of the soil on the naked western prairies. White men, intelligent and experienced, could scarcely be expected to conquer such heavy odds; how much less can we look to see it done by these unknowing and new-fashioned pioneers. Grant that they have passed their first year safely and with credit; they had the friendly and untiring services of the Relief Association, and benefactions reaching nearly \$150,000 to help them along, and they found a ready demand for their labor.

Take away the props and incentives of charity, and the future becomes almost as dark and precarious as ever to fully two-thirds or more of them. Increase their number by new accessions until the labor market is glutted and public kindness overtasked, and the inevitable result can but too certainly be foreseen.

And they are still coming. The influx continued, more or less, through all the winter months, mainly from Texas. Probably three or four thousand arrived between November and March; and since the first of March, an average of three hundred per week have reached Topeka. The flight increases instead of diminishing. Those in the best position to judge, say that it is not unlikely that as many as fifty thousand may come during the approaching summer. A year's experience has demonstrated that there is method, agreement, determination, in the movement. It is now an open secret that the question of a general removal to the North has been thought and talked of for several years by the freedmen in all the old slave-holding States. The first year's outcome has encouraged them, so reports allege; the infection is stronger and more pervasive than it was twelve months ago; and the shrewdest observer dare not venture to name the possible limit of the strange, risk-beset and problematic undertaking.

It is not within the writer's purpose to attempt an analysis of the causes of the Exodus—least of all, to touch its political bearings or suggestions. Any survey of the subject would be incomplete, however, which omitted to set forth, candidly and inquiringly, the statements most commonly made by the freedmen in Kansas regarding their abandonment of the South. They assert that there is no security for their lives and property in their old homes; that the laws and courts are studiously inimical to them and their interests; that their exercise of the electoral franchise is obstructed and made a personal danger; that no facilities are afforded or permitted them for educating their children; that their family rights and honor are scoffed at and outraged, as in slave days; and finally,—and this is the most frequent complaint,—that they are so unjustly and unfairly dealt with by white land-owners, employers and traders, that it is impossible to make a living. The facts they offer in support of these statements are not conclusive, to be sure, since they relate chiefly to special instances, and we cannot know how far

such instances reflect the general sentiment in a given county or State. Isolated and individual acts of fraud and outrage are not alone sufficient, of course, to condemn a whole community, particularly without opportunity for explanation and defense; but truth requires the admission that these charges are too numerous, and the worst of them too well substantiated, to be disposed of as mere accidental grievances; they raise a valid presumption, to say the least, that there must be something radically wrong in the society where such things are permitted.

For instance, it is claimed, upon what seems to be good authority, that in the State of Mississippi, not a single white man has been convicted and punished for an offense against a colored man, or made to pay a debt due to a colored man, in the last five years. They tell of laws in Texas, Alabama and Georgia under which colored men are arrested for debt, and their labor (which is themselves, practically) sold at auction—the standard bid being twenty-five cents per diem, with Sundays and rainy days deducted and board exacted for them. Contracts between white planters and colored renters are exhibited, in which the rates fixed for the use of land for one season run from \$5 to \$10 per acre—more than its assessed valuation, and more than it would bring at public sale. Scores of landlords' and shopkeepers' bills have been carried to Kansas, in which the prices charged for articles of daily use are shamefully exorbitant; from one of these bills, a fair sample of them all, the following entries are copied: Hire of mule to cultivate crop, \$30 (the mule was sold at the end of the season for \$25); mess pork, \$35 per barrel; spring-wheat flour, \$17 per barrel; corn meal, \$9 per barrel; bacon sides and shoulders, 20 cents per pound; Rio coffee, 25 cents per pound; brown sugar, 12½ cents per pound; rice, 12½ cents per pound; molasses (common "black-strap"), \$1.25 per gallon; tobacco (ordinary "dog-leg"), \$1.50 per pound; cotton drilling, 40 cents per yard; domestic prints, 15 and 16 cents per yard.* And behind such things lay multiplied recitals of personal cruelty and corruption—well-attested stories of men beaten and murdered,

* By a singular coincidence, the man who sold these particular goods was one of a delegation of planters who came up to Kansas last summer to persuade the freedmen to return to the South, and being confronted with this bill, he admitted its genuineness, and said it was in his own handwriting.

and women degraded and despoiled—which it is hard to believe, and yet impossible to put aside as wholly fictitious.

On the other hand, it is proper to say, there are intelligent and worthy ones among the freedmen who insist that they were themselves well treated in the South, and left there only because times were dull, and they hoped to do better; and that much of the misfortune of others is due to their own folly, impudence and cowardice. Some allowance must also be made for exaggeration, and for stories told at second-hand, and from hearsay. It should be kept in mind, too, that farming by colored men in the Southern States since the war has been done almost entirely on credit—the landlord furnishing or becoming responsible for all that the renter needed to eat and wear while raising his crop—and some share of their adversity is justly referable, no doubt, to that vicious system of doing business. But, after all has been said that can be, in explication and extenuation, there still remains a vivid sense of some rooted and potent defect in the general condition and tendency of affairs. Else why, to take the simplest view, are these people leaving there by thousands, and refusing to go back? They are not of an immigrating or venturesome nature; they prefer the South to the North, they will tell you; land is as plentiful and as cheap in Texas and other Southern States as it is in Kansas; in the nature of things, they should find better chances for homes and an easier way to make a living in the region they are quitting than in the one they are going to. It is idle to contend that a whole race, practically, would desert the country of their birth, preference and peculiar adaptation, with apparently no thought so strong as that of merely getting away, unless some vital and compelling cause bore them forward. They believe, at least, that it is best, if not imperative, for them to leave the South, at all hazards as to consequences; so much is self-evident. And they can be kept there, or induced to return there, only as they shall be convinced that their reasons of complaint and apprehension—sound and sufficient in their eyes, however others of us may regard them—have been thoroughly corrected and removed.

Assuming, then, that the Exodus is to continue (and such is clearly the fact), prompt efforts should be directed to so informing and shaping it that the immigrants may soonest acquire a start and become self-sustaining. Their right to go where they

please and do what they will, as free men and citizens, is not to be questioned, of course; but there are some sections of the country to which they should not flock, some experiments that they should not trifle with, if they would keep the possibilities of success on their side, and avoid frittering away their strength and courage to no purpose. For one thing, and principally, they ought to keep away from Kansas. As many of them are there now as can hope to win homes and support in that State, unless they have money at the outset. The idea that the colored man—or the white man, either, for that matter—can go upon the public lands with a special dispensation of Providence in his favor, and make for himself a farm, without a team and tools and funds enough to provide for his family until at least one crop can be raised, is a specious and insnaring fiction, and cannot be too soon exploded. For abject poverty, like that which prevails among these drifting freedmen, there is no more unpromising refuge than the Western frontier. The progress accomplished by many of them in the last year only goes to show what they can and will do, with means sufficient to make a beginning; for so much they have all had given to them who are likely to succeed as homesteaders. But those who go there this year cannot expect to find such good fortune waiting for them; they cannot even expect to get work, at any price, as the first ones did; since the demand for labor in Kansas is limited, and the supply already quite equal to it. The ability of the State to turn to account and furnish chances for the twenty thousand now within her borders is far from certain; she surely has no room for more. And what is true of Kansas is relatively true of all the new and sparsely settled region west of the Missouri, where land is so cheap and so inviting. To send more of these indigent and inexperienced people in that direction, with only their empty hands to rely upon, is to make of the Exodus a mockery and a calamity.

The project of colonization in some allotted and remote quarter of the public domain has been suggested. It may be doubted if the freedmen would consent to that expedient; but it can hardly be doubted that, if tried, it would end in failure. The same causes that conspire to render personal settlement hazardous would not be lessened, but rather augmented, by huddling them together in crowds. Their poverty would still be present, their oppor-

tunities narrowed and removed; they would gain little by experience, for they could teach one another nothing; and their slow ambition would miss that much-needed spur which comes of independent contact with the world. Any colony would be foredoomed which did not supply every man with a separate home and means for farming; and such an equipment would much better be furnished them as individuals than as colonists.

The true and only practical solution of the matter lies, not in keeping the freedmen together, but in judiciously scattering them; not in trying to set them up as farmers where they must have \$400 apiece to start with, but in finding occupation for them where they can at once, and without help, earn their daily bread. They have no time to waste on experiments. What they need is an immediate assurance of enough to eat and wear—not as a bounty, or even a loan, but as wages for the work of their own hands. The great, prosperous, agricultural States east of the Mississippi, in which productive land is largely rented, and in which farmhands are never too numerous, could absorb them by thousands and make them a benefit:

Indiana alone might readily utilize twice as many as there are in Kansas. They should be met, say at Cairo, and piloted from there to certain central points in different Northern States, and thence distributed among the farmers and others desiring to employ them; and they would require little further attention. As has been herein stated, 10,000 were sent out from Topeka in this way during the last eight or nine months, 4,000 of the number on solicitations from other States—which goes to show that there are openings for them and a disposition to give them a chance, if only they will seek, or can be sent to, the proper localities. Charity will find its best occasion, prudence its foremost duty, in the use of all proper means to divert the freedmen from any one nook or corner of the country, and to disperse them generally over all sections where unskilled and cheap labor is desired, and where the laborer can at once get the upper hand of his poverty, and, as the philosopher says, "harmonize himself with his environment." With that much compassed, there need be no concern about the rest: the riddle of the Exodus will unravel itself.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NIGHTS.

ANY one who is of the opinion that it is not hard work to ride on mule-back in the Rocky Mountains an average of twenty miles a day for three months, is respectfully referred to practical experience for an answer. It is noteworthy, though, that the wisest entertain widely different views on the point of hardship at six A. M. and six P. M. At sunrise breakfast is over, the mules and everybody else have been good-natured, and you feel the glory of mere existence as you vault into your saddle and break into a gallop. Not that this or that particular day is so different from other pleasant mornings, but all that we call *the weather* is constituted in the most perfect proportions. The air is "nimble and sweet," and you ride gayly through sunny woods of pine and aspen, and across meadows, between granite knolls that are piled up in the most noble and romantic proportions. But later, you toil up a mountain thousands of

feet high, tramp your weary way through the snow and loose rocks heaped upon its summit, "observe," and get laboriously down again; or search through forty ledges and swing a ceaseless hammer in collecting fossils; or march all day under a blazing sun, or in the teeth of a dusty gale, munching only a sandwich as you plod along,—till gradually your "glory of existence" oozes away, while the most dismal reflections arise to keep company with your strained muscles. How welcome after that is the evening bivouac, when there is rest for the aching limbs, and no longer need to tighten the belt! The busy hour between the end of the march and sitting down to dinner quickly passes, and the meal is not hurried; after that, leisure and the solid comfort of camping.

It is astonishing how greatly recuperated one feels after half an hour's rest and his dinner, following the most tremendous exer-

tions all day. It seems sometimes, when camp is reached, that one has hardly strength to make another move; but after dinner one finds himself able and willing to do a great deal. This is the hour for exploring the neighborhood, preparatory to next day's work; for investigating the natural history of the locality, or putting up the specimens accumulated during the day; for mending harness and arms and clothes, and writing memoranda, or perchance letters, against a possible opportunity to send them out to the civilized world by some Indian or friendly trapper. But the most important work is the making of your bed. It is the one thing in this wandering life that you cannot afford to neglect.

Unless the camp is to be fixed in that spot for several days, it is not usual to put up the tents, except when it is stormy. These tents are of the army pattern known as "dog-tents,"—just large enough for two persons to stretch themselves out in, side by side, but not more than three feet high, even under the ridge. The canvas is of good quality, however, and will stand a severe rain-fall without wetting through, so long as the inside of the cloth is not touched; if the precaution is taken to dig a ditch around the tent, so that the water will run away and not spread underneath the edges to make pools on the floor, you will find yourself secure from all storms. But, as a rule, one doesn't bother to put up a tent.

No matter how firmly resolved you may be upon roughing it, you soon find that it pays to keep your bed dry and warm, and to spend all needed time in making it up. There is hardship enough inevitable; needless exposure is foolish. The proper supplies in the way of bedding consist of the following articles: a piece of moderately heavy canvas-duking, water-proofed, fourteen feet long by four feet wide; a buffalo-robe trimmed into a rectangular piece, sufficient to lie at full length upon; two pairs of thick Californian blankets, and a small pillow. This appears to be the list settled upon by the best experience. They are light and warm, and can be rolled up inside the canvas and strapped into a cylindrical bundle, so compact as easily to be carried in one hand, and so tight that it may be rained upon all day and not be wetted through. The Californian blankets are expensive, but it is better economy to buy them. A pillow is a great comfort; lacking it, one finds a fair substitute in his boots, saddle, war-bag, or even in a piece of wood. A thick night-

cap is more convenient than your broad-brimmed hat to sleep in; and nothing warms chilled feet so much in bed as dry woolen socks, which may be kicked off later in the night.

At every opportunity air the bedding thoroughly in the sunshine. Then, before the evening dew comes, stretch out your long piece of canvas, lay the buffalo-robe smoothly on the upper end, double your blankets and place them one over the other upon the robe. After smoothing every wrinkle out, the two blankets together are evenly folded once over lengthwise, the remainder of the canvas (seven feet) is drawn up over the foot so that the toes cannot push through, and the bed is made. You have a canvas, buffalo-robe, and four thicknesses of blanket under you, and (except the robe) the same over you, the blankets passing full thickness behind your back, which you will learn to place to windward. Then you fully undress, put your rifle, revolver, and clothes under the flap of the canvas cover to keep the frost off, slide gently into your rough, clinging blankets, pull the edges together in front, jerk the canvas over your ears, and—pleasant dreams to you!

Such is scientific bed-making, but there are niceties. It is important, for example, that the surface you lie on shall be—not soft, that is little matter—but level; neither sloping toward one side nor from head to foot. Unless you are sure about this, you will slide out of bed in some part. Then, also, common-sense will tell you to clear all stones and nodules away (though sometimes this is impossible); but only experience, or a wise friend, will inform the camper that his rest will be ten-fold better if he digs a depression underneath his bed where his hips come. The reason why persons become so stiff who pass an accidental night on the floor, or on a railway bench, is mainly because they have had no support for the spine, such as the yielding bed affords. All night long many muscles have had to keep on duty, bearing up the less prominent parts of the body. The spring of a mattress cannot be found in the ground, but it can be imitated by sinking the hips until the small of the back also rests upon the earth. Always dig a hole under your bed. If you fear the cold (frequently an altitude is attained for which the bedding sufficient below is an inadequate protection, particularly if a heavy wind is blowing or the snow is flying), a good plan is to fold your blankets, turn up the bottom

as usual, and then stitch the whole together into a bag. Another way is not to erect your tent, which is little or no protection against cold, but to spread it over you and peg it down, or pile enough rocks around the edges to keep it from blowing away. The former plan I tried in 1877, with great success, but it was the hardest work in the world to get into my bag, which was just large enough and no larger. I had to insinuate my body as gently as a surgeon probes a wound, in order to keep the blankets from drawing out of shape before I was inside. When once I had wriggled down in, how snug it was! I could not turn over without rolling the larger part of my bedding with me. Yet those very same nights, away up on the bald brow of a lonesome peak, when every man piled on as many extra canvas *mantas* and buffalo robes as he could find, the mosquitoes were so thick that we had to build miniature tents of netting over our half-frozen heads to get any sleep at all. It was the most startling conjunction of winter and summer, zero and insects, that I ever heard of!

But at such altitudes one must expect to find it often very cold at night, even in midsummer. Often, down in the San Juan country near the head-waters of the Rio Grande, we woke up to find the canvas over us frozen as stiff as sheet-iron. When one rises under those forbidding circumstances, he gets into his frosty trowsers with considerable celerity.

I think the very coldest night I ever had in the mountains was on the occasion of a little adventure in Mosquito Pass, long before Leadville, to which that pass has since been made a highway, was ever dreamed of. It was then a very high, rough passage over the Range,—merely a place where it was possible to get up and down, and used mainly with donkeys,—but I had to go across that way, and started. It was a long, unfamiliar road, I was alone, a storm came up, and I got widely astray from the dim trail, and had a variety of minor adventures, which I have chronicled elsewhere. The result was that when I got over the gale-swept crest and down to timber-line on the right side, it was dark, and after threshing through half a mile of wet thickets and dense woods, my horse and I at last came to an utter standstill in front of where a tornado had piled fallen timber across the already half-obliterated trail. It was useless to go further, so I unsaddled at a little open spot among some spruces. Securing my

exhausted horse by his long lariat, I dragged the heavy ranger saddle to an evergreen, and dived into the pouches after matches, for if you are warm being hungry does not greatly matter. Alas, there were none! For the first and—*cela va sans dire*—for the last time in the West, I had not a lucifer! Then I took an inventory of my goods, which were not designed for such an evil fate as this. First, there was my saddle and saddle-bags, which contained only a stupid flask empty of everything save odor, a tantalizing pipe which could not be lit, and a pair of woolen socks which I pulled on as an attempt at a night-dress. This saddle was my pillow, and a thin, worn-out saddle-blanket, with my rubber poncho, constituted my bedding,—rather scanty for 11,000 feet or so above the sea! I spread my poncho under the drooping branches of the spruce, just where partridges love to hide, gathered the ragged blanket about my legs, belted my army overcoat tight about me, and lay down. I was very weary, my nag's steady crunching was the only disturbing sound, and I soon fell asleep. My nap was not a long one, however, on account of the cold, but, re-arranging my coverings, I again slept an hour or so. This time I awoke thoroughly chilled, yet I dozed a little more, until I shook in every member, and had just sense enough left me to raise myself up and move about. My poor horse was standing head down, the picture of lonesome misery. With a low neigh as I approached, he came to meet me, and followed me with his nose at my shoulder as I walked back and forth. What a night it was! All around the glade stood a wall of black forest, except where, on one side, a group of burned trunks held aloft their white, skeleton arms. The grass was white and crisp with frost, which crackled under my feet as I walked. Overhead, the stars seemed fairly to project from their jetty background, like glittering spear-points aimed at my cantonment. I noted the slow wheeling of that platoon of nebulae, the Milky Way. I studied the constellations, but got little comfort. Corona only suggested that

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,"

and the Pleiades seemed to beg me to sympathize with their lost sister. At one side a bit of the creek valley was visible, over which faintly gleamed the whitish snow-crest of some mountain. It was profoundly still. Icy water gurgled softly under the elders; tall, muffled trees swayed gently; an occa-

sional ringing snap of frost was heard, like fairies clinking glasses; but these sounds were so consonant with the whole scene that they did not break the stillness. There was nothing particular to be afraid of, my walking warmed me, and, giving myself up to imaginative thought, I came readily to enjoy the novelty of the experience, and the calm delight which the sweet influences of the night ever exert. Thus quieting myself, drowsiness weighted my eyelids, till, scarcely feeling what I did, I again laid my head on my saddle, and did not awake until the blue ridges were sharply and grandly outlined against a glowing background of auroral light.

But to recur to the camp.

Dinner over, odd jobs finished, the last glance at the mules given, and the short twilight rapidly falling under the assault of the legions of darkness, we don our overcoats and gather for our nightly chat before going to bed.

Much of the pleasure of this hour, as of every other, depends on our surroundings. Persons who call a trip with a government survey all a pleasure excursion, would better think twice. A thousand and one small vexations attend all the time. As a picnic, the expedition would be a lamentable failure. There is the fatigue at night, the frost in the morning, and the gale or the scorching sun at noonday; your peeled nose and scaling ears and smarting neck testify to the power of the last. The often-encountered alkali dust not only hurts your eyes and parches your lips till they crack open, but seems to decompose your skin, rendering it so tender that the least rough touch produces a painful wound, and your hands, which it is almost impossible to keep clean, become sore and unsightly. Then, half the time, your feet are wet, and get cold in the stirrups, or the blankets become damp and disturb your rest, or—but there are plenty of other inconveniences. Sometimes the camp has to be placed where there is not a single pleasant feature near or remote,—in the midst of a tract of sun-baked mud and glaring white rocks, for instance,—where the only vegetation is prickly grease-wood, like so many Canada thistles, and where the principal denizens are jack-rabbits, rattlesnakes and lizards. But this is not a chapter of complaints, and I hasten to dismiss the wrong side of the texture.

Of all the lovely camping places in my recollection, I think one over in Western Wyoming, among the nameless heights be-

tween the Green and the Snake rivers, bears the palm. A ravine diverged from the valley we had been traveling through, one side of which was a high, grassy bank, and the other was wooded; but in the woods opened a little glade, down which came an icy rill, tumbling and foaming between banks of moss solid to the water's edge. All about were gigantic, yellow-barked spruces, among which this little level spot had remained clear, just capacious enough for our tents. It was a place for perfect repose. The eye, weary with incessant far-seeing, rested content on the verdant slope that cut off the rest of the world. As, after the turmoil and noise of the city, the business man pulls the blinds close together and drops the curtain, shutting out the turbulent scenes of his daily struggle, and shutting in the peace and love of his home, so we were thankful that we could not see even the loftiest summits, and gladly gathered round our cosy hearthstones, where the spruce boughs crackled like salt, and coils of black smoke writhed up from the resinous logs.

The night "effect," as painters phrase it, of such a bivouac as this, is weirdly curious. One need not be afraid to walk away from it into the gloom: the Prince of Darkness is said to be a gentleman. And, in fact, it is not dark out there in the open air; for under the lamps of the constellations, and in that strange light from the north, even midnight in the high mountains is only gray. But beneath the star-proof trees there is the blackness of plagued Egypt—a darkness which may be felt in thrusts from a thousand needle-pointed leaves and rough cones, if one pushes too heedlessly into the recesses of the woods. The blaze is orange-colored, the smoke heavy and black, illumined redly underneath. The pillars of the smooth fir trunks within reach of the fire-light stand like a stockade about the camp, but the shifting light penetrates between them and summons from the darkness new boles, that step out and retreat again as the capricious flame is wafted by the wind toward or away from that side.

While the centers of the great, gummy logs are eaten by the blaze, and while we sit on their ends and smoke our pipes, what soul-inspiring talk is heard! The stories flow as naturally as the sparks explore the dark arch overhead, but it is no more possible to communicate the point and living fun of these narratives, told with the Western freedom of language and usually apropos of some previous tale, than it is to tickle your senses

with the sizzle and delectable flavor of the deer's juicy ribs roasting in those ashes. Shut in by the shadowy forest, we seem to inhabit a little world all by ourselves, with sky, sun, moon and stars of our own; and we converse of you in New York as Proctor does of the inhabitants of other planets, and speculate upon the movements of armies along the Danube as the Greeks discussed the life of souls across the Styx. The affairs of the outside world have lost interest for us, since we are no longer spurred by the heel of the morning newspaper. In simplifying our life to a primitive measure we have ceased to trouble ourselves about problems of politics or social economy, and are beginning to discover that the universe is less complex than we had made it. Thus we conduct a sort of mental exploration parallel with the geodetic survey.

Sometimes signs of previous occupancy added to the attractions of a camp, when it was made near some trail, and we speculated on the kind of man who had been there before us. How long before? What was his object? And whither was he bound? In a region so wild and utterly untenanted as this, anything pertaining to humanity is invested with extraordinary interest. From these foundation-sticks we could tell the size and kind of tent he had; from the tracks could decide that his one animal was a horse, not a mule (which makes a smaller, narrower track), and knew that at this stake he picketed him at night, and by that path led him to the water; from this stump we guessed the sharpness of his axe; that wadding told the size of his rifle; here was his fire; there, where the grass is trampled, he piled his night's wood. Where this hunter or beaver-trapper has camped and left his history on a few chips, there remains a civilized aspect which nature must work long to efface.

Similarly, if we remained long, our own halting-ground became dirty and bedraggled, so that we were glad to change often. Yet a strange familiarity attaches even to a bit of brook and mountain side, and knowing there is no better representation of *home* within many hundred miles, you easily give it that name. "Let us wander where we will, the universe is built round about us, and we are central still." Nowhere did this homelike feeling attach itself more (and with less good reason) than to one July camp high up on Wind River Peak, at the very sources of the great Sweetwater. Perhaps because we invaded angry solitudes, and boldly held our

own, in spite of every effort on the part of the well-roused spirits of the place. The trees there were all pines and stood thickly, but were not of great size, though straight and tall. Many lay at full length upon the ground, for they had shallow root-hold among the boulders, and the very first night the forest treated us to an exhibition of its power to injure, as a hint, perhaps, that we would better not violate its sacred shades with our presence, and consume its royal timber in our paltry camp-fire. "When I want fire," the forest seemed to say, "I rub my limbs together and the flames sweep for miles through my oily cones and dry tops, that love the blaze." The trunks began to fall all around us—dozens at a time, while the air was full of tremendous concussions, and the screams of rending fibers. But none of these mighty bolts harmed us, beyond the crushing of a single tent, and when the hurricane was over we found our fire-wood close at hand ready cut, and so profited by the anger of the resentful gods.

There was some of the hardest work done in the history of the survey from the headquarters of this camp, but one night, when the snow drifted steadily down on our beds as we lay in quiet, I was not so tired but that I lay awake for hours, stowing away in the coffers of my memory the fast crowding impressions; and perhaps it was those hours of reflection that fixed all the details of the wild, timber-line camp so firmly in my mind.

What a somber world that of the pine woods is! None of the cheerfulness of the ash and maple groves,—the alternation of sunlight and changing shadow, the rustling leaves and fragrant shrubbery underneath, the variety of foliage and bark to rest the eye and excite curiosity and delight. Only the straight, upright trunks, the colorless, dusty ground, the dense masses of dead green, each mass just like another, the scraggy skeletons of dead trees, all their bare limbs drooping in lamentation. The sound of the wind in the pines is equally greswome. If the breeze be light you hear a low, melancholy monody; if stronger, a hushed sort of sighing. When the hurricane lays his hand upon them, the groaning trees wail out in awful agony, and, racked beyond endurance, cast themselves headlong to the stony ground. At such times every particular fiber of the pine's body seems resonant with pain, and the straining branches literally shriek. This is not mere fancy, but something quite different from anything to be observed in hard-wood for-

ests. There the tempest roars; here it howls. I do not think the idea of the Banshee spirits could have arisen elsewhere than among the pines; nor that any mythology growing up among people inhabiting these forests could have omitted such supernatural beings from its theogony.

But do not conclude that the gloom of the pine-woods clouded our spirits. So many trees had fallen where our tents were pitched that the sun got down there, and at night the moon looked in upon us, rising weird through a vista of dead and lonely tree-tops. Then, too, the brook was always singing in our ears—absolutely singing! The incessant tumble of the water and boiling of the eddies makes a heavy undertone like the surf, but the breaking of the current over the higher rocks and leaping of the foam down the cataracts, produce a distinctly musical sound,—a mystical ringing of sweet-toned bells. There is no mistaking this metallic melody, this clashing of tiny cymbals, and it must be this miniature blithe harmony which fine ears have heard on the beach in summer, where the surf broke gently.

But these are drowsy fancies, and one night of such sleepless dreaming is about all a healthy man can afford out of a whole trip; and if he is not a healthy man he had better not go into the Wind River Mountains at all.

Sometimes one is kept awake by worse disturbances than reveries, though not often. With complete composure, you sleep through a steady rain falling on the piece of canvas laid over your face, or in momentary expectation of being surprised by Indians. I have heard of a few camps in the old days having been run over by a stampede of buffaloes now and then, but this, fortunately, was rare. Now, few worse interruptions of this sort occur to rest than the tramping among the sleepers of mules, in their attempt to make some felonious attack upon the edible portion of the cargo, and this only occurs where pasturage is scant; once, camping near a Mexican pack-train of donkeys, we were thus greatly annoyed by those little brutes.

Now and then, on the plains, coyotes venture close to camp, and, if they are very hungry, even come to the fireside in search of meat, and perhaps attempt to gnaw the straps off the saddle or boots your weary head reclines upon. Foiled in this, they adjourn to a respectful distance and set up prolonged and lugubrious howls, which

either keep you awake altogether or attune your dreams to some horrible theme. Perhaps I ought not to use the plural, since one coyote's voice is capable of noise enough to simulate a whole pack. No doubt it often happens that when a score seem howling in shrill concert, there is really but a single wolf raining his quick-repeated and varied cries upon our unwilling ears. These small wolves are justly despised by all Western men; but the big gray wolves are a different matter. However, I never saw them but once.

While cougars and wolves and coyotes, and even Mexican *burros*, are rare infringers on the sacred privacy of your sleep, numerous "small deer" come to investigate the curious stranger who has stretched himself out in their domain. Rattlesnakes are extremely numerous over many parts of the West, and we used to fear that, with their love of warmth, they would seek the shelter of our bedding to escape the chill of the night; but I do not know of any such unpleasant bed-fellow having been found by any of the survey people. I myself came pretty near to it, however, over on Cochetopa creek, in Colorado, one night, when I unwittingly spread my blankets over a small hole in the ground. I snoozed on, unmindful of danger, but when I moved my bed in the morning, out from the hole crawled a huge rattler, whose doorway I had stopped up all night! He would better have stayed in, for big John of Oregon caught him by the tail and broke his stupid neck, before he had time to throw himself into a coil of vantage for the strike.

If you camp in the woods you are certain of late visitors in the shape of mice and the ubiquitous and squeaky ground-squirrels, whose nocturnal rambles lead them all over your bed-covers; often, indeed, their rapid, sharp-toed little feet scud across your cheek, and their furry tails trail athwart the bridge of your nose and brush the dew from your sealed eyelids. To the thousand insects rustling in the grass we never gave attention; and not even the most home-bred tenderfoot ever *thought* of cotton in his ears! How thus could he hear all the pleasant, faint voices speaking through the night so close about him? Thoreau, writing from his camp on a sloping bank of the Merrimac, has well described the sounds of the night:

"With our heads so low in the grass, we heard the river whirling and sucking, and lapsing downward, kissing the shore as it went, sometimes rippling louder than usual, and again its mighty current making only a slight, limpid, trickling

sound, as if our water-pail had sprung a leak, and the water were flowing into the grass by our side. The wind, rustling the oaks and hazels, impressed us like a wakeful and inconsiderate person up at midnight, moving about, and putting things to rights, occasionally stirring up whole drawers full of leaves at a puff. There seemed to be a great haste and preparation throughout Nature, as for a distinguished visitor; all her aisles had to be swept in the night, by a thousand hand-maidens, and a thousand pots to be boiled for the next day's feasting;—such a whispering bustle, as if ten thousand fairies made their fingers fly, silently sewing at the new carpet with which the earth was to be clothed, and the new drapery which was to adorn the trees. And the wind would lull and die away, and we, like it, fell asleep again."

But I am dwelling too long upon this rare wakefulness in camp, rather than the ordinary and business-like repose of the night. One's sleep in the crisp air, after the fatigues of the hard day, is sound and serene. But the morning! Ah, that is the time that tries men's souls! In *this* land one would find it very unpleasantly cold to be with her when

—"jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-top."

You awake at daylight a little chilly, re-adjust your blankets, and want to go to sleep. The sun may pour forth from the "golden window of the East" and flood the world with limpid light; the stars may pale and the jet of the midnight sky be diluted to that deep and perfect morning blue into which you gaze to unmeasured depths; the air may become a pervading champagne, dry and delicate, every draught of which tingles the lungs and spurs the blood along the veins with joyous speed; the landscape may woo the eyes with airy undulations of prairie or snow-pointed pinacles lifted sharply against the azure,—yet sleep chains you. That very quality of the atmosphere which contributes to all this beauty and makes it so delicious to be awake makes it equally blessed to slumber. Lying there in the utterly open air, breathing the pure elixir of the untainted mountains, you come to think even the confinement of a flapping-tent oppressive, and the ventilation of a sheltering spruce-bough bad.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF KEATS.

(ON COMING INTO POSSESSION OF HIS COPY OF "GUZMAN D' ALFARACHE.")

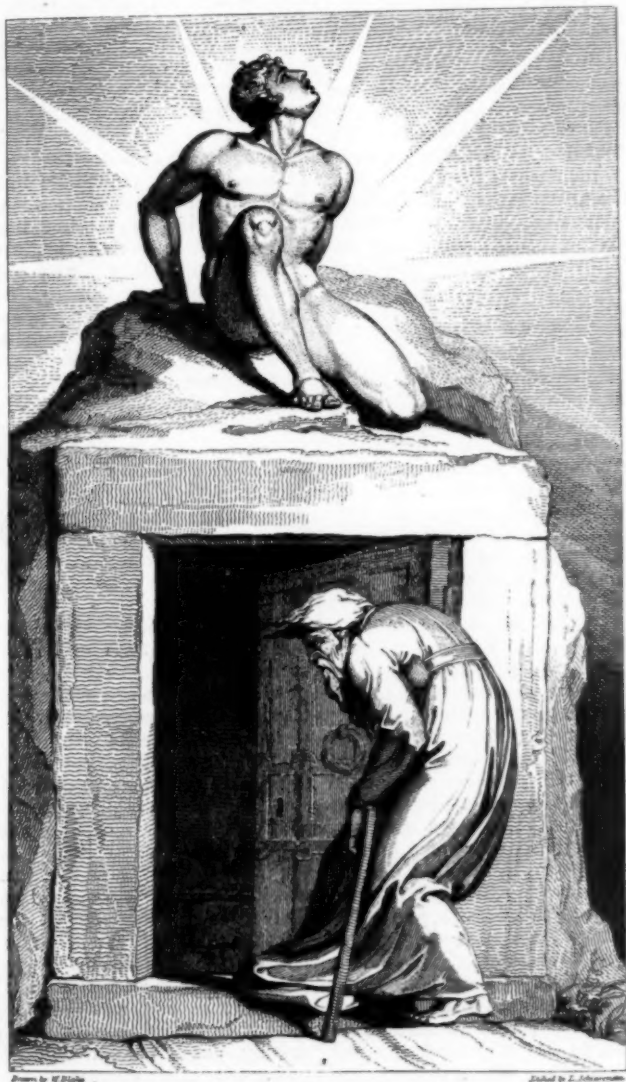
GREAT Father mine, deceased ere I was born,
And in a classic land renowned of old;
Thy life was happy, but thy death forlorn,
Buried in violets and Roman mould.

Thou hast the laurel, Master of my soul!
Thy name, thou said'st, was writ in water—No;
For while clouds float on high, and billows roll,
That name shall worshiped be. Will mine be so?

I kiss thy words, as I would kiss thy face,
And put thy book most reverently away:
Beside thy peers thou hast an honored place,
Amid our kingliest, Byron, Wordsworth, Gray.

If tears will fill mine eyes, am I to blame?
"O smile among the shades, for this is fame!"

WILLIAM BLAKE, PAINTER AND POET.



"DEATH'S DOOR." (FROM BLAIR'S "GRAVE." ACKERMAN, LONDON, 1813.)

THE exhibition in Boston of a number of William Blake's pictures, brought together from various quarters, gives opportunity for a more complete view of his singular power than has been possible before on this side of

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the Atlantic. Ever since the publication of Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," in 1863,* there

* A new edition of this book, with a number of hitherto uncollected letters of Blake, is to be published during the present year.

has been an intelligent curiosity respecting him as a painter, stimulated by the glimpses of concealed beauty which the photo-lithographs in that book grudgingly permitted, and not wholly discouraged by the so-called fac-simile reproductions which have been published at different times. Blake's fame as a painter has rested mainly, however, upon the enthusiastic testimony of a few capable witnesses; his reputation as a designer has had a durable foundation in the copies of the "Book of Job," which have found their way to America; his place as a poet has been more clearly defined by the attention which has been given to his lyrics, and the obscurity in which his visionary books have been suffered to lie. It is not impossible, now, with the added evidence of this interesting collection, to form a fairly clear conception of the limitations of Blake's genius, and to note some of the directions which it takes; of its scope and power no one will wish to pronounce confidently until he has seen all of his work, for genius has a way of surprising the unwary, and new examples of power give new and unexpected pleasure.

The circumstances of Blake's life may quickly be recited. He was born in London November 28, 1757, and he died in London August 12, 1827. Excepting four years spent at Felpham by the sea, in Sussex, the seventy years of his life were passed in London. He married Catherine Boucher in his twenty-fifth year, and left her a childless widow. He was a poor man, as the world counts poverty, and at no time during his life did his profuse work bring him more than the plainest living. When ten years old, his artistic tendencies were so strongly intimated, that his father, a modest hosier, did not hesitate to send him to a drawing-school, and afterward to apprentice him to an engraver. He worked from the designs of others until ten years before his death, when he engraved thirty-seven plates for Flaxman's "Hesiod," and he used his graver to the last upon his own inventions. Before he had gained his freedom he had begun original work, and during the twenty years of his maturity, that is, from his thirtieth to his fiftieth year, he was engrossed with the execution of composite works in text, line and color, of which the authorship, design, and mechanical process of reproduction were his own. Even in his early engraving he imported conceptions of his own, so that we may set aside his artisanship as an engraver, reckoning it of little value in any estimate of his distinctive work, and con-

sider him as an artist armed with a technical knowledge of engraving, and an experimental knowledge of certain mechanical processes, which he used mainly for fixing and multiplying his own designs.

Of the amount of work done by him it is not easy to make an exact statement. In Gilchrist's "Life," there are annotated lists of Blake's paintings, drawings, and engravings, confessedly imperfect, in which between eight and nine hundred subjects are noted as having been treated by him, some in color, some in black and white, and some with his graver; but, besides these, we must reckon the very important amount of work bestowed on the prophetic books, and a list of more than two hundred engravings from the designs of other artists. Enough can be gathered from this to show that Blake was an industrious man, and, what is more to the purpose, to indicate how very imperfect is the material now from which we may estimate his genius. The author and editors of Gilchrist's "Life" used every effort to get sight of his work, yet they are obliged to confess to not having seen, among other things, a hundred and fourteen designs to Gray's Poems, owned by the Duke of Hamilton, and "reported to be among the very finest works executed by Blake."

The published designs of Blake, those, that is, that take their place in the ordinary method of book-illustration, afford a fairly good introduction to a study of his more unusual work. He worked at a time when there were ambitious enterprises by publishers, who were fired with zeal, perhaps, by witnessing the expansive undertaking of Alderman Boydell in his truly British monument to Shakspeare's genius. Blake was rather an impracticable man with the publishers, and they found it less easy to make a card of him than of the more pliant and graceful Stothard, yet they followed the advice of Fuseli and others and went to Blake for illustrations, which it was promised by Blake's admirers would sell their books. In one instance only was there anything like substantial success, and this was reached by passing Blake's work through the translating power of another engraver. Blair's Grave, with designs by Blake, engraved by Schiavonetti, must have been very thoroughly published, from the great number of copies which have presented themselves in all quarters since Blake's name has come forward. In America, some bookseller's enterprise found a fresh field, and in many families the book

has for years been a well-known show-book. There are few, open to any influence of art, who do not at once confess the attractiveness of these engravings. The style of execution by Schiavonetti is favorable to their popularity: bold, strong, free from quiddling lines, they hold with a firm grasp the conceptions of the artist. The topics treated also are elemental; they are typical passages in human life and death, and require no subtle interpretation. Then the statuesque beauty of design appeals clearly to the eye, the classic forms are presented in a tender warmth, and palpitate with a human sympathy. One does not need to be a student of Blake, or indeed to know anything of his place in art, to be at once impressed and moved by these inventions.

But a familiarity with the artist's mind and mode enables one to penetrate a little further, and to discover, through the mask of Schiavonetti, characteristic features of Blake. The visionary eye, that far-seeing, vivid, and wide-open orb which looks at one from so many of Blake's figures, and most significantly from Blake's own face in both the portraits of him, is here; and here, too, that poetic sense of youth's slender uprightness, and of age's patriarchal hoar wisdom, which again and again stand as ever renewed types in his treatment of human life. The exaggerations of his figure-drawing have doubtless been toned down by the engraver, but in one instance Blake himself may have been to blame, since it is hard to believe that an engraver of Schiavonetti's skill would have chosen deliberately the feebler and less grammatical form; the title-page of Blair's "Grave" shows an angel with a trumpet blowing a tremendous blast in the ear of a skeleton; the dead bones are half raised to hear the alarm, but the skeleton rests on the forearm in an entirely impossible manner; the descending angel is hung, unaccountably, in the air—reverse the page and one sees a standing figure; but Blake had elsewhere, in his own engravings of his designs illustrative of Young's "Night Thoughts," given the same conception, only there the descending figure really rushes down with impetuous speed, and the startled skeleton raises itself with a weird and quite possible movement.

The illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts" preceded the work on the "Grave," and were engraved by Blake himself. The result is by no means so satisfactory, partly through Blake's deficiencies as an engraver at this time, partly through what we may call



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM BLAKE. ENGRAVED ON WOOD FROM PORTRAIT ON IVORY BY JOHN LINNELL, FROM GILCHRIST'S "LIFE." (BY PERMISSION OF MACMILLAN AND CO.)

miscalculation of effect. It is not impossible that were the page of Young reduced in size we should not be so disturbed by the inadequacy of the engraved lines; great figures in little more than outline stretch in wide reach over the large page, and wherever there is a defect in drawing or feeling, it is exaggerated by the rather empty style of engraving. Still, there are some passages of great sweetness and majesty, and very often singularly unique adaptations of the design to the thought. One thing, especially, should be noticed,—the persistence with which Blake treated his work in a decorative as separate from a pictorial spirit, aiming to make the page a composition in which the stubborn square of printer's type should compose with his engraved lines; great fertility of resource is shown in this. How perfectly he understood and displayed this spirit of decorative design will appear when we come to speak of other more characteristic work. A completely illustrated edition of the "Night Thoughts" was projected, but only four parts were ever published; these appeared in a luxuriousness of paper and print. In the list of Blake's works, among the undated ones, is a subject which is shown in the Boston collection, and named conjecturally, after the list, "Young burying Narcissa," illustrative of the lines,

"With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh."



YOUNG BURYING NARCISSA. (FROM AN INDIA-INK DRAWING, OWNED BY MRS. GILCHRIST.)

It is an impressive picture, which has little in common with the engraved illustrations to the "Night Thoughts."

An episode in Blake's life brought him for four years into close connection with the commonplace Hayley, a decorous court poet and Cowper's biographer. For him, Blake made and engraved designs, including one which appears in the Boston collection, a broadsheet, "Little Tom the Sailor." Hayley wrote a humdrum ballad with charitable intent, and Blake furnished two designs to stand at the head and foot of the sheet. He calls the process by which he executed these, "wood-cutting on pewter," and the inferiority of the material is evident in the prints. But these are nevertheless admirable illustrations of vigorous wood-engraving, and give a sense of Blake's fine judgment as an artist in his handling of material. The beauty of the lower design, where the mother turns from her cottage, lingers long in one's mind.

Another excellent illustration of Blake's faculty as an engraver is seen in his very early print, "Joseph of Arimathea on the Rocks of Albion," professedly a copy from Michael Angelo, done in Blake's seventeenth year, and already exhibiting, especially in its treatment of light on the water, his mystic sense of supernal beauty. The most interesting example, however, of his power

in the kind of work which we are now examining, is to be found in his large engraving of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims." A comparison of the work with Stothard's rival picture at once discloses the superior technical skill and grace of the successful artist, but a comparison of Blake's work with Chaucer's establishes a greater agreement of truth between poet and painter. The harshness of Blake's work is apparent; so, too, is its quaint mannerism, but a nearer view shows a vigor of treatment, a broad generalization of group and landscape, and an attention to historically conceived details, which bring Blake's work very distinctly into range as a presentation of Chaucer's images, and out of the place which Stothard's picture occupies, of a temporary and local translation of Chaucer's story. Not that we do not here have Chaucer Blaked off upon us, but Blake's conception of the subject was from an angle coincident with Chaucer's, and the acutest reader of Chaucer will be the most ready to acknowledge Blake as a showman. When Blake exhibited with other pictures the fresco from which this engraving was taken, he published a descriptive catalogue, well worth reading for its shrewd analysis of the characters in Chaucer's "Pilgrims," so different from the smooth, conventional interpretation which Stothard, in common

with other contemporaries, gave. Says Blake:

"The characters of Chaucer's 'Pilgrims' are the characters which compose all ages and nations. As one age falls, another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, vegetables, minerals, and in men. Nothing new occurs in identical existence. Accident ever varies. Substance can never suffer change, or decay. Of Chaucer's characters, as described in his 'Canterbury Tales,' some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves forever remain unaltered; and consequently they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life, beyond which Nature never steps. Names alter, things never alter. I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkey, who in this deistical age are deists. As Newton numbered the stars, and as Linnæus numbered the planets, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men. The painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of his personages into all Nature's varieties; the horses he has also varied to accord to their riders; the costume is correct according to authentic monuments."

He then proceeds with a running commentary upon the separate characters, answering to what he has undertaken to say with lines in his engravings. Something of the same vagary will be discovered in both, but both justify Lamb's opinion of the catalogue, that it was "the finest criticism of Chaucer's poem he had ever read."

The "Canterbury Pilgrims" was published by Blake in a rivalry with Stothard's print, and at this distance of time the commercial aspects of the competition have a humorous touch. Blake's indebtedness to the ordinary publishing facilities was not great, as we have seen; his own willfulness, his intractable talents, and, above all, his individual message of art and religion, isolated him from the common channels of communication with the public. So much the more did he place reliance upon his own methods. Any one can buy now, in various editions, Blake's "Poetical Sketches" and his "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience." These are included in Gilchrist's "Life," and they have been separately printed under the editorship of Mr. W. M. Rossetti and of Mr. R. H. Shepherd. They have passed into the common stock of literature, and some of the poems have long had a life in anthologies. The "Poetical Sketches" was published in the ordinary manner in 1783; "Songs of Innocence" in 1789 and "Songs of Experience" in 1794, but these last two books were published in a very extraordinary manner by Blake himself, and happy is the occasional owner of the original copies.

To speak of "Songs of Innocence" first, it

consists of twenty songs written by Blake, engraved by him on copper, each page decorated, with an occasional separate design, making twenty-seven plates in all. In Gilchrist's "Life" this account is given of the process.

"The verse was written and the designs and marginal embellishments outlined on the copper with an impervious liquid, probably the ordinary stopping-out varnish of engravers. Then all the white parts or lights—the remainder of the plate, that is—were eaten away with aquafortis, or other acid, so that the outline of letter and design was left prominent, as in stereotype. From these plates he printed off in any tint, yellow, brown, blue, required to be the prevailing or ground color in his facsimiles; red he used for the letter-press. The page was then colored by hand in imitation of the original drawing, with more or less variety of detail in the local hues. He ground and mixed his water-colors himself. The colors he used were few and simple; indigo, cobalt, gamboge, vermilion, Frankfort black freely, ultramarine rarely, chromes not at all. These he applied with a camel's-hair brush, not with a sable, which he disliked. He taught Mrs. Blake to take off the impressions with care and delicacy, which such plates signally needed, and also to help in tinting them from his drawings with right artistic feeling; in all which tasks she, to her honor, much delighted. The size of the plate was small, for the sake of economizing copper, something under five inches by three. They were done up in boards by Mrs. Blake's hand, forming a small octavo; so that the poet and his wife did everything in making the book,—writing, designing, printing, engraving,—everything excepting manufacturing the paper; the very ink, or color, rather, they did make. Never before, surely, was a man so literally the author of his own book."

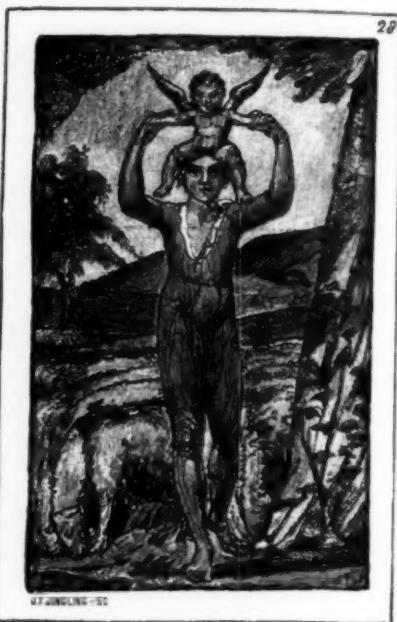
It is significant of this discovery of Blake's, for so it may be called, that he received a revelation of it in a vision of the night. It is easy to translate into common language the supernatural experience of a man, under pressure day and night of one controlling purpose to make public his poems and designs, but it is still easier to take Blake's acceptance of the happy thought as a revelation, and count it as a harmonious part of the visionary's nature. For, mingled with the artistic power which we have been gradually illustrating, there was from the beginning a controlling and directing influence to which we find it hard to give a name. The story is a familiar one, that, when a child of eight or ten, as he sauntered through a field near London, he looked up and saw a tree filled with angels, "bright, angelic wings bespangling every bough like stars," and that looking upon some hay-makers at work, he saw angelic figures walking among them. A letter written by one of Blake's youthful disciples, just after his death, relates: "Just before he died his countenance

became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out singing of the things he saw in heaven." Between these two points of time lay a life of sixty years, which owned, with unflinching faith, the positive presence and guidance of the spiritual world. Blake's letters, his conversations, his writings, his pictures, and his whole manner of life, bore unvarying testimony to the dominance in his nature of a spiritual existence which comprehended, penetrated and controlled this earthly life. It is difficult to present this subject briefly without falling into the pitfalls set by conventional statements of spiritual experience. Life would be too short to explain wherein Blake's spiritual belief differed from the vulgarities of so-called spiritualism, from the traditional belief of the church, from the contemporary doctrines of Swedenborg, or from the utterances of the great seers of the ages. The reader of the "Life" or the student of his art finds it more satisfactory to accept the fact of Blake's sincerity, and treat the results of his visionary observation in their individual appeal to the intellectual mind. Whence Blake's dreams came, opens an endless vista of speculation; what the forms were which were precipitated from the dreams, is of vastly more human interest. We may even concede an occult meaning in verse and picture capable of being discovered only by a kindred spirit, interpretative by its finer nature; there is nothing in such concession to prevent us from enjoying to the full such loveliness and strength as we do see.

Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and what one finds in Blake will depend largely on the seeing eye which he brings. We have no intention of shielding Blake behind any mystic veil, drawing it aside only for the initiated; we simply say that genius always holds the possibility of a meaning, and perception always holds the possibility of blindness. However, the student of Blake's strangely diverse and comprehensive art may stand expectant and hopeful before the Songs of Innocence. Here one may enjoy, without the painful consciousness of a failure to attain the meaning; painful, we say, for perhaps the subtlest charm in this rainbow of poetic beauty is the elusiveness of the spell which it throws over us. There is no mockery in the grace, no tantalizing of the soul, but the gentlest of echoes to one's unspoken thought. In none of the poems is this more manifest than in the "Introduction," as it is called,—

"Piping down a valley wild."

This little poem has been adopted into many books; it sings itself into ears that desire in vain to explain its meaning; one wishes to hear it recited by some ethereal voice. Precisely here is the explanation—it is a voice from the air that sings in our ears; and when we have made this precise explanation we



"INFANT JOY." (ENGRAVED ON WOOD FROM A WATER-COLOR, OWNED BY MRS. ALEXANDER GILCHRIST.)

have simply blown the whole thing away! Or take, again, the lines headed "Infant Joy":

"I have no name,
I am but two days old.
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'—
Sweet joy befall thee!"

"Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee.
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!"

The simplicity of the lines is extreme, and the design accompanying it quite as simple and unconstrained: a human figure holding lightly above the head a dancing, springing, winged creature, while a flock of sheep graze below. It is in the sweet simplicity that Blake rests, and here we touch upon one sign of his

genius which is persistently given. He is constantly seeing and showing natural things as types, and finds no surer way of revealing spiritual realities than through elemental forms. Hence the recurrence of a few special figures, typical of youth, of age, of childhood, of motherhood; hence the lamb; hence the flaming fire. It would seem as if he were perpetually seeking to render the large visions which he has by familiar forms freed of their merely accidental limitations. It may truthfully be said that he saw his visions thus; that these common types were expanded for him into wondrous and luminous revelations of infinite truth and beauty; that when he saw and drew the lamb, that little creature, with its

"Softest clothing, woolly, bright"

its tender voice

"Making all the vales rejoice;"

was sometimes more than a conventional or even revered type of Divine tenderness.

"He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name."

So he announces in his poem, and the entrance of the Divine love into the human life is a present reality whenever Blake, recording his visions, draws the lamb with its bowed head or its affectionate caress.

The "Songs of Innocence" gives us Blake in the youthfulness of his visionary life. At that time, however pinched was his poverty, he was living in the light of a conscious power to wed beautiful visions to fitting words and lines. He had already had some training in poetry, as witness his "Poetical Sketches," from which one draws verses of singular merit; he had already mastered his graving tools, and served his apprenticeship to drawing masters; he was in the early years of his married life; he was at the height of physical youth. Doubtless all these influences conspired, and so he caught upon his listening ear those accents of heavenly beauty which as yet admitted dark lines only for the heightening of the divine fairness. Every one feels, whether or not he puts it into words, that the hymn-book picture of heaven as

"One sacred high eternal noon,"

is false and destructive of all the signs of God's creation; that the recurrence of

seasons, the systole and diastole of the universe, makes rhythm, and that without rhythm heaven could not be. It might with far clearer truth be said that hell was

One damned high eternal noon.

Blake thus, in the "Songs of Innocence," has accented the sweetness with touches of a darker side. The tears that follow the piper's song; the weariness of the little ones on the echoing green; the miserable sense of deformity in that flawless poem, the "Little Black Boy," with its tender pity so unsurpassably expressed:—

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learnt the heat to
bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His
voice,
Saying, 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice:'"

the sobbing of the robin heard by the happy blossom; the plaint of the chimney-sweep; the cry of the little boy lost before

"God ever nigh
Appeared like his father, in white,"

the weeping of the child Jesus in his cradle for all the human race, which is woven so exquisitely into the angelic cradle-song; the contrast of age and childhood; the blending of poverty and pity of "Holy Thursday"; the light and shade in that solemn, majestic poem "Night"; the anxiety, too real to be grotesque, of the lost emmet; the passage of all pity into the Divine pity, and the final voice of the Ancient Bard, with its one warning note of the passage from youth into life—all these are supremely truthful notes in the "Songs of Innocence," by which the ethereal loveliness is saved from the monotony of an unreal and insipid sweetness. Of the decorative designs which accompany the songs we cannot speak with assurance gained by acquaintance with original copies, but to those who have seen similar work by Blake, as in the "Book of Thel," which appears in the Boston collection, the reproduction which we have in Gilchrist's "Life" gives a teasing conviction that we are blind men, hearing the songs but not seeing the images which they embody; that their beauty, wonderful as it is, would

be heightened by the symphony of design into some strange and inexpressible delight, assailing eye and ear at once.

The "Songs of Experience," following five years afterward, are to the "Songs of Innocence" what we have shown certain notes in the earlier songs are to the full strain. They present, as the name indicates, the obverse

"cence" represents a state, the "Songs of Experience" a mood. The rhythm discovered in the former by the accent of dark lines is absent in the latter, for the white lines do not accent the dark. Once, indeed, may we say that the sudden entrance of light transforms the whole poem into a magnificence which otherwise would have been a



"MORNING, OR GLAD DAY." (ENGRAVED ON WOOD FROM ETCHING BY BLAKE, OWNED BY MRS. ALEXANDER GILCHRIST.)

phase of the soul. In most cases they are direct replies to the several "Songs of Innocence"; the "Tiger" offsets the "Lamb"; the "Little Girl Lost" the "Little Boy Found"; "Infant Sorrow" "Infant Joy"; and, sad and beautiful as many of the poems are, sometimes terrible in their revelation of evil, the book is incontestably weaker, and in the main, in a purely poetic sense, untruthful. Nor could there well be found a finer illustration of the supremacy of good than is exhibited by the contrast of these two books. Blake's sincerity is unquestionable, but the "Songs of Inno-

mere lurid dreadfulness; it is when, near the close of that fiery poem the "Tiger," the poet asks:

"Did He who made the lamb make thee?"

Let any one read the poem and say if this line is not the salvation of it.

In these two books, with their blended text and design, Blake presented most perfectly that side of his genius which admits of universal apprehension. If he was, as he would claim, singing and drawing in obedience to heavenly visions, we are so intent upon what he gives us that we are not



ELIJAH IN THE CHARIOT OF FIRE. (FROM A WATER-COLOR BY BLAKE, OWNED BY MRS. GILCHRIST.)

too curious over the sources of it. But we may as well take Blake's word for it that the persons who sat to him for their portraits, and served as his inexpensive models, were such as were invisible to other eyes. There is a series of visionary heads by Blake, portraits of persons whom he professed to see; he would look up and sketch from the invisible subject with all the simplicity and directness of a student, who could, if he chose, touch the head before him. These heads show the result of Blake's early studies, when, an engraver's apprentice, he was left to wander among the stones and graves in Westminster Abbey. They are drawn often from English history, but the characters who thronged upon him came often from worlds of Blake's own discovery. A large body of suggestions, however, were drawn from Biblical subjects, where, when Blake had his own choice, those points were taken chiefly which were most frankly supernatural. Few signs of Blake's familiar commerce with spiritual conceptions are more striking than his fearless handling of subjects usually avoided by artists, and his eager rush at just that side of a supernatural sub-

ject which is generally veiled. The picture of Elijah mounted in the Fiery Chariot, shown at the Boston exhibition, is a fine example of Blake's treatment of such scenes. Elijah is seated in a chariot, the body of which is partially outlined by flames, flames also rolling the chariot along. The prophet is a majestic figure, sitting calm in the midst of the light, even the reins, which he holds firmly with one hand, issuing as red lines of fire to the horses, which are bright with an interior blaze and stand restless. Beside them is the figure of Elisha, his head bowed in adoring grief, his hair and beard making a rain of lamentation, while his hands are clasped in profound reverence. The movement of the picture is increased by the chariot being placed in a great circle of flames upon a black background, the sky a rich cloud of yellow, and a magnificent, mysterious blackness crowding up from below. It is a most impressive picture; the weight of the supernatural in it is such that one gets from it in his study a clearer perception of Blake's habitual dwelling among such themes, than he could derive from any detailed description of his mental

habits. No one could strike so unerringly at the central idea of the subject whose temper was not habitually one of converse with the supernatural.

Blake, no doubt, imported into the Bible a crowd of fantastic ideas that sprang from his own fertile, impetuous brain. He went to it for a revelation of facts, and seized chiefly upon those which other men were trying their best to be rid of. He was orientalized both by the Bible and by his passion for large, swelling conceptions of life, death and immortality. By degrees he peopled his mind with a strange crowd of figures, many with biblical outlines, many also, jostling these,—variations upon a few simple themes. The elemental facts of life, as has already been said, were those which were most luminous to him and for which he found visible shapes, which were repeated constantly in his designs. One of his earliest designs, engraved by himself, and called by Gilchrist "*Morning, or Glad Day*," is an admirable illustration of this feeling for Blake after a simple, yet vitalized, symbol. Another favorite one was the familiar "*Death's Door*," so often engraved, either alone or with the added figure of the enraptured youth above it, as in Blair's "*Grave*." It is found in "*America*" and in separate sketches: the young man is in the "*Marriage of Heaven and Hell*," in "*America*" and in various sketches. So the groups which appear in "*The Descent of Man into the Vale of Death*" are constantly discoverable in new combinations. It would seem as if Blake, once catching at these forms, was so intent upon the spiritual energy back of them that he was constantly emphasizing it by repetition, and in each drawing was not so much copying a favorite design as repeating a spiritual conception. Wherever, by some fancied fitness, he could weave these designs into his writings he did so, and he dwelt upon them with as much disregard of petty variations as a minister might show who preached year after year upon certain great themes of religion.

In truth, Blake, in his own conception an artist, was also in his own conception a prophet; and whereas Ezekiel, uttering prophecies of righteousness, illustrated them by astounding visions of wheels and flames, Blake's prophecies were first and foremost his visions, wheels and flames, presented to the eye with such textual illustration as seemed to him to say the same thing in words, and the burden of the whole was an incoherent jumble of fundamental principles

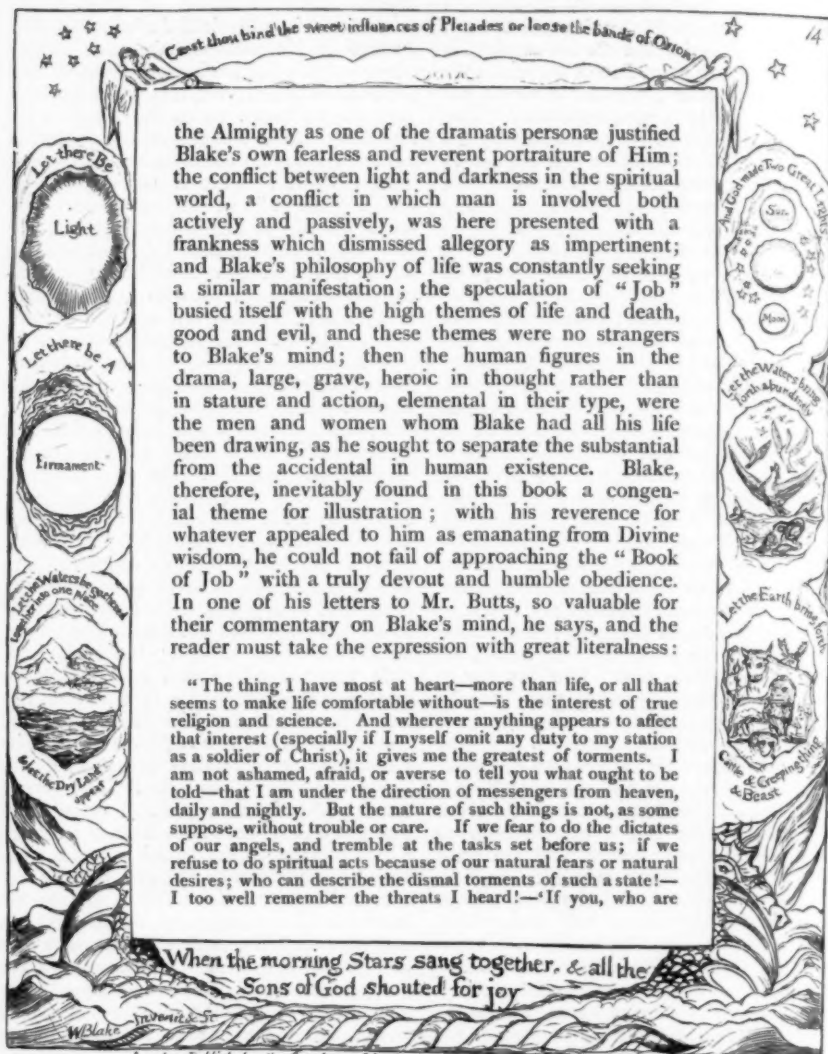
of justice, pity, vengeance and the like. The Songs of Innocence and of Experience were, as we have seen, exclusively his publication. There followed, now, on a larger scale, a series of so-called prophetic books which grew mistier and mistier, as Blake, familiarized with half-allegorical forms of expression, wandered further and further away in his words from the base of his allegories. The first of these books, "*The Book of Thel*," is slight in bulk and by no means unintelligible. A pensive loveliness lies in it, and without seeking for too deep a meaning one glides along the plaint of the mystical Thel. Fortunately, the Boston exhibition has a copy of the book, and the refinement of color, the grace of the figures, the enchanting delicacy of touch throughout, give a revelation to one of Blake's genius in the first blush of his more wayward mood. Blake abandoned himself, however, more and more to the fascination of a work which enabled him to set down in formal shape the vagaries of his fancy. "*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*," with its intelligible sporting in the same mood from which sprang "*Songs of Experience*"; "*The Gates of Paradise*," "*Visions of the Daughters of Albion*," "*America: a Prophecy*," "*Europe: a Prophecy*," "*The Book of Urizen*," "*The Song of Los*," "*The Book of Ahania*," "*Jerusalem*," and "*Milton*," were all first produced between 1790 and 1804. One hesitates to speak positively without a study of them in the original copies. Mr. Swinburne has devoted a large part of his critical study of Blake to an examination of this class of his work, and has discovered interesting interpretations of them. Whoever will may pursue the lead which he has opened. That Blake had certain conceptions regarding abstract principles of the moral universe, that he chose to embody these in literary forms which borrowed names from familiar objects, and expressed himself also through graphic forms consentaneous to these—this is all that we dare say. It is plain that by America he does not mean what the world calls America, but the idea of freedom and futurity suggested by the name; by Albion he does not mean England; by Europe he does not mean Europe; by Jerusalem he does not mean Jerusalem. It is not unlikely that the Biblical and prophetic use of Jerusalem, Babylon, Egypt, as signs of historic and moral ideas, was in his mind when he adopted a vocabulary which seems at first to the hopeful student to contain the key to

the mystery. The less curious student, the one who goes to Blake for what shall please his eye and strike his imagination, is satisfied not to read a line of these mighty books, but to take page after page as examples of subtle decorative beauty. The art, in a decorative way, which may be compared with this, is that displayed in illuminated books before the invention of printing, but Blake, freed from all merely conventional limitations, used his liberty under guidance of an instinctive knowledge of the laws of art. The endless variety of combination of text and line hints at great spontaneity of invention; the certainty with which the forms compose indicates the obedience which the artist showed to the unwritten law of beauty. One may almost find an excuse here for the doctrine so often boldly put forward, that intelligibility in art is wholly unessential, the entire pleasure springing from the obedience of form and color to laws of beauty which are wholly separate from those of the understanding. The subordination, indeed, of the thought in the text indicates, to the casual observer, how much more complete mastery Blake had of the instrument of color and line than of the instrument of language; how much sharper, also, the bounding lines of art are than those of literature. The ductility of words, the power to which they may be drawn out grammatically to a tenuous length while one endeavors to find the thought which they carry, is so deceptive that truth wanders in the mazes of Blake's writings until it is lost to sight. In art it is otherwise; the first departure from an intelligible form is noticed, and the artist is himself warned that he is untruthful. Now Blake errs sometimes in design, he produces exaggerated, enormous, and unregulated shapes, just as huge bulks rise to the imagination through the swash of his poetry; but the limitations of the language of art are constantly guarding him against excess,—the apparently boundless horizon of the language of poetry is constantly tempting him into mysterious and undistinguishable distance.

Once, at any rate, Blake wrought under singularly favorable influences,—near the close of his life, when he was occupied with the "Inventions to the Book of Job." The result which we have in the series of engravings, follows two distinct works in color, a series done for Mr. Butts, and now in the possession of Lord Houghton, and a second series for Mr. Linnell, from which, substantially, this

engraved series is made. Differences are pointed out in individual designs, and Mr. Rossetti, in his *catalogue raisonné*, indicates where a superiority has been gained or lost in the final execution. But it is noticeable how fresh the published series is, and how infrequently Blake has resorted in it to the familiar types from which he had been copying all his life. That is to say, while in Blair's "Grave" one constantly notes particular likenesses to individual figures and groups elsewhere, in the "Job," one remarks rather the general conformity to a well-established Blake type, with an originality in detail. There are no unusual circumstances about Blake's life which might be held to account for this, yet there were conditions which undoubtedly had their influence. He was now in his sixty-fifth year, and at a low ebb in fortune. His rich patrons had wearied of him, and toil brought him but slight return. He was, however, the center of a small group of artists who looked upon him with admiration, and from one of these, Mr. Linnell, he received an order to execute this set of engravings. He was to receive one hundred pounds for the designs and copyright, to be paid from time to time, and a like sum from the profits, should these ever yield it; the entire sum paid was a hundred and fifty pounds, in small weekly instalments. The result of this arrangement was that Blake was insured the expenses of living, by a regular stipend, while he was engaged upon the engravings; a condition which freed him from the necessity of turning aside from the one employment, and disengaged him from the worries of a broken life. This continuity of labor unquestionably had its influence in securing an evenness and concentration of skill, and to the provision of this generous friend is owing, possibly, the full completion of a task which without his aid Blake could scarcely have compassed.

A higher reason for Blake's success lies in the nature of the work. Certain subjects had heretofore controlled and regulated his imagination; such a subject was the *Elijah*; but in a large part of his work he had followed his own wayward, and oftentimes willful fancy. Here he was invited to illustrate a text which at once gave him the widest range in his own chosen field, and offered a dramatic unity capable of regulating and ordering his invention. The drama of "Job," in its double scene of heaven and earth, corresponded with the locality of Blake's imagination; the open exhibition of



London. Published as the Act directs, March 8. 1825 by Wm. Blake No. 7 Fountain Court Strand
 BORDER OF PLATE FROM THE "BOOK OF JOB." (SEE PLATE ON OPPOSITE PAGE.)

organized by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, refuse, and bury your talent in the earth, even though you should want natural bread,—sorrow and desperation pursue you through life, and after death, shame and confusion of face to eternity. Every one in eternity will leave you, aghast at the man who was crowned with glory and honor by his brethren, and betrayed their cause to their enemies.' Such words would make any stout man tremble, and how, then, could I be at ease? But I am now no longer in that state, and now go

on again with my task, fearless, though my path is difficult."

Other passages might be found, expressive of the same sincere humility and eagerness to be led by spiritual powers. It may even be guessed that Blake would by this time have wearied somewhat of the portentous inventions of his prophetic books, which, owing their life, as he asserted, to visions



"WHEN THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER." (INSIDE PANEL OF THE PRECEDING.)

which he had seen, would after all insinuate an endless round of life, issuing from him and returning to him, and that he would rest in the strong structure of the "Book of Job," with a sense that here were creations truly independent of his will. At any rate there was a great authority in this book, and Blake, acknowledging it, was thereby governed and restrained when he came to execute his inventions.

The student making his acquaintance with Blake through the "Job" would not at first recognize this restraint; however grandly the designs might strike him, freedom and audacity would be first discoverable. But in this study we have approached the Job by a course which has familiarized

us somewhat with Blake's genius, and we repeat emphatically that the greatness of this series as an interpretation of the thought of Job rests largely in its restrained power. It rests also in the fine grasp which Blake shows of the dramatic conception involved in the book. The series is not a hap-hazard illustration of various points in the history of Job, nor even only a recital of salient points in that history. It is, in a large sense, an *illustration* of the book, throwing light upon its meaning by a revelation not contained in the book itself, and by a profusion of subtle, natural, and symbolic decoration, enlarging the very scope of the book. In a strictly theological sense, the plates have a singular value. To any

spiritual discernor of the truths enfolded in the life of the man of Uz, Blake's pictorial interpretation is rich with suggestion.

Thus, Blake, following the book in its presentation of the chief actors in the drama, God, man, and Satan, the accuser, has completed the dramatic unity of the story by the introduction of a plate in the series, the sixteenth in the twenty-one, entitled "Thou Hast Fulfilled the Judgment of the Wicked." In this the central figure is Satan, falling as lightning from heaven into flames which leap up to receive him, under the Almighty's uplifted hand, in the midst of angels, while Job and his wife look on in unshrinking awe, and the three friends start back with conscious terror. This is the most marked instance of Blake's interpretative power, but every plate bears witness to the fullness of spiritual meaning with which he invested the dramatic series. Each plate is surrounded by a border containing outline designs and texts, either taken directly from Scripture or so couched in scriptural language that they have the same effect; and when one has rested from his investigation of the picture he runs to the decorative border for fresh illumination. The deep religiousness of Blake's nature is everywhere apparent, and his historical apprehension of religion was made to give a fine subordinate value to the design. An excellent illustration of this is in the use which he makes of the Gothic minster as symbolic of worship, and, in contrast, of the Druid stones and forms as symbolic of pagan darkness. So, too, in the twentieth plate, where, by a significant interpolation, Job is recounting his life to his fair daughters, the scenes of terror are elaborated as tapestry upon the walls. "Everywhere," it has been said, "throughout the series we meet with evidences of Gothic feeling. Such are the recessed settle and screen of trees in plate two, and, too, much in the spirit of Orcagna. The decorative character of the stars in plate twelve; the Leviathan and Behemoth in plate fifteen, grouped so as to recall a mediæval medallion or wood-carving; the trees, drawn always as they might be carved in the wood-work of an old church." There is a striking use made of the tables of the law in the eleventh plate, where the accuser, tormenting Job with doubts of God, hides from him and yet points at these stones. The plate, "When the Morning Stars Sang Together, and all the Sons of God Shouted for Joy," has for its emblematic border the map of the six days of creation. The texts

of Scripture, also, are used with admirable allusiveness. Over the first plate, for instance, where Job is presented in the innocence of his untried faith, are the words "Our Father Who Art in Heaven," while above the final plate, "So the Lord Blessed the Latter End of Job more than the Beginning," are the words "Great and Marvelous are Thy Works, Lord God Almighty, Just and True are Thy Ways, O Thou King of Saints!" as if the man, triumphant in his faith, were singing praises to the God who had made his submission victorious.

More significant still is the entire conception of these two plates as the beginning and close of the series. In the first, Job and his wife are seated with open books at the foot of an oak, surrounded by the seven sons and three daughters, Job reciting the Word of God, while his wife and children, with folded hands and uplifted faces, respond with worship. The sun is setting behind gentle hills, the moon rising over frowning mountains. Great flocks of cropping sheep extend back to the tents of the patriarch, and in the foreground rams, sheep, and lambs lie placidly before the human group. "Thus Did Job Continually," is the legend, and at the base of the decorative border is an altar with aspiring flame, while an ox and a ram show their heads at the corners of the border, awaiting sacrifice. Upon the face of the altar are the words "The Letter Killeth; the Spirit Giveth Life. It is Spiritually Discerned." This is the conception of childlike piety, unquestioning, untried, happy in its possessions, undisturbed by any dissension or any outward tumult. There are grown men among the sons, but all, young and old, carry on their faces the aspect of innocent purity. Turn, now, to the last plate. There is the same decorative border, as to lines and grouping, but the ram and ox have changed their places; the ram has a shepherd's crook by it, the ox has the head and action of a beast that is to live and not be slain. The fire on the altar is no longer a simple triple flame, but bursts out in animated vigor as having an undying power of its own, requiring no fuel or flesh to feed it, while upon the face of the altar are the words "In Burnt Offerings for Sin Thou Hast Had no Pleasure." Then, in the picture itself, the locality is the same; the great tree is in the center; the sun is now rising gloriously over gentle hills, the moon and stars are fading out in a gentle dawn. The creatures in the foreground are still there, but with alert, uplifted heads. Before,

there hung upon the tree lutes, harps, and viols, as instruments unused and unneeded by the simple worshippers; now, before and about the tree, Job, his wife, his sons and daughters, stand triumphantly singing and playing upon the uplifted instruments, or with scrolls of beauty flowing in their hands; between and among the forms we catch glimpses of the same flock as before, with an added life and playfulness.

This detailed analysis of the two plates will indicate something of the methods by which Blake expresses his conception, but it is the misfortune of most such analyses to suggest a certain mechanical and formalistic treatment. There is an archaic *naïveté* in Blake's handling of his theme here, partly his own native apprehension, partly the result of his artistic sympathies, but the very openness of the stratagem by which he captures the understanding in this interpretation of the Book of Job saves him from the charge of a perfunctory method. We have been compelled, in outlining the above plates, to force the contrasted parts into a dry enumeration of details, but the spectator, upon his first view of the engravings, sees only the lovely harmony of each; the unity in diversity which possesses them steals over him slowly and with enchanting grace. Indeed, rich as the series is in its moral suggestion, we are almost impatient with the showman who points this out, so entirely does the æsthetic interest of the plates

prevail. As examples of engraving they are marvels of beauty. "The 'Book of Job,'" says Mr. Ruskin in his "Elements of Drawing," "engraved by himself, is of the highest rank in certain characters of imagination and expression; in the mode of obtaining certain effects of light, it will also be a very useful example to you. In expressing conditions of glaring and flickering light Blake is greater than Rembrandt." "The engravings," we are told by Gilchrist, "are the best Blake ever did—vigorous, decisive, and, above all, in a style of expression in keeping with the designs, which the work of no other hand could have been in the case of conceptions so austere and primal as these."

It is fortunate that copies of the "Book of Job" exist in sufficient number to make it possible for students to get access to it. An excellent set is on exhibition at the Boston collection, and both private and public owners can easily be found. One is not, therefore, obliged to sing the praises of these wonderful designs to incredulous ears; the best of witnesses exist in support of the most enthusiastic words. One hesitates to characterize them, not from fear of speaking too strongly, but of entangling the subject with misleading and inadequate expression. Without this series, it may be said, Blake's career as an artist would fail of its ripe exhibition. These designs, by their form and character, come



THE COUNSELOR, KING, WARRIOR, MOTHER AND CHILD IN THE TOMB. (FROM AN ETCHING BY LOUIS SCHIAONETTI AFTER DRAWING BY WM. BLAKE, FROM BLAKE'S "GRAVE.")

specifically into place among the enduring works of art, and may be so examined; while much of Blake's other work is of a nature to illustrate rather a wayward artist

than one who moves in the great procession of erratic intelligence. They fitly complete a career at the other end of which stands the "Songs of Innocence."

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

THE apple-trees with bloom are all aglow—
Soft drifts of perfumed light—
A miracle of mingled fire and snow—
A laugh of Spring's delight!

Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
The valley's pure repose;
On mossy walls, in meadow nooks, they heap
Surges of frosted rose.

Around old homesteads, clustering thick,
they shed
Their sweets to murm'ring bees,
And o'er hushed lanes and way-side fountains spread
Their pictured canopies.

Green-breasted knolls and forest edges wear
Their beautiful array:
And lonesome graves are sheltered, here and there,
With their memorial spray.

The efflorescence on unnumbered boughs
Pants with delicious breath;
O'er me seem laughing eyes and fair,
smooth brows,
And shapes too sweet for death.

Clusters of dimpled faces float between
The soft, caressing plumes,
And lovely creatures 'mong the branches lean,
Lulled by faint, flower-born tunes.

A rude wind blows, and, as the blossoms fall,
My heart is borne away:
Fainter and fainter tender voices call
Of my enamored May.

Fainter and fainter—oh, how strange it seems,
With so much sweetness fled!
I go like one who dreams within his dreams
That, living, he is dead!



THE DOMINION OF CANADA. II.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY.



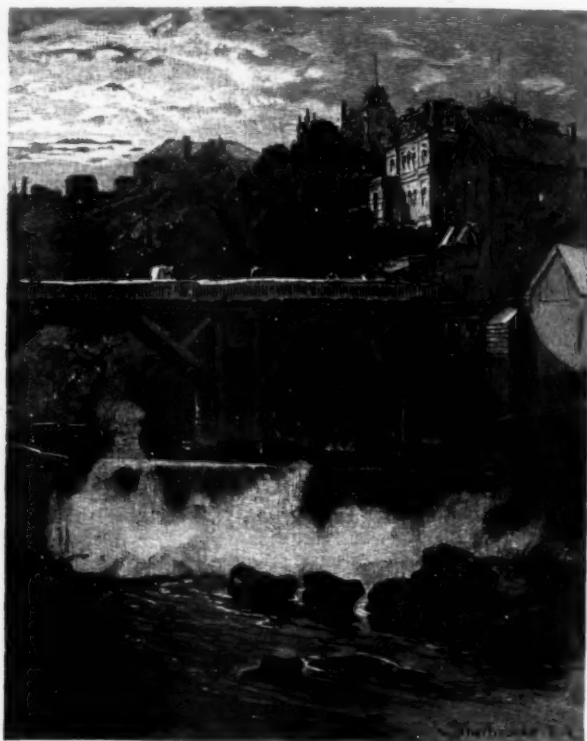
DYKE ON CANARD RIVER CUT BY THE ACADIANS ON THE DAY OF THEIR EXPULSION BY THE BRITISH.

THE political history of Canada is the history of a pupillage not yet completed. Hitherto the ever-broadening stage has been occupied with actors—not altogether uninteresting to the student of political development—whose work has been of a preparatory kind. The final act has yet to be played. The comparative calm, which has characterized the evolution of the drama so far, promises a peaceful, and that means a satisfactory, *denouement*; but it sometimes thunders out of a clear sky. At any rate, no one who regards his reputation as a seer would care to speak positively as to what the last act is likely to be. For while our foresight is generally determined by our hopes and wishes, we are warned that "it is the unexpected which is sure to happen." History does and does not repeat itself; and, from what the past has been, different men, therefore, draw contradictory inferences as to the future. The United States took up their position as a sovereign state after seven years' hard fighting. No one believes that the mother country would now fight seven minutes to retain any part of Canada, save, perhaps, Halifax on the Atlantic and Esquimaux on the Pacific coast; and this, not because she has less courage, but because she

has more wisdom; not that she loves Canada less, but that she loves freedom more. The question of our future is left to be settled by reason, and not by appeals to force; by our loyalty, and not by our fears. Great Britain owes her present hold of the self-governed colonies not to the strong hand of authority, but to the natural affection with which children love their parents; to their pride in a glorious history; to their attachment to a flag which has always been to them the emblem of protection ungrudgingly given; to their love of a Queen who incarnates in herself the unity of the Empire; to their desire to preserve the continuity of their national life; to their participation in the benefit of great warlike, scientific and literary achievements; to their admiration of a political constitution which, they believe, guarantees freedom more immediately and effectually than any other, while at the same time it secures a vigorous exercise of authority; and to that wholesome conservatism in human nature which causes us to recoil instinctively from unnecessary revolution. The question of our future does not press, and only theorists desire to precipitate a solution. True, our position is anomalous. We have no recog-

nized share in the conduct of international relations, whether of trade or diplomacy, or in determining the supreme questions of peace or war. We govern ourselves, yet are not independent. We are an integral part of the British Empire, yet we have been told, in effect, that we are free to secede whenever we choose to do so. We assert that we are now not simply a colony or dependency, but we are unable to define what we really are. I suppose we ought to be dissatisfied, but we are not. Occasionally we are reminded that we may be plunged into war at any time, without our having a word to say as to the why; but most of us are willing to leave this and other matters almost equally important in the hands of the Imperial

a political necessity. Perhaps the fact that as a people we are satisfied with our present undefined condition, shows our political immaturity. But those most conscious of strength are willing to wait, and are somewhat scornful of mere restlessness. In a word, Canadians are better satisfied with things as they are than with anything else that has yet been proposed. Further developments will ensue. Tendencies will work themselves out. We are moving onward, advancing steadily in the path of well-ordered freedom; and when the hour strikes for another advance, leaders will come to the front to guide us to the fulfillment of a destiny which only phrase-makers can now speak of as manifest. I desire to point out



SHERBROOKE.

Government. We feel that practically we are considered, and that as we have nothing better to propose than the present arrangement or want of arrangement, forbearance on our part is not only a political virtue but

how Canada, which was French to the core,—nothing but French, at the conquest of 1759, and which for the next three quarters of a century remained French to so great an extent that, in 1837, popular lead-

ers believed that an independent French nation could be built on the St. Lawrence,—has now become unquestionably, and with the consent of all, a British nationality. We shall thus be led to see that though nearly three and a half centuries have passed away since Jacques Cartier planted the cross at Gaspé, the Canada with which we have to do is but of yesterday; that she knows not yet what her future shall be; that she is

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet;"

and that, having no past of her own, her thoughts are all turned to the future,—a future that she can best prepare for by doing her duty in and to the present.

In 1791, Great Britain divided the old province of Quebec into two distinct colonies, called Upper and Lower Canada. With the exception of British residents in the cities, and the beautiful district known as the Eastern Townships, which received a large infusion of the American element, Lower Canada was French. Those Eastern Townships have always presented a striking contrast to the rest of the Province. The inhabitants are like New Englanders in their readiness to start manufactures. Sherbrooke, the capital of the district, is given over to mills, and the people are as proud of them as Parisians are of the Louvre. Cattle are raised on the stock-farms that vie with those of the most noted breeders of England. And the beauties of Lake Magog, and the Magog and the St. Francis rivers, are commended to the tourist with a zeal that generally has an eye to the main chance.

True to their instincts, the American and British residents of Lower Canada cried out from the first for a Representative Assembly. It was given, and before long they found that the gift was a rod for their own backs. No Englishman thenceforth could be elected to the Assembly unless he became French-Canadian in language and spirit. That, in



VIEW ON THE MAGOG RIVER.

itself, would have been easy, but unfortunately it committed him to a party led by men of no judgment. Visions of independence, of a north-west republic of Lower Canada, of "a great and powerful French nation," consisting of uneducated *habitants* scattered in a thin line along the banks of the St. Lawrence, floated before the minds of feather-headed popular leaders. Naturally enough, in such a case, the British minority took sides with the British Governor and Executive against the Representative Assembly, and what had been the

Liberal element in the Province became a Conservative party. To understand the dead-locks that occurred thereafter, it is necessary to explain that the government of Lower Canada, like that of the other Provinces, consisted then of three bodies; (1) a House of Assembly, composed of Representatives appointed for a term of years by the people; (2) an Upper House called the Legislative Council, consisting of gentlemen appointed by the Crown for life; (3) an Executive appointed by the Crown, and responsible to the Crown. The Governor, as head of the Executive, represented the Crown immediately and directly. From him and his Executive all patronage and honors flowed. This form of government was supposed to be modeled, and, in fact, to be an "exact transcript," from the British Constitution. The Assembly represented the House of Commons; the Legislative Council the House of Lords; and the Executive the Privy Council. It was exactly like what the Stuart kings imagined the British Constitution to be, but as like the British Constitution in the nineteenth century as chalk is like cheese. The House of Assembly could talk and petition, but without the co-operation of the Upper House it had little power. Legislation depended on the assent of the Council; and generally the Council sympathized with the Executive rather than with the demagogues who swayed the popular branch. Occasionally the Assembly and the Council might be animated by unity of sentiment and aim; but the members of the Council derived their places from the same source as the Executive; they represented the same social elements; and personal links united the two bodies. It can easily be seen that the Council and the Executive would be always an overmatch for the popular branch of the Legislature.

The Representatives of the people fretted continually under a sense of impotency. They could agitate and bait Governors, and they cultivated both arts with a remarkable measure of success; but the agitations effected little, and new Governors, though they might dispense hospitality more liberally, yet walked pretty much in the same paths as their predecessors. Such a system of government could not have endured long had the popular leaders been loyally desirous of securing its reform within the lines of their allegiance; but their disloyalty and childish dreams rallied against them the real strength of the Province; and though the *habitant* threw up his hat and cheered their voluble

speeches, and re-elected them to the Assembly as often as the Governor dissolved it, he had not, as a rule, the remotest idea of risking land or limb at their summons. We can estimate the character of their supporters from the petition presented by them to the Imperial Parliament in 1828. Eighty-seven thousand appended their names. Of these, only 9,000 could write; the rest made their marks. When it became evident that the leaders were bent on rebellion, their apparent strength withered in a few weeks. The influential seigneurs, the leading merchants, the Church, and two-thirds of the *habitants* ranged themselves in active or passive resistance to the mad enterprise. And when the rebellion actually sputtered into existence, it amounted to little more than poor Smith O'Brien's cabbage-garden fight in Ireland. To cheer eloquent speeches at a village tavern was one thing; to shoulder a musket was altogether another. The rebellion, however, though nothing in itself, led to important results. It was clearly impossible to govern Lower Canada longer on the old arbitrary system. The logic of events about the same time in Upper Canada, and in the maritime Provinces, also led irresistibly to the conclusion that self-government must be conceded all along the line. But it was equally impossible to hand over a whole colony, one, too, that controlled the mouth of the St. Lawrence, to the will of a majority of uneducated voters. The only solution that presented itself was to unite the two Canadas and to trust the people so united. In 1839, Lord Durham urged this policy on the Imperial Government, in a masterly report which his enemies said he had neither written nor read. Be that as it may, he advised the confederation of all the British American Provinces; but as practical difficulties put so vast a scheme out of the question—Halifax being then as far removed from Quebec as from Kam-schatka, for all practical purposes—he dropped that for the moment, and said, in effect, Unite the two Canadas into one Province, let the government of the Provinces be carried on according to the constitutionally expressed popular will, and base loyalty on the will of a loyal people. The majority of the French Canadians disliked the proposed re-union of the two Canadas; but this was a necessary part of the large, statesmanlike policy that had at length been agreed upon. The British Government acted on Lord Durham's report, and conceding to all the Provinces the principle of

responsible government, placed their destinies in their own hands. In criticizing them, let it not be forgotten that their history as self-governing communities commenced little more than thirty years ago.

Prior to 1840, all contests in Lower Canada were in reality contests of races, languages and religions. In Upper Canada and the other Provinces they were simply political, the struggles of a free-born and intelligent people to be allowed to govern themselves. For many years after its organization as a Province, political parties did not exist in Upper Canada. The House of Assembly, the Upper House, and the Executive worked together for the common good, as Romans did in the brave days of old, when

"None were for a party,
But all were for the State."

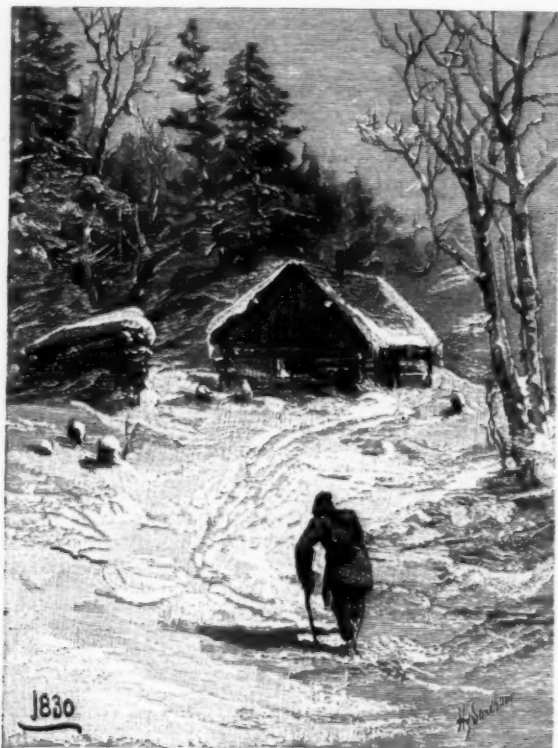
As the homespun Representatives wanted to get back to their farms as soon as possible, they wasted no time in speech-making, but pushed business through as rapidly as British forms permitted, and made excellent laws and regulations on every matter that came before them. The bulk of the people had enough to do with clearing their farms, and cared little for politics. But as population and wealth increased, and the probable future greatness of the new Province began to be understood, a ruling class, popularly known as "the Family Compact," grew up. Its growth was encouraged, for in high quarters it was dreamed that the constitution of society on an aristocratic basis would be the best way to save the Province from the wolf of democracy. This ruling class consisted of settlers of aristocratic pretensions, half-pay officers, scions of good families in England who had been sent out to fill offices, and leading men of the United Empire, —loyalists who had sacrificed everything for the Empire, and who hated republicanism with a hatred proportioned to the sacrifices they or their fathers had been compelled to make. Men of ability made a mistake similar to that which caused the division of Canada in 1791. Then, so great a man as Pitt thought that Lower Canada would most likely be preserved to the Crown by keeping it isolated from the democratic colonists who would eventually pour into the forests of Western Canada. The re-union of the Canadas fifty years afterward was the acknowledgment of a mistake that originated in a mistrust of the people. Penetrated with

the same profound distrust, the members of "the Family Compact," or those who inspired them, fancied that the only way to keep Upper Canada loyal was by fostering an aristocracy, and buttressing it with a Church establishment and an University fenced around with tests. Convinced of this, and actuated by the best of motives, men of refinement and learning, of probity and piety, toiled industriously to chain the popular giant with straw-ropes. When good men come to consider themselves and their offices the bulwarks of the constitution, their very selfishness assumes a holy tinge. "I must bring in a bill to reduce your salary to £5,000 a year," said a Prime Minister to a worthy Bishop. "B-but, my dear sir," exclaimed his horror-stricken Lordship, "w-what, then, will become of religion?" To patriots of this class, not only their own positions and salaries, but fungi or barnacles become portions of the ark. It is allowable to call men who propose to lay unhallowed hands on the sacred thing adventurers, and then disloyal, or sacrilegious wretches, in dealing with whom summary measures are permissible. "Turn him oot, turn him oot! never mind the laa!" impatiently cried Dr. Strachan, the Anglican Bishop of Toronto, in his broadest Aberdeen Doric, to a member of the House of Assembly who hesitated as to the legality of taking such a step with a political opponent. Englishmen who came to the Colony with prejudices in favor of everything British twined round every nerve and fiber, found a class in Toronto who looked upon them as only one or two removes from radicals. One Governor naively records his own experiences in this respect, and his easy conversion to the belief that the loyalty of the Province to the mother country depended on a cocked hat and the social dominance of a political church. After minutely detailing how he was snubbed by an official for his free-and-easy notions, he goes on to say:

"I could mention hearing many similar reproofs which I verbally received from native-born Canadians, especially one which very strongly condemned me for a desire I had innocently entertained to go once—merely as a compliment—to the Presbyterian Church, which, when quartered in Scotland, I had often attended; but I was gravely admonished by the son of the soil on which I stood that, although I ought to protect all churches, yet as the representative of the Established Church I ought to take part in no other service but my own; and a

few moment's reflection told me that he was right; and, as a further illustration of this transatlantic doctrine, I may state that when the bold, venerable and respected leader of the Church of England in Upper Canada was lately appointed Bishop of Toronto, he was not only immediately addressed by the title of 'My Lord,' but his humble dwelling was and to this day is designated 'The Palace,'* and so on, and so on. Was there

who with all their superior intelligence mistook bubbles and froth on the current for the river, the Imperial Government conceded the principle of responsible government—or, as its opponents called it, "Responsible Nonsense."† "Upper Canada," says Dr. Scadding, "in miniature and in the space of half a century, curiously passed through conditions and processes, physical and social, which old countries, on a large



A CANADIAN HOMESTEAD, 1830.

ever such twaddle? And his Excellency gravely gives these experiences to prove that Canadians longed, with intelligent longing, after a system of social and political inequality; and he greatly bewails the fact that neither of the political parties in England could be made to see Canada through the spectacles which the Toronto men had put on his own eyes. In spite of the opposition of Governors and Family Compact,

scale and in the course of long ages, passed through. Upper Canada had, in little, its primeval and barbaric but heroic era, its mediæval and high prerogative era, and then, after a revolutionary period of a few weeks, its modern, de-feudalized, democratic era.*** All men now acquiesce in the final issue of the social turmoil which for a series of years agitated Canada." Of these three eras, the first, I confess, has most charms for

* "The Emigrant," by Lieutenant Francis B. Head, pages 40-50.

† "Toronto of Old," page 435.



A CANADIAN HOMESTEAD, 1850.

me, though its heroic memories are of life struggles against strange and uncongenial environments, rather than of border wars and ambuscades. Its poet or historian has not yet appeared, and its memories are fading so fast from the minds of men that probably its records must remain forever unwritten. Pity that it should be so; for wilderness and backwoods life in Canada abounds in pictures infinitely varied in coloring, and in dramas full of poetic interest. In the old world, country life is the same from generation to generation. In a colony the scene shifts with amazing rapidity. After a few years' absence you go back to the old spot and find everything changed. The first period is one of savage wrestling with nature. The camporshanty of the lumberman is succeeded by the solid log-house of the settler. This is the time of logging and building "bees," and "bees" of all kinds, of hard drinking and "corduroy" roads. No beauty is seen in a living tree; it is every man's enemy. After this rude period comes a golden era. Thrown on their own resources, the inventive faculties are stimulated. Every young fellow becomes a thinker and inventor in his way. One constructs water-wheels or wind-mills, another cunning helps for the women-folk; a third makes gun-stocks or fiddles; a fourth puzzles his

brains over perpetual motion. Numbers go to college, or leave home to seek their fortunes in the world. In a few years more, the tides of the city's life find their way into the hitherto isolated spot, sweep over it and submerge the distinctive peculiarities. The place is "improved," but it is not the same dear old place, where every house was a club and every man a genius in his way. Of course, the social development of a colony depends not only on the fixed conditions of soil and climate, but on the class of emigrants it receives. The emigration to Upper Canada included representatives of all the classes that make up the composite society of Great Britain, and these mingled together in oddest fashion, for a colony, like misfortune, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Half-pay officers, and military men who, on account of the long peace after the Napoleonic wars, had no hope of rising in the army, gradually found their way to Upper Canada. Some, who had nothing before them in England but genteel starvation, and the contemptuous pity or dole of wealthier relations, heard that for the price of their commissions in whole or part they could become extensive land-owners. Ashamed to dig at home, it would be no degradation to work in a new country and on their own land. Unable to dig, they



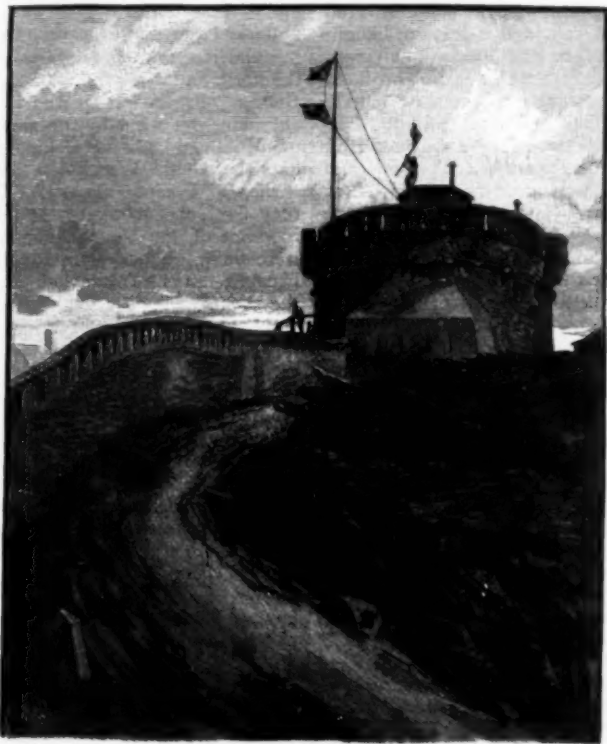
CAPE BLONDIN FROM GRAND FRÉ.

had the secret conviction that a gentleman, if he only put himself to it, could do anything better than a lout. Others heard that an old companion in arms had been appointed Governor, and that he had offices in his gift, or land grants of dimensions sufficiently magnificent to inspire the grantees with dreams of founding a family. The prospect of combining good fishing and shooting with profitable farming—most deceitful will-o'-the-wisp that ever danced—allured others. The possession of a gun and the being a good shot were—and always are to the ordinary farmer—temptations rather than advantages. Fifty or sixty years ago little was known of Upper Canada; and with the mingled pluck and bull-headedness characteristic of the true Briton, few cared to inquire into details before resolving to go out into an untrodden wilderness, where every condition of life was sure to be unlike those they had been previously accustomed to. They were taken by a popular cry, or they had read some tourist's book, and, trusting to the knowledge thus acquired, they took ship for the St. Lawrence, and rushed into the forest as confidently as Lord Chelmsford—prepared for every emergency by thor-

ough knowledge of his book of tactics—marched into Zulu-land. Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush" gives a capital account, due allowance being made for feminine screams of exaggeration throughout, of the kind of life lived by such gallant fellows and their families, and of the spell that the country throws around its adopted children, despite the rough welcome it gives them. For the exclamation of the French trader, "*Toujours en maudissant ce vilain pays, on y revient toujours*" (while cursing the vile country, one always returns to it), has proved true of Canada as of Africa in the case of almost every one who has once made his home in it. The emigrant of to-day to Manitoba and the north-west, I believe, has to run a terrible gauntlet of land speculators and kindred sharks at Winnipeg. In those days he met them at every starting-point into the interior. Escaping from them with less or more of damage, the journey to the promised Eden is commenced in a rough wagon, over corduroy roads and through mosquito-haunted woods. Such traveling almost finishes the tenderly reared wife, half broken down already with the long voyage and the discomforts of the emigrant ship, not to speak of the care of children without a serv-

ant to help. Hope, however, inspires her, for every hour brings them nearer their destination. At length Eden comes in sight, but it is not quite the place the agent represented. With sad hearts they unload the piano and the guns, the fishing-tackle and kitchen gear, among the stumps and blackened logs in the clearing, and the new life begins. At first they struggle to keep

houses of the respectable yeomanry, married into a lower class; and perhaps the old people, when their money was all spent and their spirit hopelessly crushed, had to accept the shelter and rude plenty of the boor's shanty. Numbers fared very differently. As cheerily as they had fought with Wellington in the Peninsula, they fought a life-battle with gloomy forest and dismal swamp,



YORK REDOUBT, HALIFAX HARBOR.

up the old forms and courtesies. Sooner or later, the struggle is for the bare necessities of life. We need not go into details. The story ends differently in different cases. The too severe ordeal drives one to whisky, and then the end is not far off. Another drifts back to a town, and perhaps is fortunate enough to get some government appointment or work that a gentleman can do. Some began by disdaining the old farmers and "dissenting" minister in their neighborhood. Their children, excluded from the

with fever and ague, with tropical heat, and cold that froze their bread and water beside the big chimney fire. We sons of the soil, who know how pleasant and healthful the climate is, can hardly realize how terribly it bore on people unprepared to meet its sudden changes and wide extremes. At first, everything combined against educated emigrants, military or civilian. Their tastes became their torments, and their supposed advantages proved stumbling-blocks. The poorest English Hodge or Irish Pat was

better suited for the bush. But after a few years things began to look brighter. The country prospered, and they prospered with its rapidly advancing prosperity. Land increased in value, and their investments turned out better even than they had hoped. Those who had brought with them a little capital and had known how to take care of it, could buy, sell, or lend advantageously. Education and refinement no longer handicapped them. In no country is superiority of any kind more readily acknowledged than in Canada, provided it does not haughtily assert or isolate itself, but willingly contributes to the common weal. The most jealously democratic community frankly concedes position and respect to the better-born and better-educated who claim nothing on the ground of prescription. Especially in a new country, the people in every district are glad to hear of any one coming to settle among them who is likely to be useful in any way. They may appoint a swell to the position of hog-reeve, but will touch their hats to the gentleman. It was always so in Canada. The class of men I have been describing benefited the country in many ways. They set examples that, as a rule, their neighbors were not slow to follow. They improved their buildings, drained the land, brought in superior stock and implements; moreover, they kept before the people higher ideals of life than the mere attainment of rude plenty. These men proved their superiority by being leaders of the community; their gentle blood by refinement, superior force of character, and higher aims; and in many parts of Canada they moulded society and raised its tone.

Of course, the great majority of the emigrants consisted of people from the lower walks of life—people whom the straitness of the Old World had driven in masses to the New—mechanics, small tenant farmers, laborers with no capital but their strong arms and half a dozen children, servants who intended to become masters and mistresses, and along with these, Adullamites from the States, and French Canadians whose fathers' farms would bear no further subdivision. The potato-famine in Ireland had little to do with peopling Upper Canada. Ulster has given us most of our Irishry, and better settlers than Ulstermen it would be difficult to find. On account of the ancient law or custom of tenant-right in their province, they could always get something for their improvements when leaving their old farms. Thus it happened

that they generally came out with a bit of money in purse or stocking, and right well did they know how to take care of the stocking. England contributed a large share of the immigration. From the Highlands of Scotland came clans in almost unbroken strength, led in some few cases by their natural leaders, in most cases, alas! thrust out from the loved glens, or "the dim shieling on the misty island," to give place to sheep, or to grouse, black-cock and deer. Both in the east and west of Ontario large districts are peopled entirely by Gaelic-speaking Highlanders; and in the north and east of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton you are pretty safe in addressing any man you meet by the name of Fraser or McDonald. The Celtic Highlanders, like the Celtic Frenchmen, emigrated together and kept together. They live as they fight, "shoulder to shoulder." Poor, ignorant of the climate, uneducated, they were flung on our shores and invited to become lairds of trackless forests. How they managed to exist, especially in the cruel winter, is a mystery. Their brotherliness and their magnificent *morale* sustained them. The thought that children and grandchildren would reap the fruit of their labors cheered their hearts, and the God of their fathers was to them a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Frugal, hardy, and in many cases God-fearing, they laid the foundations on which we are building. A virgin soil soon yielded them more generous fare than they had ever known before. The log hut and log byre gave way in a few years to the neat framed house painted outside and plastered within, with one or two big barns in the field near by; and, perhaps, before the old people were gathered to their fathers, the oldest son had built a brick or stone mansion for his Canadian bride. I have sometimes seen on the same farm the three houses, log, frame and brick, and have heard the owner of all three declare that his happiest days were spent in the first. Nothing is sweeter to old age than the memory of hardships endured in a good cause.

We get glimpses, in "Roughing it in the Bush" and Doctor Cunningham Geikie's "Life in the Woods," of the constitution of society in different parts of Upper Canada during the period when the stream of emigration was flowing strongly. Such works help us to understand the political history of the Province and to forecast its probable development. Quebec, though

Canadian in a very pronounced degree, glories in tracing its ancestry to France, and still appeals to French models in everything. A vigorous English-speaking minority gives variety to its social, educational and religious life, and tone to its commercial and political action; but unfortunately very little fusion takes place between the two races. The two streams run side by side without commingling. Upper Canada has been strongly British from the beginning, and each addition to its population has helped to make it, if possible, still more strongly British. Considering the selected stock from which they have sprung, we have a right to expect much from such a population. Clearly, a body politic, made up in great part of energetic and aspiring emigrants, must be far superior to an ordinary community in the mother country. The bolder spirits are the first to emigrate, and this holds true, to a certain extent, with respect to the educated as well as to the uneducated classes of emigrants. The privations at the outset and the entirely new conditions of life, on the one hand, involve a struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, and, on the other hand, they serve to stimulate the general intelligence and excite ambition. The community of necessity becomes acute, self-reliant and progressive. It is willing to try political experiments, for every individual has unlimited confidence in himself, but at the same time it is essentially conservative, because three men out of four are land-owners. To entertain political distrust of such a society showed profound ignorance of its constituent elements and of human nature. To imagine that self-government could be denied to such a population any longer than it was itself indifferent about the possession of the right, was a blunder that might have been attended with far more disastrous consequences than actually resulted. The people of Upper Canada proved their fitness for self-government from the hour it was conceded to them. They organized, all over the Province, County and Township Councils. These are the basis of the whole political and educational edifice. Their range is very extensive, including roads, common and high schools, county courts, jails, and all local purposes whatsoever. They are the truest organs of popular sentiment, and the best possible training-schools for higher political life.

The political history of the maritime Provinces—the old Acadie—resembles in

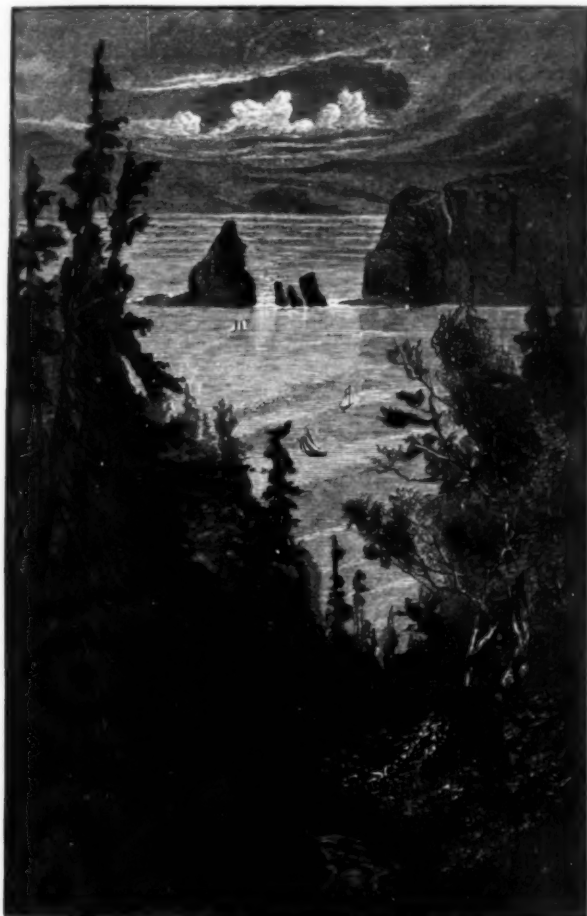
all leading features that of the two Canadas. I can barely refer to their general history. The last bit retained by France was the picturesque island of Cape Breton; and to that she held on till the capture of Quebec by Wolfe put an end to her long rule in North America. A winter port was a necessity as long as she intended to retain Canada. Driven by the New Englanders again and again from Port Royal, and obliged to cede Nova Scotia, by treaty, to Great Britain, she fortified Louisburg in Cape Breton at immense cost, and from this stronghold was ever ready to strike at Acadie and New England, or sail to the succor of Canada when returning spring opened up the winter-barred gateways of the St. Lawrence. Proudly her flag floated over Louisburg and Quebec, the twin fortresses that guarded her vast wilderness realms and linked them to the might of old France. Zealous priests proved themselves the same efficient allies in the maritime Provinces that they had always been in the West; and as often as Louisburg or Quebec gave the signal, Micmac and Melicete Indians and Acadian French armed for sudden foray or regular war. Nova Scotia, though nominally British, was thus a thorn in the side of New England, instead of the effectual shield it could be made by a vigorous colonization policy. In answer to petitions from New England urging this policy, Great Britain sent out an expedition in 1749, with a large body of emigrants. They arrived off the harbor of Chebucto on the 21st of June, and at once began to build the city of Halifax. The Hon. Edward Cornwallis, who accompanied the expedition as the future Governor of the Province, convened on board ship in the harbor a council of five gentlemen—afterward increased in number to twelve—to act as his executive, and to discharge all the functions of government. Halifax now became and has continued to be the capital of Nova Scotia, an honor to which its central position, natural strength, magnificent harbor, and facilities for trade entitle it. Ships approach from the ocean by an entrance invitingly broad. At the mouth, a large island acts as a buffer against the Atlantic rollers. At the eastern side of this island the passage is intricate and not very deep. At the western, a beach, shown by an ancient lighthouse, runs out in the direction of the mainland leaving a deep, open entrance to the harbor, wide enough in time of peace for the ships of the world, and yet so narrow that in war it could be protected at short notice

by torpedoes. On the mainland opposite the beach, York Redoubt—a venerable fort with a formidable modern battery on the seaward face—crowns a high, steep bluff, its armament of nine and ten-inch guns sweeping the approaches for miles with shot and shell, not quite as big as a barrel of flour, but somewhat heavier. Inside, in the very throat of the harbor, St. George's Island lies, with bold, erect front, like a watch-dog on the threshold of the house, ready and able to demolish the intruder who has stolen past York Redoubt; and on the large outer island, and the high shores, and in the woods of the mainland on both sides, batteries are sleeping which an electric flash would awaken in an instant, and the cross-fires from which ought to be able to sink monitor, ironclad, or anything else that floats. By this time, too, the citadel might have something to say. Up from the heart of the business portion of the city the bare slopes of the glacia rise 250 feet above the level of the wharves, the granite walls on the summit crowning the whole city in queenly fashion; and from such a vantage ground good guns could not be silent, were the least occasion given. Royal engineers and artillery, supported by volunteer artillerymen good enough to be mistaken for regulars, are on hand to man forts and batteries; and two regiments of the line are always stationed in Halifax. These and the West India fleet supply society with a steady, ever-changing stream of fine young fellows, invaluable in the meantime at lawn-tennis and dances. When Britain showed that she meant to make Nova Scotia British, the old French Acadians had no choice left but open resistance or genuine submission. They could not remain as traitors in the camp, as tools to be used and laid aside as French interests required. Unfortunately, they did not seem to understand this, but acted as if they could run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. So, after repeated provocations, several hundred families were expatriated, and their lands and live stock confiscated to the Government. This cruel act—if defended at all, defensible only as a war measure—would have probably been forgotten long ago but for Longfellow. Thanks to him, it will live in men's memories as long as the sad story of Gabriel and Evangeline is read. The poet took the poor Acadians under his wing for a moment, and they became immortal. He touched the Grand Pré, and made every meadow and dyke beautiful with a new beauty.

There are lakes in Scotland lovelier than Loch Katrine, and when, after driving in a close coach through the Trosachs, the prosaic tourist gets to Callander, he wonders why he left home. But has not genius transmuted for him common into sacred things? What Scott has done for him once and in one place, he may now do for himself, perhaps in a rude, unconscious fashion, at all other times and in every other place. He has learned the simple lesson that poetry is not in nature, but in the seeing eye; and thenceforth "the light that never was on sea or land" may shine a little round his own farm and his own fireside. In some such way has Longfellow glorified the Basin of Minas. Every year tourists flock to see Evangeline's country. In truth, were it only for the sake of the holiday they could not do better. The wise Acadians had found or lighted upon the garden of Nova Scotia. Fairer scenes the eye seldom looks upon than the Valley of the Gaspereau, or that wider expanse seen from Lookout, or almost any point on the North or South Mountain. This is the lovely Annapolis Valley where, as Joseph Howe used to boast exultingly, "you can ride for fifty miles under apple-blossoms." The tidal waters of the great Bay of Fundy rushing along the coast outside, seeking for admission into the heart of the Province, have found an opening, three miles wide, between the huge trap needles of Cape Split and a cape on the opposite shore. Swirling round Cape Split, and pressing through the narrow passage like a mill stream, the turbid waters peacefully expand into the Basin of Minas. The broad basin reposing at your feet looks like a wide-opened hand, sending out long, beneficent fingers all round into the heart of a grateful country. One of these fingers touches the valley of the Cornwallis, and into its tips stream the tidal rivers dyked by the old Acadians. On these fat and fair dyked lands dwells another race, with other customs and language—in large, modern farm-houses, embowered in roses and honeysuckle. In fancy, you can rebuild the old thatched cottages beside ancient apple-trees, and tall poplars, and young willows branching widely out from decayed roots,—sure signs of the former inhabitants. At Grand Pré the first person you meet points where the sturdy blacksmith's shop stood, and the village church, and the wells, and the once well-filled cellars, now only grass-grown depressions pockmarking the face of green fields. The great features of the landscape are still

the same;—the vast meadows reclaimed from the sea, and worth from one hundred to four hundred dollars an acre, the orchards and corn-fields “spreading afar and unfenced” o’er the plain; while away to the

Canard River, not one from Grand Pré to Annapolis Royal. Farmers from New England received the reclaimed lands; and their grandchildren—a race as little likely as their ancestors to surrender their fathers’



CAPE SPLIT, BAY OF FUNDY.

North, across the Basin of Minas, grand old Blomidon uplifts to the sky his dark, cindery forehead over bright red sandstone, and scatters agates and amethysts at his feet. Not one Frenchman is to be found where everything reminds us of them and of their handiwork. You meet their descendants almost everywhere else in Old Acadie—from Cheticamp to Clare, from Chezzetcook to the Bay Chaleur; but not one on the

inheritance—now raise potatoes for the New England of to-day, and build ships from the forest primeval on Cape Blomidon, and not only build but own and sail them on every sea.

Passing to the political history of the maritime Provinces, we find that it centers round the same transition to popular government that is the one thing interesting in the political development of the Upper Prov-

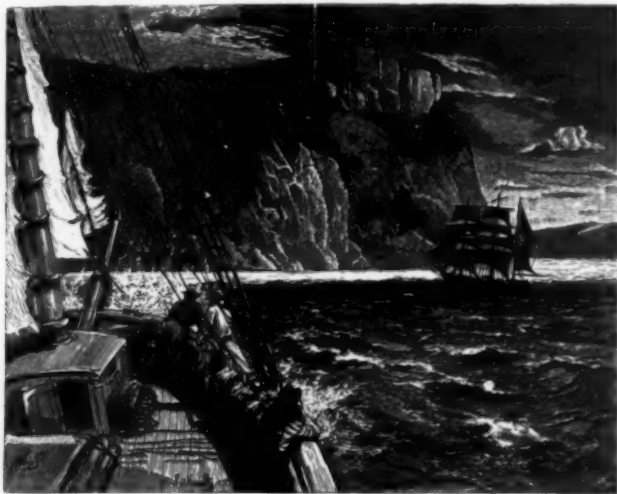
inces. Here, fortunately, the transition took place without an attempt at rebellion, though nowhere was the contest waged with more political acrimony than in Nova Scotia. Nowhere was the old system so strong, because nowhere else had it existed so long, or been administered with more efficiency, and nowhere else was it buttressed and beautified by so many local and accidental supports. Halifax in those days was the Province. As compared with Quebec, Kingston or Toronto, it was near Great Britain. The harbor was open all the year round, giving unbroken communication with the mother country. The presence of a garrison and the fleet led a number of English gentlemen to settle in the city; and the children of these and of civilian first families entered the army, navy or civil service, where many highly distinguished themselves. A visit to St. Paul's Church, the oldest wooden church I know, and a glance at the inscriptions on the marble slabs that cover its inner walls, show how old a history the city has, and the many distinguished names recorded in its annals. In no other city in British America did there exist an aristocracy that combined such power, refinement, social prestige and real ability. The bench and bar, the church and college, the magistracy and great mercantile interests, the bank, the army, the navy and "society," all contributed to strengthen the old political edifice. It looked well; and as the people of Nova Scotia were loyal and generally contented, there seemed no reason why it should not endure for generations, even though changes were made elsewhere. So its advocates pleaded. They tossed the other Provinces to the wolf of reform. New Brunswick they declared Yankee in spirit, Lower Canada French, and Upper Canada hopelessly democratic; but Nova Scotia was a pure and perfect chrysolite. No wonder that they scouted all mention of union with such Provinces, and that they vehemently attacked Lord Durham's report, chiefly on the ground that his lordship recommended such an union. The peninsula of Nova Scotia they thought could stand by itself, even though all the rest of British America fell a prey to the spoiler. How wise the great little men of Pumpnickel always are! But the men who stand on the hill-top afar off can see better than those who are fighting hand to hand in the smoke. When the time had come for conceding self-government to the British Provinces, it had to be conceded all along the line. The destiny

of one must be the destiny of all; and, in 1847, it was finally decided that the Provinces themselves must determine for themselves what that destiny should be.

The political history of the Provinces for the next twenty years has little to interest outsiders, though political leaders in each, after their manner, assured the intelligent voters, from time to time, that the eyes of the world were upon them. Matters connected with their own internal development claimed their attention: the establishment of free schools; the principles on which colleges and universities should be established or maintained; the abolition of every relic of feudalism from the tenure of land; the building of canals round the Falls of Niagara and the rapids of the St. Lawrence, for the sake of their own trade and the development of their own resources, as well as to attract the trade of the Northwestern States to the natural channel of the St. Lawrence; the building of railways in every direction; the best means of promoting more intimate commercial intercourse with the United States,—measures intensely interesting to the Provinces concerned, and subjects for unlimited discussion between the ins and the outs, but of no particular interest to any one else in the world. Each of the three maritime Provinces had its own difficulties, the solution of which proved the mettle of its politicians. The re-united Province of Canada had very peculiar difficulties of political dead-locks, dual leaderships and double majorities, resulting mainly from the different races in the Province being so nearly matched. Different governments and separate systems of taxation and finance kept all four Provinces apart from each other. But, notwithstanding family difficulties and isolation, all made material progress. They undertook great public works, in order to cheapen the means of conveyance and communication between the far distant productive parts of the country and distributing centers. These cost immense sums, but the Provincial governments went fearlessly into debt, and the result has vindicated the bold policy. If they had not undertaken or encouraged such works, the development of the country would have been indefinitely postponed. Extreme free traders assailed the policy in the assured tone of men contending for a theory, or a religion, or their own interests. They declared that railways, canals, and every other good thing would be built by capitalists whenever there was a demand for them sufficient to

make the investment profitable; that if the investment would not be good for the capitalist it could not be good for the country; and that to tax the whole country for the sake of a portion of the people was unjust. As the Province of Canada, in particular, went on increasing duties on British goods, loud and repeated murmurs arose from Manchester. British newspapers declared that Canada systematically increased duties with

would not wait. They saw side by side with them another people building gigantic works, generally with money borrowed from Britain, and advancing in population and wealth with rapid strides, and they felt that, instead of lagging longer behind, they should take a leaf from their book. At the same time the sentiment of nationality began to stir in their breasts. The war between the North and South,—the issue of which proved



CAPE BLOMIDON.

hostile intentions to the industrial interests of the mother country, and with a view to follow the benighted policy of the United States. A few years showed that the legislation so bitterly complained of had developed trade with the mother country. What was a duty of twenty per cent. compared to the fifty to two hundred per cent. practically imposed before, by the cost of conveying goods from Britain to the consumers on the lakes, and to the heavy charges, on the other hand, that the grain, timber, and other products of the Provinces were subjected to in the absence of facilities of communication and transportation before reaching the British market? The book-learned free trader answered readily enough that that simply proved that the time had not come for the development of Canada, and that duty to the universe demanded that it should wait patiently for a century or two, when its day was sure to come. The people immediately concerned

that the United States were determined to be one nation,—with the immense popular and patriotic enthusiasm evoked in the struggle, quickened similar sentiments in the British Provinces. In 1864, the next great move in their political development, namely, their confederation, for the first time assumed practical shape. Local difficulties in Canada had made confederation, as far as this Province was concerned, almost a necessity; and although at first the maritime Provinces opposed the project, New Brunswick on second thought gave a popular vote in its favor, and then the legislature of Nova Scotia voted yea, by a large majority. In the legislature of the Province of Canada, confederation was declared feasible and desirable by 70 yeas to 17 nays, not one member of British origin being among the nays. A strong opposition to the project was promptly organized in Nova Scotia, with the Hon. Joseph Howe—long popularly known as "Joe" Howe—at its head.

He had been the idol of Nova Scotians during the contest for responsible government, and in those days and afterward had spoken and written many eloquent words concerning the future of an united British America. He had done more than almost any other man—except, perhaps, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the author of "The Felon Flag of England,"—to inspire the youth of British America with love of country, as something immeasurably higher than mere Provincialism. Actuated by a variety of motives, Howe resolved to oppose confederation. He went into the fight without reserve. He set the heather on fire, but all in vain. Opposition was hopeless. The time had come. To fancy that Nova Scotia could have remained out in the cold, with all the rest of British America grouped into one confederacy, or, as Sir John A. Macdonald put it, "to wreck the ship for the

chance of saving one of the pieces," was a policy no one would have laughed at more heartily than he himself, in his better days. The Imperial Parliament passed the act, and the Queen appointed the first of July, 1867, as the day on which the Dominion of Canada should commence its existence. Howe secured "better terms" for Nova Scotia than those originally proposed, and then accepted a seat in the cabinet. For the last twelve years, Canada has been not merely the ancient French Province, nor Upper and Lower Canada united into one, but a dominion, now including seven Provinces and two Territories, bounded on three sides by three oceans, and on the fourth mainly by the water shed of the continent. We are young, but hopeful and lusty; big enough to hold fifty, though as yet counting less than five, millions of people.



YE LUXURIOUS ACADIAN.

THACKERAY AS A DRAUGHTSMAN.

THE instances are so few of a popular writer illustrating with pictures his own literary productions, that any prominent case is worthy of attention. In the case of Thackeray, the generally recognized merit of the literary work, the wide popularity it enjoys, and the ready admission it has received into the rank of classical English writing, give to the pictures which the author himself scattered over his pages, an especial interest. Thackeray was not sparing of his sketches. During the thirty years of his manhood he was always making memoranda of faces and groups, taking notes by the way, not, indeed, too accurate, not showing

very profound insight, perhaps, but still clever, amusing and lively. During the years from twenty-one to twenty-six, he thought about an artist's life; at first as a man of some property and perfect leisure, afterward as one who had lost everything but youth and intellect, and who had his career to choose. After he had chosen, or drifted into, a literary life, and during all the years that followed, while he wrote caricature sketches, squibs, stories, poems, grotesques, and half-a-dozen long novels, the author's pen constantly served him as a sketching tool. Not only was the greater part of his literary work interspersed with



Rex.

Ludovicus.

Ludovicus Rex.

NO. 1.—AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

his own designs, but his children and friends found amusement in the constant flow of his queer fancy, in drawings more or less humorous, more or less pathetic, never highly finished, never technically skillful, but generally full of a certain native vigor, and often expressive and significant.

There is no life of Thackeray. There are three partial memoirs of him worth consulting; that of Dr. John Brown, reprinted in "Spare Hours," and also in Mr. Stod-

dard's "Anecdote Biography"; that of Mr. Anthony Trollope, forming part of the "English Men of Letters" series; and the book called "Thackerayana," avowedly an attempt to preserve some record of his dispersed library, and of the odd sketches on the margins of its books, but giving much information besides. These different authorities have helped us to string our remarks upon a chronological thread. But in none of them and nowhere else has been preserved any record of the early editions of his books, or of the many writings scattered through the pages of different periodicals, but either never reprinted or reprinted only in part. Nor has any writer spoken of his drawings except casually, and in general terms of admiration. Therefore, there remains plenty to say that will be new. No work of Thackeray's will be spoken of or quoted here except at first hand; and, moreover, it is believed that every single published design of his has been examined in its original form and place, except the few contained in one little book which the writer has never been fortunate enough to possess, or even to meet with.

It is a curious tale Mr. Trollope tells (attributing it to Dickens, who must have told it in some speech or address after Thackeray's death, but not in the "In Memoriam" in the "Cornhill Magazine"), that in 1835, when Thackeray was twenty-four years old, and had just achieved the expending and scattering of his inheritance,



NO. 2.—ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQUIRE.

VOL. XX.—18.

he proposed to Dickens to illustrate that author's next book. But, in 1835, Dickens had published nothing, at least no "book"; for "Sketches by Boz" did not appear in book form till later, and "Pickwick" not for two or three years.* They were boys—that is about the truth—boys who dreamed, the one of success as a writer, the other more especially of the graphic arts, painting, or what not. Dickens was a year younger than Thackeray, but was already sure of his career, and setting his foot forward. In three years he was to be famous, and to have an assured position. Thackeray, on the other hand, played with his own powers and with the varied possibilities of youth and conscious ability for ten or twelve years before he gained great success,—before the impulse came which was to guide him to a great success. And during all those years he played with drawing as well as with literature. His first independent publication was a series of drawings published in lithography, without text other than legends. It does seem that he was strongly inclined toward art;—perhaps it was only because he drew too badly to get employment as a designer that we ever got "Esmond" from him. For that he did draw badly at this time there can be no doubt. He never became a complete draughtsman, nor anything approaching to it, but some of his work in after life was far better than that produced before he was thirty years old.

In fact, it is hard to select an illustration representing these early years; each one that seems characteristic or interesting is so out of drawing that the selection of it would seem unfair. And then they are ugly, downright ugly, and disfigure the page. Of course, so far as authenticity goes, it is better to select an etching than a wood-cut; the one is probably by the designer's own hand throughout, the other of necessity has passed through the hands of an engraver, who may well have changed it somewhat in character. But, on the other hand, the process of etching, although only in line, may have been difficult to Thackeray; it seems that it must have been so. In that case, his work upon copper would be less good than his freely made pencil sketches. Certain it is that the etchings of 1837 and

the following years, such as are to be found in the volumes of "Frazer's Magazine," or gathered together in "The Paris Sketch Book," are exceptionally poor. Those illustrating the stories of "Cartouche" and "Griskinissa" are total failures, not only in drawing, artistic composition, etc., but also as failing to tell the story,—as being feeble renderings of the scenes chosen. The one we reproduce (cut No. 1) is by far the best in the "Paris Sketch Book," because a successful *jeu d'esprit*, and not needing much mastery in drawing nor any in grouping and arrangement. The well-known portrait of Louis XIV. by Rigaud, or the engraving from it by Pierre Drevet, has served as the hint for this most clever squib. The bad side of the Great King and his kingship, the vanity of the prince and the self-abasement of his flatterers, the pomposity of his surroundings and the inhuman remoteness of his position,—all of that is well suggested in the original picture, and all of it is well analyzed and well ridiculed in the travesty. But for the rest of the designs in this book or of this epoch, they are better passed by. The singular thing is that Thackeray should have been willing to use them. That he should make such designs at all, at the age of twenty-seven, seems to argue a less strong feeling for art than has generally been attributed to him, for one who feels the value of fine design must of necessity see something of the difference between it and feeble design, and realize the relative value of his own work. But that he should publish them is amazing! Think, too, what admirable work he was doing at this time as a writer. During the two years before these feeble designs were made, he had been contributing to "Frazer" the Yellowplush Papers, including "Miss Shum's Husband," the frightful tragedy of Mr. Deuceace, "Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew," and also those admirable "Epistles to the Literati," in which, as in the former collection, justice is done to that great novelist, Sawed-georgearlittbulwig. Perhaps no very subtle analysis was necessary to pick to pieces "The Sea Captain" or "The Diary," and Bulwer's youthful absurdities have been perceived by other writers than Mr. Yellowplush: that is not the point. These papers are exceedingly well written,—they are real works of art,—and he would be a bold man who should suggest a modification of a sentence. And when we compare with such work as that the lifeless design and utterly bad drawing of the pictures of the

* The writer is assured by an English friend that this story was well known in London twenty years ago, with the addition that Dickens gravely assured the aspirant that his work was not good enough, and that he ought to abandon all thoughts of making art a pursuit.

same time, we have only to renew the expression of our amazement.

But something better was to come, for there was in Thackeray a power of burlesque fun, and a power of simple, domestic pathos, expressible in design as well as in words, and when fortune bade him work at such things as he was fitted for, he did well in despite of lack of power to draw. In 1841 was published "Comic Tales and Sketches, edited and illustrated by Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh." The first volume gives the papers of Mr. Yellowplush in full, as in "Frazer." The second contains "Some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan," since often reprinted; "The Professor, a Tale of Sentiment," of which the famous oyster-eater Dando is the hero, and which is not generally included in collected editions or reprinted volumes, though as good fun as any of those that are more common; "The Bedford Row Conspiracy," and "The Fatal Boots." Major Gahagan and the Bedford Row story were reprinted from the "New Monthly Magazine," the others from "Frazer," except always the last-named, which came out in "The Comic Almanac" for 1838. But there were two stories by Thackeray in "The Comic Almanac" in immediate succession—the above-named diary, in 1838, and another diary in 1839,—*videlicet*, that of Mr. Coxie Tuggeridge Coxie. Why did Mr. Titmarsh select one and not the other for his new volumes? Those two journals, each with twelve etchings by the great George Cruikshank, filled the almanac for those two years. Mr. Titmarsh, in his preface to his two volumes which are now under consideration, says that "if the author has not ventured to make designs for it, as for the other tales in the volumes, the reason is that the 'Boots' have been already illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank, a gentleman with whom Mr. Titmarsh does not quite wish to provoke comparisons." The designs in this book are very amusing, although as full of faults in drawing as a child's scrawls on a slate. The illustrated title-page is especially clever, with full-length portraits of the three authors, Mr. Titmarsh, Mr. Yellowplush and the Major.

In the same year, 1841, "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" came out in "Frazer." There are stories of its having been rejected by other magazines, of its having seemed, even to the accepting editor, too long, and of its having been cut down. Can it be that the delicate charm, the gentle humor, the refinement of this exquisite story, were

so slow in finding a market? Mr. Trollope thinks, and no doubt rightly, for all the testimony is with his view, that Thackeray was his own worst enemy at this time; that he was indolent, and not a good, steady workman; that he was doubtful about his own powers and about the work he had best do. All this may be so, but all this does not suffice to explain the lack of success of the two volumes of burlesques, and of this last-named masterpiece of good story-telling and simple pathos. How do we explain the fact that in this year, 1841, he had still five years to wait for recognized success? It is a pity that such success came so slowly and so late, for the results of those years of anxiety and delay are to be found in that persistent melancholy and constant iteration of gloomy thoughts about men and women which is so sad and so annoying. The story of "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" is by Samuel Titmarsh, brother of the artist Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who contributes the illustrations, which are engraved on metal in an odd sort of fashion. The main lines of the design seem to be produced by ordinary etching, but the design made in this way is little more than an outline. Then all parts of the picture which are not to be in high light are covered with a pale tint of fine ruled lines. It is an unusual style of engraving, but lends itself to the sketchy character of the designs.*

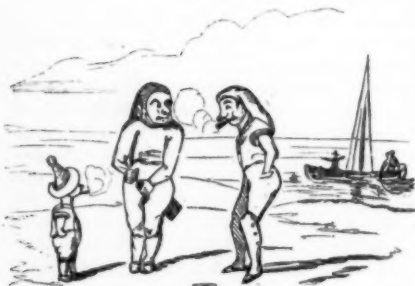
In 1842 and in 1843, in "Frazer," were published without pictorial illustration the "Fitz-Boodle Papers," "Dickens in France," with the comical travesty of "Nicholas Nickleby" into a popular drama of the *Café Chantant* type, and "Bluebeard's Ghost,"—in which the disconsolate widow bewails, like a pious relict, the martial virtues of the defunct. The contributions to "Frazer" are, in these years, of less relative importance than previously, and none are known to us in other monthly journals. A chance had been offered to Thackeray, which, fortunately, he seized with readiness. "Punch" had been started in 1841, and after some early struggles for life, and after changing hands from its original publishers to those who have held it firmly ever since, began its third volume in July, 1842, with Thackeray among its contributors. Whether anything of his had

* Mr. Trollope says that these designs were not by Thackeray at all. But Mr. Trollope has not been particular about accuracy in little matters. There are many slips in his book, and this must be one of them.

been printed before in "Punch," we do not undertake to say. A tolerable acquaintance with the first and second volume has not informed us of any. But in the first number of the third volume begin "Miss Tickletooby's Lectures on English History," the



NO. 3.—"SHERRY, PERHAPS!"



NO. 4.—"RUM, I HOPE."



NO. 5.—"TRACTS! BY JINGO."

text and designs of which are admitted on all hands to be Thackeray's work. The first picture is an ornamental W, not very important; the second is the famous portrait of Adolphus Simcoe, Esq., which, often spoken of as it is, we must needs reproduce in cut No. 2. This picture raises

the question, which, unfortunately, can never be satisfactorily answered, how far the wood-engravers modified his designs. This figure, for instance, is more complete in its drawing, less carelessly tossed off,—not as if the most startling errors in anatomy, in posture and in dress were of no consequence,—than are the etchings. If he made this drawing on the block, as is most probable, we can only conclude that he took some unusual pains to get it right. "Miss Tickletooby's Lectures" go on; in each number there is an installment of the text, and usually a picture or two. It is all sufficiently amusing, but in the sixth number is an especially important lecture. A poem is quoted from "Snoro the Bard (so called because of the exciting effect which his poem produced upon his audience)," and a manuscript is carefully cited for the original text, which has never been reprinted since this appearance in "Punch." And there follows another, the well-known song of King Canute from the same MS. ("Claud. xxvii., xxviii."), and "translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by Adolphus Simcox [*sic*]. Esq." With this there is "an Anglo-Saxon drawing * * * never seen" before. The poem, unaltered, but not the drawing, is in "Rebecca and Rowena," published eight years later.

The next half-dozen lectures have each a picture or two; but the technical merit, such as it is, of Mr. Simcoe's portrait is not found in them; the sketches are only farcical. Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond have only such fun as is to be found in contrasting types of ugliness, King Richard's soldiers have modern English uniforms, and Blondell carries a barrel-organ; we are glad to find, farther on, the "Englishman with cloth-yard shaft," who is a very good counter-jumper with his well-known weapon. At this point the "Lectures" suddenly cease; nor do we recognize our artist again until, in the next volume, the first for 1843, there appears a letter inclosing two designs, and signed "Alonzo Spec, Historical Painter." The designs hitherto have not often been signed in any way; the cipher M. A. T., in the title-page of "Comic Tales and Sketches," is not common; another cipher, with W. T. for William Thackeray, occurs, but is also rare. But in the larger of Mr. Spec's two designs, he himself holds in his hands the pair of spectacles which were to become a signature as well known as the Leech in the Bottle. In this same Vol. IV. of "Punch," on page

199, is "A Turkish Letter concerning the *Divertissement 'Les Houris,'* translated by our own Dragoman," which has a cut—the earliest one we know of with that mark in the corner. There is not much of Thackeray's work in that volume: Douglas Jerrold is in great force with two of his continued or "serial" papers, and seems to fill the whole journal with his personality, while the illustrations are by Kenny Meadows, Leech and Hine. Still, there is a second Turkish letter, but the little cut in this has no signature. In the fifth volume are one or two cuts, evidently from Thackeray's designs, not signed; then, on page 184, is a poem, "Recollections of the Opera," which is an imitation of Panard's "Merveilles de l'Opéra," though not a translation of any part of it; also a ballad, "The Flying Duke," to each of which are illustrations with the spectacles in the corner. Are the poems by Thackeray? They must be, though they are not included in any edition of his works. Among the Thackeray cuts in this volume are the originals of our cuts Nos. 3, 4 and 5. An indignant letter from the Regent of Spain, Baldomero Espartero, quotes from the "Times" as follows:

"The agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles *securely corked*; and * * * floated toward the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them upon their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contained are *supposed to have been read with much interest*;"

it then goes on to object to these performances of the "Tractistiero dissentero contrabandistiero," or Dissenting-tract smuggler. The pictures explain sufficiently the point of view from which his Highness the Regent looks at these transactions.

In this year, 1843, appeared "The Irish Sketch Book," in two volumes. This book also is by M. A. Titmarsh, though the dedication to Charles Lever is signed W. M. Thackeray. It is the simple record of a journey in Ireland, and is not as much read as it ought to be. The narrative is delightfully rapid and easy, the comments on what was new and strange are judicious, even in treating the difficult question of Irish poverty and shiftlessness, as contrasted with what is poor and forlorn in other lands. The author is discreet, moderate, successful. Throughout the book there is almost nothing of that dreary way of looking at people and their actions which already had become a fashion with Thackeray, and was

soon to be an irresistible habit. But, good as is the "Irish Sketch Book," the best part of it is the poem of "Peg of Limavaddy," a gem well known to many people who have not found it in its original setting. But how much more delightful it is—any poem is—in its place! There ought to be a law against taking "Young Lochinvar" out of "Marmion," "Under the Greenwood Tree" away from "As You Like It," or "The Isles of Greece" from "Don Juan." When one wants to read "Peg of Limavaddy" it may seem hard to be ordered off to the "Irish Sketch Book"—but this would be a good general law, for all that. And, after all, the "Irish Sketch Book" is in every edition of Thackeray, from cheap little Tauchnitz, where it fills two volumes at fifty-five cents each, to the stately subscription edition of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., which must be bought complete, if at all, but which gives pictures as well as text. In all the collected editions, this and many another of the poems of Thackeray is printed twice—such is the stupid result of this habit of making up collections of poems from an author's different works; indeed, the ballad of "Canute" must be given three times, if the collected edition be but complete enough to give "Miss Tickletoe's Lectures." But to return to the poem about Peggy: one of the most sprightly and fascinating little chants in the language, it is disfigured in its original form by an ugly and misshapen little picture, too hideous to reproduce. The verses describe a beauty: the illustration gives a deformity, a monster.

In 1844, "Little Travels" appear in "Frazer" and "Barry Lyndon" begins in the same journal,—the wonderful tale of a scoundrel adventurer, worthy for its vigor and picturesqueness almost to stand on the same shelf with the real memoirs of some of the famous adventurers of the last century, as if belonging to autobiography rather than fiction. This was the last of "Frazer" for Thackeray. He was beginning to be known as an author of solid, independent bound volumes (for the "Irish Sketch Book" had been tolerably successful), and besides he was very busy with "Punch." In that weekly, this year, is "The Next French Revolution," running through many numbers, a piece of broad farce, with pictures still more farcical. What was the "scunner" which Thackeray had taken at Louis Philippe? What had France done to him to make him so amusingly uniform in denunciation of everything that that nation



NO. 6.—RAILROAD SPECULATORS.

might do? When Hogarth is found to see nothing in France but spindle-shanks and rags, we are not at a loss to account for that: great talent does not clear a man's eyes as to all things at once, and the more he sees the truth of life and character in the people about him, the more our man of talent will mistake as to things not so familiar,—fancying he sees, and convinced, by his habit of mind, that he is right in his fancies. Nor do we claim for Thackeray any especial perspicacity. He was as hasty a critic of things he had not thought about as anybody, as poor a judge of books and men whom he had not especially studied, as unreasonable and narrow in his notions of other nations than his own. What does seem strange is that he should have these insular instincts of contempt for a land and a community which he had seen so much of as France and the French. He had lived in Paris, and although the art-students' life—with which Thackeray was largely occupied—does not tend to make a social and political observer, yet long familiarity with people, language and customs ought to have brought reflection after a while, or sympathy, at least. However, there was a ludicrous and even contemptible

side to the Citizen King, no doubt, and it is well enough seized in these pictures and prose sketches in Vol. VI. of "Punch." The imitation of military spirit and Napoleonism on the part of the essentially *bourgeois* kingship of Louis Philippe was a fair enough butt, in this and in other ways. But we like Thackeray better when he gets back to England. One must know the true inwardness of things to parody them—to make good fun of them; and on page 218 we find a first installment of what he had to say about one of his favorite subjects of study, George the Fourth. Rumor had it that a statue to Beau Brummel was to be set up in Trafalgar Square, where "will dwell, in kindly neighborhood, George the Beau and George the Fourth." * * * * * Looking at Brummel, we shall remember with glowing admiration the man 'who never failed in his tie.' Beholding George the Fourth, we shall not readily forget the man to whom all ties were equally indifferent. * * * * * George the Beau had wit. George the King had only malice. George the Beau, when in beggary, refused to sell the letters of his former friends. George the King, when



NO. 7.—AN OLD FRIEND RECOGNIZES MR. DE LA FLUCHE.

Prince of Wales, sold his party at the first profitable opportunity." And so on,—

† Equestrian statue of George IV. by Chantrey.

reminding one of the famous "epitaphs,"* published the very next year, and of the well-known lectures first delivered in America. The picture accompanying this, too large to reproduce, gives us the statue of Brummel, jerking his thumb toward the King, on the other side of the page, and, inscribed on the pedestal, the immortal words: "Who's your Fat Friend?"† In the next volume "A Hint to Moses," with two capital little cuts, ought to be in the collected works; see it in Vol. VII., p. 19. A few pages on begin the contributions of "Our Fat Contributor." His articles, with a picture to every one, go on through the next volume, VII.; in which there are also several small, separate papers and head-piece wood-cuts by Thackeray. On page 244 appears the poem, since printed in the volume of "Ballads," beginning:

"The night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in sleep; Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who'd no beds to keep."

Cut No. 6 is copied from its illustration.

In "Punch" of the same year (Vol. IX.) begins the story of another and greater railway speculator, James Plush, the fortunate footman. The first installment contains the "Heligy," by Maryanne ("Jeames of Buckley Square"), with the prefatory account of Jeames's successful speculations, and a capital illustration by Leech. Afterward, our designer had more courage or more energy and made his own pictures. We give, in cut No. 7, the scene when "Old Pump asked me to drink Shampagne, and on turning to take the glass I saw Chawls Wackles (with whomb I'd been employed at Colonel Spurrier's house) grinning over his shoulder at the butler." The cuts hereabout are as good as the best of Thackeray's; a very good one in the same volume is "A Doe in the City." This accompanies a prose paper not republished, and a brief poem, which is in some copies of Thackeray's "Ballads," but not in all:

"Little Kitty Lorimer,
Fair and young and witty,
What has brought your ladyship
Rambling to the city?"

* Punch, Vol. IX., p. 159.

†After the quarrel between them, Brummel was talking with a lady at a ball, when the Regent spoke to her without noticing her companion. "Who's your fat friend, Lady —?" said Brummel, so that all around could hear. The story is told in many different ways.

The "doe" is, of course, feminine for "stag," a bit of stock-exchange slang, which we have not adopted into the Wall-street language along with "bull" and "bear." Thackeray is strong in this volume; "Punch's" commissioner at Brighton sends in capital drawings of the well-known type; and there are two ballads never since republished, and cuts to them; a large cut with legend, of the regular Punch style, not common to him, and the four "Epitaphs on the Four Georges."

In this year, 1845, Thackeray contributed to George Cruikshank's "Table Book" the "Legend of the Rhine." The serio-comic story itself has been reprinted in several editions, but the Cruikshank wood-cuts only of late, in the great subscription edition already named. In this same year, too, Thackeray went a voyage to the East, on the occasion of an excursion organized by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The little volume he made out of it, a readable and pleasant book of travels, though of necessity slighter and less valuable than the Irish one, bears date 1846, and is entitled, "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople and Jerusalem." The name of Titmarsh appears on this title page, too; but here, as in the "Irish Sketch Book," the dedication is signed by the author's real name. This dedication is to "Captain Lewis," whom every reader knows. The book contains the ballad in which appears "The White Squall," and is as much immortalized by including it as is the "Irish Sketch Book" by "Peg of Limavaddy." An etched and colored frontispiece and twenty or more small wood-cuts decorate this little work; they are not of great importance. Leisure, fun, the library table and his friends about him—these seem to have been Thackeray's favorite conditions for making drawings.

All Thackeray's other work, both literary and graphic, becomes for the moment of comparatively small importance as "Vanity Fair" begins to appear. Was it in 1846 or in 1847? Our bound-up copy will not tell, for, of course, its title-page bears the date of the completed first edition, 1848. The best authority seems to make for the 1st of February, 1847. The manuscript, or an installment of it, but under another very different name, had been offered to at least one magazine, and declined. Dickens's books had a way of coming out in monthly parts in green wrappers, two "Phiz" etch-

ings in each; and, though risky, this seemed a good way. Thackeray's publishers tried it with yellow covers instead of green, and with forty etchings in the eighteen parts, and perhaps a hundred and fifty wood-

ends,—there are no more words on the page; the rest of it (nearly half) is filled with the scene described, Mrs. O'Dowd bursting in and taking Amelia's hand. The full-page etchings, in like manner, come



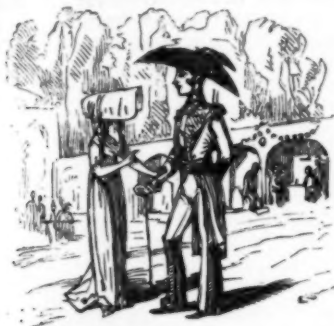
NO. 8.—VENUS PREPARING THE ARMOR OF MARS. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

cuts. In fact, "Vanity Fair" is one of the best illustrated books in the world. That first edition ought to be re-issued in fac-simile, and brought within everybody's reach. As the story moves along on its slow and winding way, with eddies and back-sets, like a stream in a flat country, there comes a little picture just where it is needed, at every picturesque moment. "Think of those two aides-de-camp of Mr. Moses," says Becky to her husband, who is out of spirits at being kept out of London, by fear of sheriff's officers; and here are the two sheriff's officers on the page, and just after the line we have quoted. "The door was flung open, and a stout, jolly lady in a riding habit, followed by a couple of officers of Ours, entered the room." The sentence

where they are wanted. Opposite the beginning of chapter thirty, with the capital bit about Peggy O'Dowd getting things ready for her Major, on the night before Waterloo, we have the really admirable picture carefully fac-similed in our cut No. 8.

But in the pictures we have named, and in all, one is worried by finding the costume that of 1847, and *not* of 1815. "Why that?" asks the reader; "why should the people of Waterloo year, and before it, be represented in crinoline and flounces, in trowsers and low-collared coats?" And at the end of the sixth chapter we find this note and the illustration, cut No. 9: "It was the author's intention, faithful to history, to depict all the characters of this tale in their proper costumes, as they were then at the

commencement of the century. But when I remember the appearance of people in those days, and that an officer and lady were actually habited like this—



NO. 9.—COSTUMES OF 1815. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

I have not the heart to disfigure my heroes and heroines by costumes so hideous." It



NO. 10.—CUFF AND DOBBIN. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

is strange to read those words to-day; that very female costume that he laughs at, and thinks too bad to be used in his book, is not far from being what is most in fashion now for ornamental purposes, and for the subjects of pictures. Moreover, to the student of costume, the little figure in this cut which he gives as a sample of ugliness, is far more sensibly clothed than his Amelia; more sensibly as to the bonnet, more gracefully as to the gown. Would it not have been more exactly true, had our author said at once that the labor of looking up costumes, etc., was not at all to his taste? Long afterward, Thackeray did thoroughly one piece of hard work, and its results remain in "Esmond," the "Virginians," and the "Humorists." It seems as if he had begun to do



NO. 11.—THE LITTLE POSTMAN. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

another one, in his preparation for "Denis Duval."

The little tail-pieces and initial letters in "Vanity Fair" are captivating, and these



NO. 12.—THACKERAY AS JESTER. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

are so small that we have made room for more than one of them. The C (cut No. 10), with the battle of the boys, is the initial of the chapter which tells about the great battle between Cuff and Dobbin. The little postman (cut No. 11) is at the end of a



NO. 13.—TAIL-PIECE TO "VANITY FAIR."

ings in each; and, though risky, this seemed a good way. Thackeray's publishers tried it with yellow covers instead of green, and with forty etchings in the eighteen parts, and perhaps a hundred and fifty wood-

ends,—there are no more words on the page; the rest of it (nearly half) is filled with the scene described, Mrs. O'Dowd bursting in and taking Amelia's hand. The full-page etchings, in like manner, come



NO. 8.—VENUS PREPARING THE ARMOR OF MARS. (FROM "VANITY FAIR.")

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NO. 13.—TAIL-PIECE TO "VANITY FAIR."

chapter which tells of Emmy's love-letters to her poor creature of a lover. No. 12 is a cut which has often been reproduced—on the title page of the original collection of Thackeray's "Ballads": for once it seems to hit the taste of his readers, as an embodiment of his peculiar humor and pathos. Dr.

played out." And the picture follows close under those words. To the present writer, that constant reiteration of disbelief and discontent in men and events is a blemish, and that constant poking out of the showman's head among his puppets an artistic fault of the gravest character. Thackeray's pathos and



NO. 14.—MR. HOKEY.



NO. 16.—MR. HANNIBAL FITCH.



NO. 15.—MR. WINKLES.

John Brown copies it, and speaks of it as "like him in face as well as in more. The tired, young, kindly wag is sitting and looking into space, his mask and jester's rod lying idly on his knees." Cut No. 13 is the final tail-piece. The last words of the novel are these: "Ah! *Vanitas vanitatum*, which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is

humor are pleasant in spite of that croaking mood, and his stories are admirable in spite of his own determination that the reader shall not forget himself and the author, and live for the time in the story. To the writer these two cuts embody, in a pictorial form, that which was the weakness of Thackeray's literary art, and they are given because they do so; though, indeed, in themselves they are as good as anything he has done.

In "Punch" for 1846, "Jeames's Diary" is continued in serial form, with large illustrations and fanciful initial letters. The articles are so appropriately illustrated, the little pictures fit so pat, and the big ones are so expressive, that it is a wonder that the book has been reproduced so often without the clever designs. "I'm a British Lion, I am!" exclaims Jeames, "as brayv as Bonypart, Hannible, or Holiver Crummle," and immediately after these words comes a sketch of the redoubtable Oliver with drawn sword, and leading his Ironsides at a tearing gallop against a forest of pikes. The full-length portrait of Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, and that of Lady Angelina,—the latter the famous object of Lord South-down's lines, beginning



NO. 17.—A TEA-TABLE TRAGEDY. (FROM "PUNCH.")

Miss Potts.—"Married her uncle's black footman, as I am a sinful woman."

Mrs. Tott.—"No?"

Mrs. Watts.—"O!"

Miss Watts.—"Law!"

"The castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,"—

are quite necessary for the comprehension of the narrative. But soon after these, which mark the moment of Mr. de la Pluche's highest fortune, the downfall begins, and before the volume is half done the great operator is "Jeames" once more, and he has been in jail and got out of it again to marry Maryanne, and be humble and happy. Thackeray turns away from their story before the end of it, and begins the series of

papers called "The Snobs of England, by One of 'Themselves," with no pictures at first except spirited little initials, until, at the end of the fourth paper, we find the English mother instructing her babes in the Peerage. So far he has shot only at fair game, but the mania to find everything and everybody snobbish carries him too far,



NO. 18.—THE TITMARSH-CUPID OF "LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY."

as Mr. Trollope has well pointed out, and the next cut represents Raleigh spreading his cloak for Elizabeth to tread on—the Queen an old hag, and Raleigh middle-aged and black-bearded, in rather an anachronistic way—the whole scene represented as an act of snobbery, certainly a new reading of that semi-historical event. But



NO. 20.—"IS IT A SUPPER BALL OR A TAY BALL?"

meanwhile Jeames is recalled and finally disposed of, in the chapters which describe his tavern, his journey, the famous "break of gauge," and the loss and recovery of the baby, with two very spirited cuts. Mr. Titmarsh, too, writes to "Punch" to object to remarks made upon his having gone *free* to the East in the journey we have mentioned, and this letter he illustrates. "Modest Merit" signs a letter about the Royal Academy, in which, in six pictures and a little text, the exhibitors are treated instead of their works, and as their works might have been. Our cuts, Nos. 14, 15 and 16, show first "Mr. Hokey, as watching the effect of his picture"; then Mr. Winkles, whose picture is flooded; and Mr. Hannibal Fitch, whose picture is on the line, because "his aunt washes for an Academician." Volume XI. begins with "A New Naval



NO. 19.—MR. PUNCH'S ARTIST DURING THE INFLUENZA.



NO. 21.—A SCRAP FROM "PUNCH."

Drama," which, if by Thackeray, should be among his burlesques; the pictures certainly are by him. "The Snobs of England" goes on and on until, in chapter forty-two, is the story of Goldmore's dinner with Raymond Gray—such a good story! And such a good cut of Mrs. Gray bringing in the pot of beer she had (seemingly) fetched from the public-house! It is well to have these cuts in the huge subscription edition, but why is not the "Book of Snobs" to be had, with

its pictures, for 3s. 6d.? In this volume, there are by Thackeray many separate short papers, and even large cuts with only a legend, of which we give one in No. 17. And in Volume XII., in 1847, the Snob papers are renewed until, in the fifty-second number, after a full year of the discussion, they stop, like the Iliad,—not ended, but only cut off. There is also "The Mahogany Tree," under the title "Punch Singeth at Christmas," and with a stanza which is not generally printed, and is as well left out. "Love-Songs made Easy" are scattered through this volume, and the one entitled "What Makes my Heart to Thrill and Glow" is accompanied by an initial letter inclosing the design given in our cut No. 18. Some of them are called "Love-Songs by the Fat Contributor," and "The Cane-Bottom Chair" is one of these, though since entirely taken out of the list. "Punch's Prize Novelists" begins here and runs over into Volume XIII., including several novels never reprinted and with a number of illustrations. "Travels in London," with no pictures beyond initials, and several separate papers, come in this part of his connection with "Punch," and we take, from a tragic account of "Punch's" troubles with the influenza, one of four cuts showing how the chief contributors behaved. Cut No. 19 is the artist, gallantly drawing on the block in spite of all. Of the other three, two were hard at work, it appears, but the third, the Fat Contrib-



NO. 22.—THE OLD GENTLEMAN GIVING HIS VIEWS OF "PUNCH" IN THE HEARING OF JERROLD AND THACKERAY.



NO. 23.—MAJOR FENDENNIS GROWING OLD.

utor, had given up wholly, and would do nothing but wheeze and groan out objurgations. "He was the only man that failed 'Punch' in the sad days of the influenza," says Thackeray of his double, the "F. C." as he likes to call him, making his own fun of that laziness and dislike to work steadily, and in despite of annoyances, which he shared with other men of genius.

At Christmas, 1847, was published "Our Street," a thin little quarto with full-page wood-cuts, and thirty pages or so of text. This is not the best of the Christmas books. The pictures in particular have little life, and, although better drawn than some of the early ones, are not remarkable even in that way. "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," another Christmas book of a later year, is a more amusing story, and has better illustrations. Mr. M. A. Titmarsh is honored by a request from Mrs. Perkins to bring with him to her ball "any *very* eligible young man": and as he reads the lady's note the Mulligan of Ballymulligan happens to call, and, as usual, leans over Mr. Titmarsh and reads the letters on his desk (cut No 20). "Hwat's this?" says the Mulligan. "Who's Perkins? Is it a supper ball or a tay ball?" and he goes to it with Mr. Titmarsh, in the latter's despite. He is immense, both in the text and in the picture; dancing with Miss Little he is a splendid Hibernian whirlwind; but we have decided for the scene at Mr. Titmarsh's chambers. This book is said to have been

issued with colored plates, but it is known to us as printed in black and a tint, as is the case with "Our Street." The Christmas book for 1848 was "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," with colored etchings, and a pretty little bit of pathos at the end about Miss Raby and Davison Major. Twenty years ago this book was pretty well known in New York—everybody had it; and the pathetic but cheerful poem with which it ends, one of Thackeray's most natural, most manful, and most poetical utterances, has retained its hold on its old readers:

"The play is done, the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell."

The Christmas book for 1849 was the continuation to Ivanhoe, "Rebecca and Rowena," with several of the best poems of our poet—

"Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin,
That never has felt the barber's shear,"

and

"Before I lost my five poor wits,
I mind me of a Romish clerk,"

and

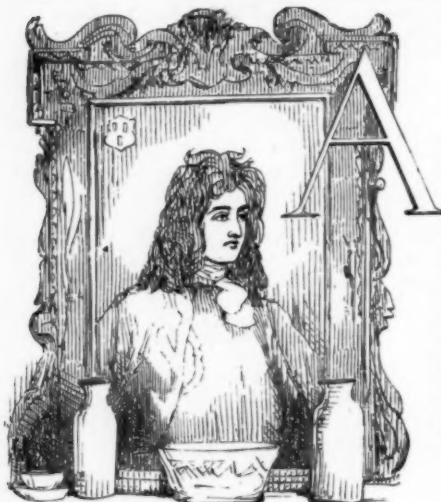
"The Pope he is a happy man,"

together with the Latin epitaph on Ivanhoe and Wamba's translation of it, and "Canute," reprinted from "Miss Tickletohy's Lectures." But this famous book is illustrated



NO. 24.—INITIAL TO "THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS."

by Richard Doyle, and we must pass it by. And to have done, for the present, with Christmas books, that for 1850 was "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," in which that heavy dragoon, Captain Hicks, who had



NO. 25.—HENRY ESMOND'S PORTRAIT. (FROM "THE VIRGINIANS.")

served rather as a butt for his satire, carried off Miss Fanny Kicklebury, of whose regard he himself had hopes.

Volume XIV. of "Punch" begins 1848, the year of revolutions. A ballad and a picture, never reproduced, but clearly by Thackeray, relate how "Mr. Smith," formerly known as King Louis Philippe, with his wife, called at the



NO. 26.—INITIAL, FROM "THE VIRGINIANS."

shop of Moses & Son; how they admired its splendor—

"I've looked upon many a palace before,
But splendor like this, love, I never yet saw—"

and how Mr. Smith became a complete Englishman by means of his new suit of clothes.

James appears in print again, and writes from his tavern to say that while he is a "pokercuranty on plitticle subjix," he yet longs to say a word for the footmen who have been so abused in Paris and elsewhere. There is in this volume a deal of Thackeray, which, like the pieces we have named, is left there, almost unknown. The little picture we give in cut 21 belongs to a scrap of prose of no permanent value; but the picture, at least, should be added to our author's collected works. Is this out of the



NO. 27.—INITIAL, FROM "THE VIRGINIANS."

question? and may we not hope that a supplementary volume will be added to that edition of Thackeray's works which comes the nearest to completion—the subscription edition in twenty-four volumes, in which, with every piece of Thackeray's writing which is reproduced, is given all the illustrations which have ever been made for it, whether by Cruikshank, Doyle, Du Maurier, or the author himself? "A Little Dinner at Timmins's" is in this volume of "Punch"; that is, of course, in the edition we speak of, and in that edition for the first time it has the cuts that belong to it; but why are not the other and more ephemeral bits preserved there? The *opera omnia* are what one asks

for in Thackeray's case. In Volume XV. (the same year) there is "a comedy in four tableaux," that is, wood-cuts with legends, "The Hampstead Road," and it is better worth preserving even than the Timmins story, which is very like a host of others. And whoever it was that wrote "Model Women" (was it not Mayhew?), it was certainly Thackeray that illustrated "The Model Wife," "The Model Mother," and the rest of the papers. "Authors' Miseries" are here, too, larger and more elaborate illustrations than usual, and the largest of them we give, cut No. 22.* In Volumes XVI. and XVII.—the two for 1849—are so many things by Thackeray that we can only name a few. Mr. "Spec" writes about Child's Parties that lament concerning their extravagance and absurdity which we have all read; but to this he has added little pictures which few of us have seen. "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse, from the Contributor at Paris," is found here without illustration. "The Story of Koompanee Jehan," and a host of small studies besides, have head-pieces or initial letters which ought to be known; and "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town" runs through the whole year, in a dozen or more numbers. It was in this year that the first volume of "Pendennis" was finished. Of the large etchings in that volume none are good enough for reproduction; the little head and tail pieces are better, certainly, and we give one of these in our cut No. 23: but it is in "Punch," still, that his best illustrations appear.

In 1850, Volumes XVIII. and XIX., there is another paper, still from Mr. J—s Plush, giving his thoughts on a new comedy. This, we think, has never been reprinted. "Hobson's Choice" has a head-piece; "The New House of Commons" another. The papers called "The Proser," and signed by Solomon Pacifico, are also here, but have not many pictures; and there are many pieces and cuts besides of the authorship of which one is sure, and some of which one is not so sure. But the charm of these two volumes is their poetical element. In Vol. XVIII. is "The Ballad of Eliza Davis," with the big initial which we give in cut No. 24, the G of the line

"Galliant gents and lovely ladies,"

with which that poem begins. The verses are signed "X," but there is no heading as yet

* Punch, Vol. XV., p. 198.



NO. 22.—INITIAL, FROM "THE VIRGINIANS."

identifying this with other of that author's poems. The next one of "X's" poems follows soon; it is "The Lamentable Ballad of the Foundling of Shoreditch," and has also a large cut. Then the strain changes, and what is called in collected editions "Mr. Molony's Lament," appears as by Mr. Finigan. Then "X" strikes his lyre again, and chants his "Lines on a Late Hospitious Ewent: by a Gentleman of the Foot Guards (Blue)"; but gives us no picture with it. In Volume XIX. is "Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball," and a great deal more, of which



NO. 23.—INITIAL LETTER W. (FROM "THE VIRGINIANS.")

we can only mention the numerous squibs and satirical assaults upon the new Roman Catholic hierarchy for England, then just created by a bull of the pope, and exciting plenty of jealousy, terror and vague anticipation. Thackeray is as hearty a partisan, as bold an assailant of monks and monkery, foreign priests, clerical aggression, and the rest, as the most Protestant of Englishmen could desire. In Volume XX. (for 1851)

for this that he thought it unwise to attack the newly self-made Emperor of the French in the savage way that "Punch" was doing. But it is certain that he had almost stopped contributing before that onslaught on Napoleon began.

No doubt he was otherwise constantly occupied, for in 1851 he was lecturing on "The English Humorists"; in 1852 "Henry Esmond" was published, in the charming



NO. 30.—A SCENE IN GLASGOW. (FROM "THE ORPHAN OF FIMLICO AND OTHER SKETCHES.")

there are several poems—"The Yankee Volunteers" and "Mr. Molony's Account of the Crystal Palace." This last appears in the number for April 26, and relates, of course, to the opening of the original old Paxton "Crystal Palace," in Hyde Park, which was to be opened formally on the first of May. It is stated that this poem had been intended for "Punch," but was late, and was therefore sent to the "Times," where it appeared; but here it is, in "Punch," and where it should be! It is one more little mistake for Mr. Trollope; he may have been thinking of the "May Day Ode," Thackeray's graver poem on the same subject; that is not in "Punch" and may have appeared in the "Times." And now, Thackeray's contributions to "Punch" become few and scattered, and by and by cease altogether. In a "Quarterly Review" article, three years later, he gives as a reason

first edition in three small volumes, of old-style typography and general appearance; and in the same year he came first to America with the above named lectures, and while here delivered for the first time, for the benefit of "The Society for the Employment and Relief of the Poor," and in Dr. Dewey's old church, since turned into a theater, the lecture called "Charity and Humor." Then came "The New-comers," one volume in 1854 and one in 1855. In 1854 he is found again in "Punch," writing the letters of "Our Own Bashi Bazouk, from the Seat of War in Turkey," exactly as if Major Gahagan had come to life again. And in 1855 he was again in America, lecturing on the "Four Georges" at Dr. Chapin's old church, in Broadway, long since swept away. In that year there was one more Christmas book, "The Rose and the Ring," a fairy story;



NO. 31.—THE THREE OF SPADES. (FROM "THE ORPHAN OF PIMLICO," ETC.)

but Thackeray's better fun and better taste are both wanting to it, and the wood-cuts in particular are hideous. Some of our readers may know Tom Hood's little pictures in "Hood's Own" or the "Comic Annual," and may remember how ugly they are, how the fun of them seems in some way to be mixed up with monstrosity. Well, it is in that way that some of Thackeray's pictures are ugly—it is a pain to have to look at them; and these of "The Rose and the Ring" are of that character. "Henry Esmond" had had no illustrations; * "The Newcomes" was illustrated by Richard Doyle; and it was not until 1857 that the author began once more to illustrate a novel, and then it was "The Virginians," for which he began to make large etchings and small head-pieces. The latter are clever enough; Nos. 25 to 28 are all initial letters from "The Virginians," needing no explanation, except that No. 25 seems to be Henry Esmond's portrait, above the chimney-piece at the Virginia house of Castlewood. As for the large plates here, they are even more careless and weak than those in "Pendennis." There is not one which we should care to reproduce, if we could give a hundred illustrations. What does it mean? Why is this extraordinary difference in Thackeray's work? Why is some of it so very much better than the rest? It is true, of course, that he never mastered this art of etching; but then he was usually content to leave his work almost in mere outline, with only the slightest suggestion of light and shade. And, besides, no want of skill with the etching-needle can explain the impossible action, the vague and meaningless gesture and atti-

tude of the characters in many of these plates. The writer has tried to describe this awkward untruthfulness, and finds it a very ungracious task, and tedious reading,—better at once struck out, and criticism confined to the general statement that whole series of these illustrations are too devoid of form and purpose to be considered at all.

There was published in 1876 "The Orphan of Pimlico, and other Sketches," etc., a folio of carefully made reproductions by photographic process of many of Thackeray's drawings. This was brought out under the care of Miss Thackeray, and avowedly to counteract the false impression produced by the exceedingly unpleasant little cuts given



NO. 32.—THACKERAY AT THE PLAY. (FROM THE "CORNHILL MAGAZINE.")

* The Du Maurier illustrations to "Henry Esmond" did not appear till several years later.

in "Thackerayana," in which are given wood-cuts of the hasty little scrawls he used to make in his books. From this carefully made book we take one most spirited study, a drawing worthy even of John Leech, and somewhat in his manner. It is a scene in Glasgow, which Thackeray found dismal; and of the drawing Miss Thackeray speaks very justly, as showing that "the whole atmosphere of the scene stamped itself with dismal vividness upon his mind." Now it is nothing to say that few of his designs were as good as that one: had many of them been so good he would have been a great designer, instead of a great writer with a knack for drawing; but how can we account for a man who could do that, who could see so clearly and express so forcibly, albeit in a humble fashion, contentedly drawing, engraving and publishing such tameness as the large pictures in "Pendennis" and "The Virginians"?

Among the drawings in "The Orphan of Pimlico" are some that have been engraved on wood. Comparison of these with the prints of the engravings shows that the theory that the wood-engravers improved his work is not always, or as a rule, correct. There are delicacies of expression and even of drawing which are lost in the cuts. The explanation lies in some part of these evident peculiarities of the man: that he was by nature easily tired, easily brought to such a state of mind that he could not do his best; that he was not by nature an artist, inasmuch as the beauty of things and the true and profound character of things did not strike him forcibly, nor stay by him long; that he was capable of excitement, both by pity and by fun and friendship, which would make him for a half-hour draw men, women and children, but only then swiftly and cleverly, seizing the more important lines and neglecting the others, in true artist fashion for the nonce. In this case of "The Virginians," we all know how full he had filled his mind with the

men of Queen Anne's and of George the First's day, and with their manners and speech. He had written that wonderful novel, "Henry Esmond," the two sets of lectures, and part of "The Virginians"—and yet in his designs the dress of his own heroes and heroines is never represented with any accuracy, the decorated interiors in which they moved are not even hinted at, scarcely even an ornamental letter suggests any notion of the exterior of that old life. No, the external world, the world of forms and colors in which the artist lives, Thackeray hardly knew. Not a sketch exists which shows any truthful observation of architecture, ornament, fanciful utensils and dress seen by him in his Eastern and continental travel. Not a sketch exists showing that he had observed light and shade as an artist observes it. No. 31 is a bit of fun, of child's play, and of it Miss Thackeray says: "My father was specially pleased with the likeness to Mr. Gibbon which he discovered in the three of spades." And no wonder! Such fun as this he was great in, and these drawings we have given show that, in so far as a literary feeling for character—shall we say a novelist's feeling for character?—is expressible in graphic art, so far he was able to express himself, though with a tripping pencil which he never fully mastered. In treating his book illustration, it must needs be compared with the standard which we have already set up for Cruikshank and Leech, and of course it suffers by such comparison. That he should have been willing to invite it, for so many years, is a mystery which criticism from the outside cannot hope to explain in a final way.

Our last cut (No. 32) is from the "Cornhill," to which Thackeray devoted the last few years of his life, and is the head-piece of one of those "Roundabout Papers" which graced its early volumes. Of many portraits of himself that he drew, it is probably the last.

SAD SPRING.

THE leaves will grow again, and happy birds
Find glad new songs to sing above the nest;
Sometime again the wind will breathe sweet words
Among the blossomed trees, from east to west.

But ah, but ah, when violets bud and grow
Upon a grave,—when birds their music pour
While one dear nest is empty! I think that so
Spring must be sad to me for evermore.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY J. RAYMOND. IV.

(EDITED BY HIS SON.)

FOURTH PAPER: THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF 1866.

It is still, perhaps, an open question as to the true position to which the National Union Convention, held at the city of Philadelphia in 1866, should be assigned in the political annals of our country. Some will always maintain—and possibly believe—that it was in its inception and consummation a deliberate scheme on the part of Southern Democrats and their Northern allies to disrupt the Republican or Union party, and, by dividing it on the important question of reconstruction, aid the Democratic party in acquiring power and encourage President Johnson in what those who hold this opinion will always believe to have been a deliberate betrayal of the political party which made him the successor of Abraham Lincoln.

Others believe now as they believed then, that the Convention was intended to be, and was, a gathering of prominent men of both parties from every State and Territory in the Union, assembled to add authority, dignity and influence to the action already inaugurated by a Conservative minority, and to record its protest against, and call public attention to, the manner in which, as they believed, the Constitution was being violated, the purpose and object of the war forgotten, victory abused by a reckless majority, and a conquered people given over to the tender mercies of corrupt adventurers, ignorant demagogues, and needy politicians.

I believe that the bitter denunciation to which the Convention and every one who took part in it was subjected, by what was then known as the Radical wing of the Republican party, has been modified in no small degree by subsequent events and by mature reflection, free from prejudice or excitement; and that many who were so fierce then will admit to-day that their first judgments were too severe, and possibly unwarranted. The Convention failed to accomplish the object for which it had been called into being, so far as any practical results were achieved. The passions and temper of the hour prompted a rejection of its platform and principles by the people—while those who participated in its delibera-

tions were either viewed with suspicion by their political associates or denied all further party fellowship. Yet, what unprejudiced mind to-day will say that the Philadelphia Convention, at least so far as its Republican delegates were concerned, was not intended to be an honest and patriotic attempt to forestall and prevent certain dangerous tendencies, the shadows of which had even then been cast before. We fought not for conquest—but, having won the victory, claimed and exercised the rights of conquerors. It is as a result of this policy that we have before us to-day the same duty that we had in 1861—to repudiate all doctrines aiming, in their logical results, at a destruction of our *national* life. The Chittenden resolutions of 1861 declared that the war was not waged for conquest, but to preserve the Union. The Reconstruction Acts assumed that the Union was a league—that the seceded States had left the Union and had perfected and consummated that departure, and hence, being conquered, were to be re-admitted practically as new States. The delegates to the Philadelphia Convention maintained that the States had not left and could not leave the Union by their own action, and the Supreme Court of the United States has placed on record its judicial opinion sustaining the theory so cordially reprobated by the majority in 1866. "The State [Tennessee] remained a State of the Union, and never escaped the obligations of the Constitution, though for a while she may have evaded their enforcement."*

But it is not the purpose of this article either to provoke a political discussion or attempt any vindication of the Convention, or of those who took part in its deliberations. Successful or unsuccessful, it was, in many respects, one of the most important political gatherings ever called together in this country, and, as such, it will have its place in any history of this nation during the past twenty years. In aid of such a history, it is my desire to contribute the

* J. F. Keith, plaintiff in error, *vs.* E. A. Clark, Collector of the State, etc., in error, to the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

reflections and impressions formed by that Convention upon one who, willingly or unwillingly, became one of its controlling minds—and to give them as recorded by him at the time. That my father sought to accomplish that which he sincerely and honestly believed to be for the greatest good of the greatest number, none who knew him could ever doubt; and this publication of his private memoranda, giving an inside history of the origin of the Convention and the manner in which he became identified with it, will only confirm what perhaps no one ever doubted.

The Journal begins:

"The first I ever heard of the Philadelphia Convention was from Mr. Thurlow Weed, about the first of July (1866). He called at my house in Washington, and in the course of conversation said that it was thought important, as Congress had done nothing toward restoring the Union and providing a national basis of political action, that a convention should be called, in which Union men from all the States should be represented. He had talked with Mr. Seward about it, and they both desired me to prepare an address; and, as the political season was already well advanced, the sooner this could be done, the better. I told him that I would think of it.

"The same day I saw Mr. Seward, who asked me if Mr. Weed had spoken to me on the subject. I told him he had, and that I would take it into consideration; it seemed to me not free from difficulties and dangers. A day or two after, he asked me if I had prepared an address. I said I had not—that, as I understood it, what they wanted from me was an *argument* for speedy restoration, addressed to the people, and that this would come with more effect from the Convention than in a call for one. In this he acquiesced.

"Within two or three days after this conversation, Senator Doolittle called at my house and read me the draft of a call which he had prepared—substantially as it was afterward issued. I suggested that its terms were too broad—that it would admit all who had been in rebellion against the Government, and all whose political sympathies had been with them, while it would exclude many who had stood by the Government, but who now desired national action on the questions resulting from the war. Mr. Doolittle said it ought to include all who *now* accept the Union, whatever had been their previous action, and that this was the object of the proposed Convention. I expressed some fear that on such a basis it might fail to command popular confidence and sympathy in the North sufficient to give it success. I did not sign the call, but expressed to him my full concurrence in the general object which was proposed.

"I went to New York a few days afterward, and while there wrote and published in the *Times* an article in favor of a National Convention for the purpose of adopting, if possible, a platform of principles upon which the Northern and Southern States could take common political action. Before I returned to Washington, the call was published—signed by Senators Doolittle and Cowan and five or six other Union men. Soon afterward a card was published, signed by all the Democratic members of Congress, assenting to the call and expressing their

hope that their constituents would unite in sending delegates to the Convention.

"The Congressional Union caucus, of July 12th, occurred after this action. The feeling of the members was exceedingly bitter toward the Convention, which was regarded as a scheme for breaking up the Union party and forming a new Administration party out of the Conservative elements of both parties. The Convention was bitterly denounced and I was directly assailed, especially by Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, for having engaged in a conspiracy thus to destroy the Union party. I repudiated any such purpose, but declined to denounce the Convention in advance of its action. I thought it calculated to strengthen, rather than to injure, the Union party; but that, whenever I found that this was not likely to be its effect, I should oppose it."

No full report of either of these two caucus meetings was ever made in the newspapers. What purported to be a report of the first one was published in one of the New York journals, but was very inaccurate and full of misstatements. These inaccuracies, it was stated at the second caucus, were due to the fact that the reporter was concealed underneath a bench in the reporters' gallery during a part of the meeting, and his inability to see rendered it impossible for him to report correctly. I found among my father's papers a condensed report of both of these meetings; but the bitter speeches made then would hardly prove of interest now.

"Soon after, another call appeared, as a supplement to the first. This was signed by a joint committee, composed of members of the Johnson committee and of the Democratic committee. It called for the election of delegates from the several Congressional districts of the United States to the Convention,—four from each,—two of those who voted for Lincoln and Johnson in 1864, and two who voted against them. This was intended to *divide* the Convention between the two political parties. In the South, of course, no Lincoln and Johnson delegates could be selected. The appearance of this call increased the distrust of Union men in Congress, and throughout the country, in the objects and results of the Convention, against which the Union feeling in the North began to be very strongly arrayed.

"Mr. Seward, a few days afterward, referring to the Convention, said it was understood that I would write the address. I told him I did not feel inclined to attend the Convention. He asked why. I said that it seemed likely to be in the hands of the former rebels and their Copperhead associates, and to be used for purposes hostile to the Union party, of which I was not only a member, but in which I held an official position. I said that I should feel bound, in going into another and a hostile party organization, first to resign my position as Chairman of the National Union Committee, and I did not wish to do this, or in any way forfeit my standing as a member of the Union party.

"Mr. Seward replied that he did not concur in this view. The Convention was simply for consultation. It was not a party convention, nor need it affect in any way the party standing of those who should

take part in it. He was a Union man, he said, and he did not admit the right of anybody to turn him out of the Union party; but he claimed the right to meet and consult with any portion of his fellow-citizens. Of course the Convention would fall into the hands of Copperheads if all our friends deserted it. What he wanted me to go into it for was to *prevent* that result. If it could not be prevented, then would be time enough to bolt. He said the President felt anxious on the subject, and he proposed that I should go with him to see the President. I did so.

"When we went in to the President, who received us in the library, Mr. Seward said to him that we had come up to talk about the Philadelphia Convention—that I had expressed fears lest it should fall into bad hands, and that he had told me that was what they wanted me to prevent. The President said yes—it was important that the right direction should be given to it. It ought to take National ground in harmony with Union principles, and in favor of a speedy restoration of the Union. He said he had read carefully a speech I had lately made on the relations of his policy of restoration to the Union party, and he agreed with every word of it. He wanted the Philadelphia Convention to take the same ground exactly. His sympathies, he said, were with the party which had carried the country through the war—that party ought to restore the Union, and although it ought not to repel Democrats who were willing to act with and to aid it, he did not wish the Democratic party to get control.

"I told him I did not quite understand what the Philadelphia Convention was expected to do in regard to organized political action—whether it was to create a new party for general action, or to aim at specific results. It might lay the basis for a new party which should nominate candidates of its own in the coming State elections, or it might merely bring its influence to bear upon the election of members of Congress in the several districts, favorable to the admission of loyal members—not seeking to disturb their party relations in other respects at all. For the first,—the organization of a new party, even if that were desirable,—I feared it was too late, and the only effect of such an attempt would be to strengthen the Democratic party. The other object might be secured. If the Convention would simply seek the election of members of Congress favorable to the admission of loyal representatives—throwing its weight in favor of Union men where they would take this ground, and in favor of War Democrats as against extreme radicals, I thought great good might be accomplished.

"The President replied that this was precisely what he wanted done. He did not want any new party, nor did he want the Democratic party restored to power. He wanted Congress to restore the Union, and if those who favored this would take hold of it in the way I had suggested, he felt sure the people would sustain them and that the next Congress would be overwhelmingly on our side. He declared his wish to have this matter settled within the Union party, and thought the Philadelphia Convention would exert a wholesome pressure on the several Union State Conventions, as well as on the nominations for Congress, and that it would be a great step gained toward the restoration of the Union when delegates from all the States could again meet in convention. The very fact that such a convention was held, he thought, would have a very salutary effect on public sentiment, and would cause the leaders of the Radical movement to pause. He spoke with a good deal of earnestness, and was urgent that I should take part in the Convention.

"Mr. Seward took no part directly in this conversation, but he occasionally threw in a word, by way of comment and enforcing the suggestions of the President. The impression made upon my mind by the interview was that the President was very anxious to get a foothold in the South for the Conservative wing of the Union party—that he thought the Philadelphia Convention would lay the foundation for a National party, which would absorb the Democratic party of the North and West, and all of the Union party but the Radicals; and that the South would also join this new party, which would thus easily gain and hold the political ascendancy. It seemed to me a desirable object—one which it was well worth any one's while to aid. On the other hand, if the Union men generally held themselves aloof from the Philadelphia Convention, that body, which in any event was destined to exercise a decided influence on the public mind, would inevitably fall into the hands of the Democratic party and be used to secure its return to power. It seemed to me desirable to prevent this result, if possible, and I accordingly decided to do what little I could in that direction."

To show how earnest my father was in this conviction, I have made a few extracts from editorials in the "Times," written previous to the assembling of the Convention:

"July 17. When the war was over and the rebellion suppressed, a powerful public sentiment, pervading all parties, demanded the prompt restoration of national action under the Constitution and in accordance with the fundamental principles of the Government. * * * If Congress had admitted to their seats loyal members from the Southern States, who could take the oath prescribed by law, the Philadelphia Convention would never have been heard of."

"August 8. The Philadelphia Convention, as we regard it, has been called to promote the restoration of the union of the States upon principles at once honorable and safe, and in the spirit of harmony and peace. * * * Its effect will probably be moral rather than political, and it is quite as likely to accomplish the purpose it seeks through its effect upon the action of the existing parties, as by organizing a new one."

"August 10. The object of the Philadelphia Convention is to bring together sections, States, and men, now separated by memories of war and by the fact of victory on one side and defeat on the other. That object will be attained just in proportion as the character and condition of the Convention may command the respect and confidence of the great body of the American people."

In an article under the caption "Mr. Raymond and his Censors," my father says:

"We have steadily maintained that to accomplish any good the movement must be confined to moderate, conservative and loyal men, of both sections and of either party."

And General Dix, in taking the chair as temporary president, said:

"It may be truly said that no body of men have met on this continent to consider events so momentous and so important since 1787. * * * We are

here to assert the supremacy of representative government. * * We are not now living under such a government. Thirty-six States are governed by twenty-five states, etc., etc."

The Journal continues:

"This was all that occurred previous to the adjournment of Congress—though I had several incidental conversations with Mr. Seward on the subject, in all of which he repeated his view of the relation of himself and his friends to the Convention. He called my attention to an article in the 'Springfield Republican,' which began by saying that Mr. Seward's friends seemed so to have managed the preliminary movements of the Philadelphia Convention that they could go into it if it was a success, and go out of it if it should prove a failure. This, he said, was the exact state of the case. Participation in it involved no change of political relations; those could be effected only by approving or disapproving what it should finally do.

"A call was soon issued in New York for a State convention to be held at Saratoga, August 10, for the election of delegates to Philadelphia. This call was arranged under the direction of Mr. Weed, whose first purpose was to have it signed by leading members of both political parties throughout the State. He afterward explained to me that the time was too short for this, and that an attempt to secure signatures through the whole State would be necessarily so incomplete that it would create jealousies and do harm. He accordingly decided to have it signed only by prominent persons in New York City and its immediate vicinity. In this form it was issued. The names were highly respectable and influential—but mainly of men who had never been actually identified with political or party movements. Mr. Weed gave me to understand that he had consulted with Dean Richmond, John Stryker, and other leaders of the Democratic party, and that they were quite ready for the new movement. They fully appreciated the extent to which the Democratic party had been demoralized and damaged by its course during the war, and that it was absolutely necessary to rid it of its old associations and give it a new start.

"I did not sign the call, nor did I attend the Saratoga Convention. My appointment as one of the four delegates from the State at large, with General Dix, Ex-Governor Church, and S. J. Tilden, Esq., was wholly without my agency or knowledge. I drew up an address to the people of the United States, in accordance with the wishes of the President and Mr. Seward, to be submitted to the Convention.

"There was a very large number of delegates and others in attendance on the Convention, and a very great interest in the proceedings seemed to prevail. The Southern delegates, as a general thing, were from the more moderate class of Southern politicians—men who had not been original Secessionists, but who had gone with their States after war was resolved upon, and had done everything in their power to carry them through it successfully. The general feeling was one of delight at renewing former political, social and personal relations with men of the North, and no extravagant expectations seemed to be entertained in any quarter as to the nature or extent of concessions that would be made to the South by the victorious North.

On Tuesday, the main point of interest seemed to

be the presence of Fernando Wood, of New York, Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, also delegates to the Convention. The feeling was very strong that the admission of men who had been so hostile to the Government during the war, and who, though Northern men, were thoroughly identified in the public mind with the rebel cause, would be of serious injury to the Convention, by alienating the sympathies of Union men and by affixing to the proceedings the stigma of having been dictated to or influenced by Copperhead counsels. As a general thing, the Democrats from the North and those from the South deprecated their presence quite as decidedly as did the members of the Union party; but the proposal to exclude them naturally provoked opposition from both quarters. The Democrats felt that it would hardly answer to desert members of their own party, and Southern men thought their constituents would not approve of their consenting that men from the North should be ejected for having been their friends during the war. The collision of sentiment gave rise to the usual turmoil and heat which attends the outside discussions of such a body. Wood prudently withdrew from the contest early, saying, in a brief and graceful note, that in view of the difference of opinion that had arisen, and in order to prevent possible injurious consequences, he should decline to present himself as a delegate. Vallandigham and Dean were more obstinate. The latter was noisy, insolent, and offensive, but, after the proper amount of swagger and bravado, followed Wood's example. Vallandigham held out to the last, though it came to be generally understood that he would not, in any case, be admitted to a seat in the Convention.

"On Tuesday evening I read the address I had prepared to Reverdy Johnson, Senators Cowan, Doolittle and Dixon—all of whom spoke of it in very strong terms of approbation. Mr. Johnson said he thought a portion of it, which discussed historically the effect of slavery upon the South and the national Government, might be omitted with advantage—but the point was not discussed.

"Senator Cowan showed me a series of resolutions which he had prepared, as he said, with considerable care, for submission to the committee. He also showed me a declaration of principles, drawn up, as he said, by Mr. William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, and another prepared by Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi. Both the latter seemed to me to treat the subject wholly from the Southern point of view, and Mr. Cowan's struck me as open to the same objection, or, at least, to that of evading the leading principles which the Union party deemed essential.

"The Convention met on Tuesday. General Dix, in his opening remarks, made with full preparation but without consultation with others, so far as I know—certainly not with me—hit upon the same point that I had made the leading point in my address, viz.: the election of a Congress that would admit loyal members from loyal States. Vallandigham sent in a letter withdrawing from the Convention. The preliminary organization was completed, and a Committee on Resolutions, consisting of two from each State, was appointed. General John A. Dix was elected Temporary Chairman, and Montgomery Blair Chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization. Senator Doolittle was made Permanent President, with one Vice-President and one Secretary from each State.

The Committee on Resolutions was composed of the following members, among others:

[Here followed a partial list of the committee, which included Hons. Reverdy Johnson, T. A. Hendricks, Wm. Beach Lawrence, Senators Cowan, Dixon, Davis, McDougal, Chief-Justice Sanford E. Church, and other prominent men of both parties.]

"The two members of the Committee from New York were Governor Church and myself. The Committee immediately withdrew to an adjoining room and elected Senator Cowan Chairman, after which it adjourned to meet at the Continental Hotel at two o'clock P. M.

"On meeting at two, Senator Cowan's resolutions were read, as were the others that had been prepared. Before they were discussed, Reverdy Johnson said that I had prepared an address, which he requested me to read. I read it just as it stood originally. It was listened to respectfully and without comment, but I could hear Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, who sat near me, now and then say to a gentleman near him, 'that's not true,' 'not a word of truth in that,' etc. The general impression upon Southern members struck me as unfavorable. One gentleman, from Massachusetts, whom I did not know, protested against it and moved that it be rejected. No one seconded this, however, and it was agreed that all the resolutions, etc., should be referred to a Sub-Committee of thirteen, which was appointed by the Chairman, Mr. Cowan. Southern delegates preponderated on this Committee, and were mainly strong men. The Sub-Committee went immediately into session, and at their request I again read my address, just as it stood. It was then suggested that a portion of it relating to the effect of slavery upon the politics of the country (the same to which Reverdy Johnson had objected) should be omitted, not merely because it was unacceptable to the South, but because the subject which it discussed was not really within those upon which the Convention was expected to act. There was force in this suggestion, and I acquiesced in it. The passage omitted embraced several pages.

"In another part of the address I had spoken of the amendments to the Constitution proposed by Congress—waiving discussion of them in terms on the ground that such discussion came rather within the scope of political debate in the several States than within the sphere of the Convention,—but asserting the right of Congress and the States to make amendments, and suggesting that some enlargement of the powers of the National Government, in the respects covered by the amendments proposed, might be desirable. It was objected to this passage that it might be construed as favoring the amendments, and the general voice of the Committee was for omitting it. To the rest of the address there was a general assent,—the belief being expressed that it was a very strong appeal to the judgment and patriotism of the people, and that it would produce good results. Some of the Southern members were sensitive as to the frequent use of the words 'rebellion,' 'insurrection,' etc., as applied to the action of the seceding States, and expressed a wish that they might be avoided. I said that in certain parts of the address they seemed necessary to describe in accurate language the legal character of the acts referred to, and that in such cases they ought not to be changed, but that I would revise the paper and change them wherever they seemed to be unnecessary. This was assented to as satisfactory, and I did change them

subsequently in several places, as the MSS. will show.

"After the address had thus been accepted, the Committee proceeded to consider the resolutions. Senator Cowan read his, with the other declarations already referred to, and the Committee proceeded to consider them *seriatim*. Exceptions were freely taken to them, mainly as being too abstract and not sufficiently clear and exact in statements of principles, and finally Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who had become somewhat impatient at the length of the discussion and its inconclusive character, asked me if I had not also prepared some resolutions embodying the general principles of the address. I told him I had, and at his request read them.

"I had written these resolutions late on the preceding evening. Recalling the unsatisfactory character of those I had seen, I thought I would put into form what seemed to me the declarations desirable to be made. I mentioned this to Mr. Weed in the morning, and he mentioned it to Mr. Johnson, who spoke to me about it, and, after hearing them, desired me to bring them to the Committee.

"After I had read them in Committee, Mr. Johnson moved at once that they be adopted as the *series* to be reported, after amendments. This was at once carried, and they were taken up in order. I read each one in succession, and the question was taken on its adoption. They were all adopted, without any special discussion and by general assent, as they stood originally, with one or two exceptions. In the fifth, the following clause—'All the powers not conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States or the people thereof; and among the rights thus reserved to the States is the right to prescribe qualifications for the elective franchise therein, with which right Congress cannot interfere,' was inserted at the suggestion of Mr. Johnson and written by me.

"When the seventh was reached, and I had read the first line—'Slavery is abolished and forever prohibited,' Judge Harger, of Mississippi, remarked: 'Yes, and nobody wants it back again.' I at once remarked that if we could say that on behalf of the South and on the authority of its delegates, it would strengthen our case very much. Judge Harger said we could so far as his State was concerned, and turned to Governor Graham, of North Carolina, who sat beside him, and asked if it would not be true of North Carolina. Gov. Graham answered that it would, and of the whole South also. I then interlined the passage, 'and there is neither desire nor purpose on the part of the Southern States that it should ever be re-established,' and re-read the resolution as thus amended. It passed unanimously, as did the eighth and tenth.

"After this had been done, some one suggested that one of Senator Cowan's resolutions relating to *soldiers* was especially appropriate, and ought to be included in the series. It was then read, as follows:

"Seventh—That it is with proud and unfeigned satisfaction that we recur to the conduct of the American soldier all through the recent conflict—his courage, his endurance [and his patriotism] merit our highest encomiums [but it is only when the strife is over that he rises to his proper height and shames his stay-at-home neighbor]. Since the war

[*The address was written twice. In re-writing, the phraseology was often changed, and the address shortened by the omissions referred to. Both copies are in my possession. H. W. R.]

he has shown magnanimity and generosity in making a manly and moderate use of his victories, and in his defeats recognizing the skill and bravery of his opponents. No Northern soldier has yet been heard to cry for vengeance against the South, nor has any Southern refused a graceful submission to the fate of war, and they are again brothers.

"The language of this resolution was somewhat modified, the parts in brackets being stricken out, but the sentiment of the resolution was generally accepted and the resolution itself elicited little discussion. It was included in the series to be reported.

"The General Committee re-assembled at five o'clock, and the Sub-Committee made its report. I read the address, which gave rise to very little discussion or remark, and was adopted. The resolutions were also read, and, after canvassing them as they came up in succession, they were adopted without any alteration in sentiment, and with very few and unimportant changes in phraseology. The preamble from the series of resolutions said to have been prepared by W. B. Reed, was called for and adopted, as a proper preamble to those which had been adopted by the Committee.

"Just as the Committee was closing its labors, Senator Hendricks, of Indiana, said to me: 'I don't quite like that resolution about the soldiers'—"the American soldier." What soldier does it mean?' I said I supposed it meant the Union soldier. He said it did not seem clear, and it ought not to be left ambiguous. I replied that we would test it. I then stated to the Committee the point that had been raised, and said I supposed the Union soldier was referred to, and appealed to Judge Harger and Mr. Graham, both of whom assented. I then said that no doubt should rest on that point, and suggested that it be made to read 'Union soldier,'—to which both Judge Harger and Governor Graham at once objected. This led to considerable conversation, and Senator Cowan, on being appealed to, said he intended it to include the soldiers of both armies. Thereupon, several Northern delegates said they could not consent to that,—the people never would endorse encomiums passed upon men in arms against the Government,—and they insisted on a change. The Southern delegates, on the other hand, said they could never be sustained in consenting to an approval of Northern soldiers, which was not equally extended to their own. The debate waxed quite warm. Mr. Stewart, of Michigan, said he had sacrificed his political position at home by consulting the sensitive-

ness of the South. He should do so no longer. It was that which had prepared the way for the rebellion, and he did not mean to repeat the mistakes of former years. He would do justice and nothing more. He thought it incumbent on us to applaud the soldiers who fought for the Union and saved the Government, though he did not know that we could fairly call on the South to do likewise. But he could never consent to extend equal applause to the men who had been in arms against the Government. These remarks were received in silence by the Southern delegates, but created considerable feeling in the Committee. It was finally suggested that the resolution be omitted altogether, and this was acquiesced in, as the only mode of preserving harmony of feeling and of action. It was after twelve o'clock, and the Committee, fatigued and impatient, voted to adjourn. They had risen and taken their hats, when I begged their attention for a moment before the motion was put. I said that it seemed a pity that any difference should arise where everything had been so harmonious. If I understand this matter, I added, the difference here is purely one of feeling. You of the South are unwilling that anything should be bestowed upon Northern troops for soldierly qualities, which is not also bestowed upon Southern, as being equally good soldiers. The Southern delegates assented to this. Well, I said, I can understand and respect that feeling; I don't think it generous or right in us to disregard it. But let us set aside feeling and go to business. You cannot doubt that it is the duty of the National Government to recognize and reward the services of its soldiers by paying their claims and pensioning their widows and orphans, can you? They acquiesced. Very well, I said, let us pass a resolution; asserting that duty, going no further. They assented. I hastily drew the resolution in pencil—read it, and it passed with but one negative vote, and the Committee adjourned. The resolution read:

"It is the duty of the National Government to recognize the services of the Federal soldiers and sailors in the contest just closed, by meeting promptly and fully all their just and rightful claims for the services they have rendered the nation, and extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care."

"The Convention met the next day, and the resolutions and address were adopted unanimously, and with the greatest enthusiasm."

WATCHING THE COW

"COME, look at her, and you will love her.

Go, lead her now through pleasant places,
And teach her that our new world's clover
Is sweet as Jersey-island daisies.

"Yes, you may do a little playing

Close to the gate, my pretty warder,
But, meanwhile, keep your cow from straying
Across the elfin-people's border."

* * * What of the boy? By hill and hollow,
Through twilight and briar, till bloom ended,
His book had charmed him on to follow
The cow—the one that Cadmus tended!

So to the boy his mother jested

About his light task, lightly heeding;
While in the flowering grass he rested
The magic book that he was reading.

At sundown, for the cow's returning,

The milkmaid waited long, I'm thinking;
Hours later, by the moonlight's burning,
Did fairy-folk have cream for drinking?

LIFE IN FLORENCE.

I HAVE so often expressed an indifference to art, or to the antique, that friends incessantly ask me (with a touch of indignation in their tone) why I chose to live for fifteen years in Florence—a place of which the chief attractions were these very things. I have always replied, "Because I loved it." "But why love it, if you are blind to its charms?" The question is a natural one, and my answer a womanly one. I loved it because I loved it. I felt an affection for every dirty old broken-down house, merely because it was in Florence; I loved the pigeons that walked about the streets; I loved the air I breathed there, I loved the stones, I loved the streets, the old macaroni stores, and, in fact, everything that was connected with it. And yet there was no particular virtue in these separate items, nor did I love them as being superior to those of other countries. Certainly, if questioned closely, I should condemn the broken-down houses as most unsightly, the pigeons as being like other pigeons (only a shade dirtier, perhaps), the air as being decidedly raw the greater part of the winter, and the streets as too crowded with one's fellow-creatures—bumping and hustling each other with no sort of ceremony; and yet all these are a part of Florence, and help to make it what it is, one of the most fascinating, lovable cities in the world. Once caught there, but very few are able to extricate themselves from the web of its allurements. The foreign society is always shifting and changing, but faces seen there once are sure to be seen twice, and those who go there for a few weeks' visit, are rarely satisfied with less than as many months; and often a stay of a few years is apt to end in a permanent residence, for after close acquaintance no place on earth can give one such entire satisfaction. Visitors to Florence always remind me of the spinster aunt, who went to pay her relatives a week's visit and staid thirty years.

Now, why is this? I could name a score of disagreeable traits characteristic of Florentines, and the most prominent are to be found amongst the lower class, who are lazy, ignorant, and totally innocent of truth. Lying is a real pleasure to them, and they do not half enjoy the attainment of an object unless by some roundabout means, probably entirely unnecessary. They sweep

truth off the face of the earth as a superfluous commodity too tame and commonplace to be endured. However, reaching the point it does with them, falsehood becomes a virtue by reason of its consistency. One of their marked peculiarities is dislike to water, either for washing or drinking. In fact, I scarcely understand why nature should have provided it in that region at all, they avoid it so studiously. The American and English residents, according to their ancient rites, insist upon the use of it once a week for the washing of their linen. Florentines of the higher class employ it for the same purpose twice a year! I do not by this mean to imply that they wear the same garments for six months, and so must explain that when married the bride is provided with an unconscionably large trousseau, which enables her to avoid the weekly washes prevalent in most other countries. Being a most economical race, their idea, probably, is that too much washing wears out and tears, and also, being lazy, that it gives trouble. As to the drinking of water, they look upon that as downright insanity. The water in Florence is not as pure and wholesome as in America, but it is not so bad as to make it dangerous. Their home-made red wine is so cheap as to bring it within the means of all, even the poorest beggar, who will manage to scrape together a few centimes to buy his "daily" wine. They even think it a risk to give children water alone, and, from the time they are weaned, mix with it a goodly portion of red wine. It is strange to see children scarcely three years old seated at dinner each with his tumbler of wine. And yet, probably, there is no more temperate race in the world,—a drunken man being a very rare sight in Florence. Lately, however, drunkenness has begun to show itself. Some years ago the grape crop failed, and for that year the people, of course not being able to drink water, were obliged to have recourse to rum punch. This was too strong for their unaccustomed heads, and, worse than all, gave them a taste for liquor, which they had not previously had, making them unwilling to return to their comparatively insipid *vino nostrale* (domestic wine).

Florentines are very fond of gambling, but in the smallest kind of a way. They become as much excited over a two-sous

stake as others would be over two thousand francs. The public lottery is their "true, true love." Such infatuation and superstition I never saw. The last centime they owned in the world was not safe from that villainous institution. Year after year of constant loss never serves to convince this confiding people that they can gain nothing, unless by a great stroke of most exceptional luck. The lottery consists of ninety numbers, five of which are drawn every Saturday, at two o'clock, in the public square. During the week the gambler selects his number, staking his money upon the chance of that number being one of the five drawn. According to the amount risked, is the sum won. He may also bet on two numbers, or three, or four, or all five. This, naturally, lessens his chances of winning, but it increases the amount he would win, should his numbers be drawn. However, one rarely bets on all five numbers, as winning in such a case would be almost a miracle. And yet, most curiously, such a thing once happened. First, let me explain that with the Florentines every occurrence in life has its own especial number—as a fire thirty-five, a murder ninety, etc. Thereupon, should any public calamity or rejoicing take place, its number is immediately selected in the lottery by all these superstitious people. Each one owns a book wherein is published the number belonging to every heard-of, or unheard-of incident that can by any possibility occur to the human race. This is their daily oracle, unless, as I said before, some great national event supersedes the necessity of such a divining-book. A few years ago, all Florence arose in one great superstitious body, and put its money on certain five numbers relating to the anniversary of the late Pope's birthday. One of the numbers was nine, another was the year of his birth (taking the last two figures only), a third was the day of the month, a fourth his age, and a fifth the number of years he had reigned. Strange to say, every number came up, and the excitement all over the city was tremendous. This was temporarily a fearful stroke of ill-luck for the National Treasury, but it gained by it enormously in the end, the people's credulity having been so strengthened by this extraordinary coincidence as to cause them to bet more rashly and blindly than ever. A few months after this event, while the circumstance was fresh in every mind, a story got about that a monk had made his appearance in Florence, and with great solemnity and

impressiveness had predicted five other numbers that would be infallible. Of course, the whole town rushed pell-mell to the lottery office, and the result was as might be expected—disappointment. Not one of the numbers predicted was drawn. The excitement was so intense that there were rumors of mobbing the monk, but the next thing heard was that he had quietly left Florence on the day of the drawing. So long as this outrageous system of gambling is legalized, so long will the Italians be poor, for every centime is saved to be hopelessly swallowed up in this accursed institution. Winning by it is so rare that the exceptional cases are known far and wide. One peculiar case occurred a few years ago. A scissors-grinder, returning home late one night from his weary round, conceived the thought of entering a café for refreshment. He did so, but, the refreshment being strong, it got into his head. In this state he staggered off to the lottery office to stake his weekly franc, but, in the condition of things, being unable to see plainly, he drew from his pocket a twenty-franc piece, his savings for many a weary month, and his cherished treasure. The next morning, discovering his loss, he was almost beside himself. Conjecturing at once the whole state of the case, he rushed headlong to the office and there implored the ticket-seller to restore it to him. He cried like a baby (Italians all do that, however, on the smallest provocation), he tore his hair, he raved, he threw himself upon the ground, but all in vain. Nothing could move the hard heart of the ticket-seller, who had got twenty francs and intended keeping it. The poor man was half crazed, and for the rest of the week went about like one possessed, unable to work, unable to do anything but howl aloud over his stupidity and ruin. On the next drawing of the lottery he was the triumphant possessor of 20,000 francs.

The Florentines are an economical race, and can live on less, probably, than any other people in the world. They are content with a very little—not requiring even what we should call the necessities of life. Their diet is principally dry bread (butter they rarely eat), coffee, macaroni, "lesso" (boiled beef), and "minestra,"—the weakest of wishy-washy soups. The last two are daily inevitable; no matter what else they eat, "lesso" and "minestra" they *must* have, or they would consider themselves defrauded of their rights. It is easy to live in Florence economically, for marketing is

arranged to suit purses of any size, and one can buy any part of a chicken, even to a slice of the breast alone. In this way there is no waste, and only enough for one day's consumption is ever provided.

It is really amusing to see the Florentines bargain. They would not consider a thing properly bought under a half an hour's talking and argument. Buying and selling is reduced to a system and a regular routine, which, if neglected, would make them unhappy, and consider themselves as cheated beings. Their greatest triumph is the purchase of an article at the lowest rate possible, and this is a source of boasting for the next twenty-four hours. They will haggle over two or three centimes until an American looker-on could cry aloud in desperation at their absurdity. They gesticulate, both talk at the same time, and lash themselves into such a state of excitement that one would think they were concocting no less a plan than to dethrone the king.

Von Bülow tells a story apropos of Italian trading, very amusing, and scarcely exaggerated. A man, observing in a shop-window an article marked twelve francs, thus reasoned to himself: "The price is marked twelve francs. That means ten. The shopman will offer it for eight. It is not worth more than six. I don't want to give more than four—so I'll offer him two!" This suggests the principles upon which trade is carried on. I venture to give an illustration of the process, in the words that I have heard so often that they glide off the end of my pen without an instant's hesitation:

Buyer: "What's the price of that hat?"

Seller: "Twelve francs, sir."

B. (*In a tone of astonishment.*) "Twelve francs? Heavens! What a price!"

S. "It's not dear, sir. You couldn't get it as cheap anywhere else in town."

B. "Nonsense! What's the lowest price you'll take for it?"

S. "Well, as it's you, I'll give it for eleven."

B. "Per Bacco. Why, it's not worth half that."

S. "Well, what will you give for it?"

B. "I won't give a centime over six francs." (*This very decidedly, as if he really meant it.*)

S. "Six francs! Why, it cost me more than that!"

B. "Go along!" (*Tries on the hat, which is very becoming, and continues, in a coaxing tone.*) "Come, now, let's finish this affair. Name your price."

S. "Well, well, take it for ten." (*Seizing it as though everything was settled, and hurriedly wrapping it up.*)

B. "Stop, stop! I'm not going to give that price." (*Makes for the door, as though he also thought the affair ended.*)

S. "Stop, sir! Tell me now, frankly, the highest price you will give." (*This in an encouraging tone, with head on one side and a sweet smile.*)

B. "Come, I'll give you seven." (*Makes show of pulling out pocket-book, with the air of having made a handsome offer that would be snapped at.*)

S. (*Now beginning to get excited.*) "This is more than I can bear! We will talk no more about it!"

B. (*Seeing too much decision in adversary's manner.*) "Well, come now! How much will you take? I'll give you eight—there!"

S. "No, no, no! I won't sacrifice the hat!"

This is the right moment for the buyer to rush from the shop, sometimes even getting to the corner of the street, when the excited seller will dash after him, imploring him to come back and take it for nine and a half. Then work begins in earnest, and they rise and fall alternately by half-francs, and sometimes fight over the last two sous, when the bargain is completed amidst a torrent of words and wild gestures and glaring of eyes, which, to the uninitiated, would look very like a blood-thirsty combat. The conqueror (which is the conqueror?) goes off with his hat, as proud as the victor of a score of battles, to show his hard-won treasure to admiring friends, who turn it over and peer at it and examine it critically, praising him for his shrewdness in making such a bargain. This hat will be a source of happiness to him for two or three days, making him a hero to a circle of admirers, to whom he will go over the same old story twenty times, relating his powers at bargain-making with as much interest and energy the twentieth time as the first.

The English merchants in Florence say that when they see an Italian coming into the store to buy, they at once add a few francs to the price of their goods, knowing that those few francs must be taken off before he will buy. By this means, they get the price they would originally ask an Englishman. With all this, the Florentines are not avaricious. They only look upon a shopkeeper as their natural enemy for the time they are dealing with him, and upon the

amount saved from his clutches as so much added to the store to be saved for amusements.

For the sake of an evening at the theater, or a few hours at a masked ball during the months of carnival, the Florentines will pinch and save for months, and their enjoyment of these things is as intense as a child's. Their histrionic taste generally inclines to the old melodrama, in which the villain is the intensest kind of a villain; is secret and dark, and ready for any iniquitous proceeding, and in which Innocence is of the most saint-like order, which appeals constantly and in a loud voice to heaven, with virtuous indignation, and which comes off triumphant in the end, causing the villain to shrivel up into a small heap of baffled rage and spite. This style of performance will cause these excitable people to shout and hoot in derision at the unfortunate actor representing the scoundrel, and to applaud with loud "*bravas*" the fallow, dirty-looking girl who, under the guise of Virtue, flashes her dark eyes in defiance. The audience will even cry out "*Ha fatto bene!*" (you have done well), or to the ruffian "*Birbone!*" (rascal), or shout out a little timely counsel to persecuted Virtue.

With such child-like qualities as I have described, a propensity to murder would scarcely be consistent, and yet the general impression in America, I find, is that the entire lives of Italians are given up to creeping about in a stealthy manner, for the purpose of finding some one to kill. There are even a few—a very few, though—who always picture to themselves an Italian as a dark, frowning ruffian wearing a slouch felt hat, ornamented with a long black plume, a loose cloak wrapped around him, one end being thrown over his shoulder, and with a dagger—a good old conventional dagger—clutched firmly and desperately. Now, of all peoples, I really must give the Florentines credit for being the most peaceable. In a densely packed crowd—a position probably more conducive to strong language than any other in the world—one will hear no sounds of anger or quarreling—nothing but laughter and good-natured jokes against one another. They take everything easy, and find something to enjoy in every position in which they happen to be placed.

Respect for rank is part of the education of the lower classes. Their superiors cannot exact too much, but are born to be waited on, and should do nothing but amuse themselves or lounge in an ele-

gant way in their drawing-rooms, and ring for the servants on the smallest pretense, such as wanting a book from a table at the other end of the room. Your servants are apt to lose respect for you and think you no better than themselves, should you demean yourself by opening a window or helping yourself in any other small way to save them trouble. This is the one thing that makes them such capital servants. They are taught, not only to do everything that is told them, whether it is their business or not, but to do it with a cheerful face and polite manner. If you should call up your cook in the middle of the night to sweep every room in the house, he would look so happy, when you gave him the order, as to impress you with the feeling that sweeping the house in the middle of the night was the one thing he had eagerly looked forward to all the days of his life. Their respect is shown in the smallest things; in their very way of standing in your presence, or in the tones of their voice when taking your orders. They are carefully instructed in every movement when in the presence of their superiors. I once heard a Florentine lady angrily complaining of the stupidity of a new butler; she said she had been trying to teach him how to enter a room and hand her a note with the proper blending of grace, elegance and respect, and was obliged to make him repeat this ceremony one day, with an imaginary note, six or eight times before he succeeded in doing it to her satisfaction.

With all this subservency on the part of the Italians, a lady will find walking in the street alone a most annoying proceeding, the reverse of respect being shown her. This is accounted for by the fact that ladies are never expected to be seen but in their carriages, or sauntering about the cascade, followed by their footmen; therefore, the Florentines cannot understand the independent ways of American ladies, and in the street look upon us as belonging to their own class. A lady has to fight her way heroically, and must expect to get shoved about and hustled into the muddiest places. This is, of course, exasperating, and at times I would lose all patience and occasionally attempt to get the better of my assailants. I never shall forget how ingloriously I came off in one of these encounters. The day was damp, the streets muddy, and the sidewalks too narrow for two persons to pass each other easily. I had been hopping down off the pavement all day, to make way for these men, until

at last my temper rose and I resolved to put up with it no longer, but to force the next man I met down into the mud. Accordingly I came face to face with a good-natured-looking creature, whom I thought it would be easy to overthrow, and resolutely took my stand, showing, by a determined and unconquerable expression of face, that nothing could induce me to move from that spot. He stopped, looked at me a moment with some surprise, then, seizing me suddenly, he waltzed me round to the other side of him, and continued on his way. I stood there looking after him,—on the spot he had whirled me to,—entirely speechless with rage, and I felt that I was drawn up to my full height and flashing lightning from my eyes. But it was quite thrown away upon him, as he went on entirely unconscious of offense, and, if he thought of it at all, only pleased with himself as having hit upon so clever an expedient to save us both from the mud.

Only one other time did I assert my rights upon this question, but not until after I was asked why I did not step down from the sidewalk. This time my grand manner and imposing appearance had effect, and my opponent hurriedly made way for me, evidently laboring under the impression, in a bewildered, weak-minded way, that I was some great state dignitary, who chose to be eccentric for that occasion and rove about Florence alone. On a rainy day, the men would always keep close to the sides of the houses under their broad eaves,—the only dry part of the pavement,—until I finally hit upon an expedient to rout them, which was simply carrying my open umbrella close before my face, and charging at them with the points. They would hop nimbly out of the way as they saw me dashing recklessly along, supposing I did not see them coming, and only on one occasion was I obliged to scratch the sticks of my weapon across the face of a man who attempted making a stand in front of me; but I did it with such an innocent air of hurry and unconsciousness of his presence that he believed it accidental.

Rudeness toward women is not confined to the lower classes, for I have seen ladies again and again subjected to such conduct, from the young nobles of Florence, as an American man of any class would blush to think of. They will stand in crowds about the door of their club, filling the whole sidewalk, and unless a lady pass-

ing be personally known to them they will not stir a step to make room for her, not only allowing her to go into the middle of the street, but staring and smiling at her in the most insulting way, as she tries to shrink by unnoticed, and often calling her "*angela*," or "*bella*," or "*carina*." Such rudenesses and other annoyances are only experienced by ladies who walk alone. When a lady is accompanied by one of the muscular sex, none more weak than the Florentines, they being by no means a courageous race. They are, indeed,—not to put too fine a point upon it,—cowardly. I once saw a lady spoken to by a street loafer who supposed her alone, and when the husband stepped forward and faced him with an angry glare, it was amusing to see his attempts at looking unconscious, his cough of unconcern and vacant gaze into the sky.

That the Italians are lazy, in every class, high and low, it is scarcely necessary for me to state. Those of the lower classes will work, of course, being obliged to do so, but in a very unenergetic way and by fits and starts, as they require a little money. Go to your shoemaker, order a pair of boots, and you will get them in two days, should he at that time have need of a few francs for the lottery or theater; otherwise you may as well make up your mind to have your old boots blackened up, and to make the best of them for another month. You need not send to him, nor go to him, nor scold him, nor reason with him. You might stalk into his shop in a high state of indignation every day for weeks, and only wear out your temper and your boots more than ever, gaining nothing thereby. He would meet you with the same good-natured smile, exasperating you with his invariable "*Pazienza*" (patience), an admonition which will never fail to make you lose the little of that meritorious quality that may remain. You might perhaps be inclined to wait with some attempt at good nature, could you be sure that your boots would be satisfactory when you did get them. But as surely as the sun rises in the east will they be nowhere near your size, your measure having been forgotten in the lapse of time, and the whole experience has to be repeated again. This may seem like exaggeration, but, on the contrary, is a rather mild statement of the fact. I remember a very severe battle I had with a book-binder, who was six months doing a small piece of work for me. During the first few weeks, I several times

sent demands that the two books should be bound and sent home. The invariable answer was, "The signora shall have them to-morrow." Toward the end of the fifth month I sent almost every day, not for the bound books, but merely for the two volumes in their original state, as they were first put into his hands. All in vain. Then I sent threats of claiming my property by means of the police, and several times sent a servant with orders not to leave the shop without them. There is an intensity of rage which causes extreme outward calm, and even suavity of manner; I had now reached that stage, and was determined to conquer or die. I decided to try the effect of a personal interview. As I entered his shop he approached me with a sweet smile, supposing me a new customer. At sight of him, my rage becoming greater, my manner became proportionately blander, and I said, with an equally sweet smile: "I am the proprietor of two books, sent six months ago to be bound." His smile took a sickly hue, but, true to his colors, he said: "Oh, yes, you shall have them to-morrow." My only reply was, "Give me a pen and paper." He did so wonderingly, and with a slight look of alarm, as though he espied gleams of insanity. "Now," I said, sternly but quietly, "write these words:

"I promise to send to-morrow to their rightful owner two books, which I have had in my possession, for the purpose of binding, since May 2d.
L. MOTTONI."

He demurred at this proceeding as being a little out of the usual course, but I merely said, "Write, or I will go at once for the police," whereupon he hurriedly complied. So I got my books and bound, too, but he was true to himself to the last—not sending them the next day, but the day after that. He was as difficult to be bound as the books were.

The upper classes are idle, partly because labor is cheap, and partly because it is not considered elegant nor befitting a high station to be occupied in anything that bears the remotest resemblance to usefulness. Their ideas are exclusively confined to dress, amusements of all kinds and flirting. Their chief delight is the theater or opera, where they go every night, not to be interested or amused by the play or the music, but to meet one another. However, let me do them the justice to say that inattention to the opera is scarcely to be wondered at, as there is so little worth

listening to in that way. New or even good operas are rarely put upon the stage, and the singing, as a general rule, is mediocre. The reason of this is obvious, viz.: no great singer will condescend to take the very small compensation offered by the Florentine managers, consequently only *débütantes* are heard. Many of these poor struggling girls, far from expecting even a moderate sum for their exertions, are only too glad to be allowed to sing, for the first few months, without compensation. They merely sing as a trial, that their future may be decided on. The critics of whom they are most afraid, and who really are the makers or marrers of their musical reputation, are those of the middle class—mechanics, shopkeepers, etc. I was very much astonished, a few days after my arrival in Florence, to hear our butler, a gray-haired, respectable person for his class, criticise the singer of the evening before with nice judgment, seeing small defects, and using language you would expect only from an educated musician. "She had a good voice," he said, "but her method was bad—her vocalization only tolerable," etc. It is sad, indeed, to see a nation once so musical, and still with the natural gift of music in their souls, thus sinking into mediocrity. Too jealous and too swallowed up in self-conceit to keep in the line of progress with other nations, the Italians are content to rest on their old long-established reputation. However, indifferent as the opera is there, it is always patronized. Each lady has her own private box (which is among the things stipulated for in the marriage settlement by her father); here she sits and receives the gentlemen of her acquaintance, who visit from box to box—a nightly New Year's—until the end of the play. Then she repairs to her house, and at midnight her reception begins again—the hour at which most of the fashionable women open their doors. Until two or three o'clock, or even later, this entertainment lasts, consisting of card-playing, smoking and love-making. Then the party breaks up, and these intellectual beings retire to their beds, where they remain until twelve o'clock the next day. Then they rise and breakfast, smoke a cigarette and dress for visiting—a lengthy occupation, as the minutest details must be perfectly carried out, each gentleman being especially particular to see that the flowers for his button-hole harmonize with the color of his coat. I have heard quite a prolonged discussion between two young

"swells" upon this subject. Then comes visiting, and after that the event of the day, viz., the drive to the cascine, where the band plays in the open square, and where people drive up and down in their carriages, perpetually meeting each other. This is their daily routine, and all that they live for. They have no resources, and, when the early dinners of summer begin, they fill the air with lamentations of *ennui*, and say they have nothing to do between dinner and the hour for driving. The trouble is, very distinctly, want of education. They are superficially brilliant—quick at repartee and society small-talk, but deeper than that they cannot go. They have no solid education and are deplorably ignorant. They do not even get the knowledge acquired by travel, for they live and die in their beloved Florence, never imagining that they can be happy out of it, and so not trying the experiment. As to crossing the ocean, the bare idea fills them with horror and alarm.

The lower classes carry their ignorance to a point that is quite charming. They have rather a feeling of patronage toward Americans as being a sort of Italian creation. They say that, had it not been for one of them, we never should have been discovered. My maid once asked me, quite earnestly, if America was as large as the Baths of Lucca—a village of a few hundred inhabitants. I brought to this country with me an Italian girl, as child's nurse, who was sublime in her knowledge of nothing at all. While making preparations for the voyage her mind was ever on the stretch, fearing that she might forget to lay in some common, necessary article that it would be impossible to find in the small town of America. She asked me if it would not be advisable to get herself a pair of india-rubber shoes before leaving Italy, and I could scarcely convince her that the very shoes she purchased there were sent from America. She also wanted soda, for washing purposes, and she took with her yards of common buttons strung on a thread. She confessed to me, one day, after having been here several months, that she had expected to find us all with monkey heads. She had been told by a friend, she said, that such was our physiognomy.

Even royalty is not so well informed as it might be on points of general knowledge. This I discovered upon the occasion of my presentation at court, when Tuscany was under the rule of its last Grand Duke. I stood in the long line of ladies, waiting my

turn to be honored with a word or glance from his Highness, feeling a little nervous lest I should fail in some court etiquette, to which, naturally, as an American, I was unaccustomed. I watched closely as the Grand Duke spoke to each one, and noticed one marked rule, that he must not be spoken to first. His chamberlain, who followed him closely, presented the lady, who courtesied to the ground, and then stood respectfully awaiting a word of greeting or a bend of his head. The great man stood fairly in front of me, and the moment of my trial had come. I braced myself to do all things required of me with the utmost propriety and rigidity of demeanor, when, to my horror, I was pushed aside by an old gentleman who had accompanied me and had been standing behind me, and who, in a loud tone and with a pompous ring to the voice (as who should say, Listen, Grand Duke, and humble your haughty head), exclaimed in English:

"This young lady, your Highness, is the grand-daughter of Washington's aid-de-camp."

Heavens! Was there no mouse-hole that I could creep into and be no more seen? Could I not gather up my skirts about my feet and make one good run for it, and get out of the view of all those faces looking at me with a half-perplexed, half-amused smile? The poor Duke looked utterly bewildered, seeming at a loss what to do. In the first place, all court etiquette was ruthlessly swept away by an abrupt presentation addressed to the sovereign himself, and not through the grand chamberlain; in the next place, the language employed was English—an unknown tongue; and in the third place, even had he understood, Washington's aid-de-camp was of no importance in his mind, and, indeed, one might doubt strongly if he had ever even heard of Washington himself. However, after a minute or two, which seemed to me weeks in duration, he bowed to me, muttering something about "happy to meet you," and "fine day," and passed on. When the presentations were past, the good Duke evidently thought the matter over and made some historical inquiries, finally coming to the conclusion that Washington had been a great man somewhere or other, and that his aid-de-camp was entitled to honor. The consequence was that the next thing I was aware of was the hurrying to and fro of the great court dignitaries in search of Washington's aid-de-camp, who was to be found at

all costs, and taken up to the Duke with due formality. Naturally their search was fruitless, but for months afterward I went, among my friends, by the name of "Washington's aid-de-camp." The old gentleman who got me into this dilemma was General M——, a man well known, of southern birth, who had been in the war of 1812. He was a gentleman of the old school, and most attractive in every way, but unused to European customs, as one may suppose.

After the frightful incident just recorded, General M—— distinguished himself still further, in the course of the evening, but fortunately this time only to his own detriment. He had never seen "the German" danced, and consequently saw no reason why he should not seat himself in one of the chairs which he saw vacant in that charmed circle. He did so, but was rather astonished when he was requested to leave it by the gentleman to whom it belonged, and who had just been dancing in one of the figures. He hesitated, but by this time seeing the next chair empty, he got up and took that. The rightful owner of that one, also, soon returned, claiming his proprietorship with a polite bow. General M—— began to look vexed, and muttered something not complimentary to the dancer; however, again he moved. And so the thing went on: as each couple left to dance in turn he would take the empty seat, until, finally, his patience o'er-leaped its bounds, and he sturdily refused to vacate the premises, in these remarkable words:

"I'll be damned if I move another peg!"

His adversary, being Italian, understood not one word of this uncourtly speech, but seeing by General M——'s manner that there was rage in the room somewhere, he became a little fierce himself. Thereupon the General burst into a torrent of words, saying he would not be chased about the room by a pack of whipper-snappers, and using at the same time a little strong language. At last he handed his card to the foe, challenging him in mortal fight. When it got to this point, a young American, seeing the trouble, came to the rescue, and with great tact smoothed it all over, by interpreting the savage expressions in each language as apologies and regrets, whereupon the antagonists shook hands, both accepting the excuses which neither had made.

The general impression in this country seems to be that the Italian women are all very beautiful; nothing could be more

erroneous. In the lower classes one sometimes sees an uncommonly lovely face, with true classic features, reminding him of the madonnas and saints of the old masters; but he scarcely recognizes it as handsome until some little time passed in Italy has accustomed his eye to that peculiar style, so different from that of our own countrywomen, who are now universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful women in the world. With the regular features of the Italians there will always remain the fallow complexion and coarse hair. Among the upper classes, eyes are all that are possessed in the way of beauty. Those features are always fine with the whole race, and they know well how to use them to advantage. Their features must be regular if they expect to lay claim to any beauty, for they never have—what will make many a woman pretty who has nothing in the way of features but a turned-up nose and largish mouth, and eyes of no particular charm—the beauty of youth. A young face is rarely seen. I am firmly persuaded that they are thirty years old when they are born; at any rate, I have never seen a woman in Florence look a day younger, but very many several days older. These remarks refer entirely to the female portion. The men are handsome,—never very manly in appearance, but with very uncommon beauty of coloring, expression and features.

In manner the Italians are a polished race, with a gloss of refinement which goes no deeper than the surface, their true nature being coarse, with not so much delicacy of thought and feeling as you would find in the most uneducated American. The men have no chivalric sentiment for women, and it is little, perhaps, to be wondered at, for their loose, unhinged ideas of propriety do not serve to make them objects of respect. Fashionable life in Italy is undoubtedly most corrupt, and the least said about it the better.

Religion in Italy is fast dying out, and a very large part of the Florentines are not far removed from infidels. Rome has been edging on, and arrogating so much to herself, that even the ignorant have been startled into a bewildered feeling that all was not as it should be. I one day saw a young man in the open streets of Florence put his thumb to his nose at the Pope's Nuncio, who was passing in his carriage. The common priests have no respect at all shown them, and, on the day of Victor Emmanuel's entrance into Rome, not one dared show himself in the

street for fear of being killed. One of the Archbishops of the Church had not illuminated his house on the evening of that day, being, no doubt, depressed in mind at these marked signs of an awakened people. The mob surrounded his palace, shouting for him in most peremptory and threatening style, forcing him, finally, not only to appear upon the balcony, but to shout, "*Viva l'Italia! Viva Vittorio Emmanuele!*"

Having mentioned many traits in the Florentine character that are far from attractive, it is time to acknowledge any merit that they may have. Their conduct during the revolution of 1859 was noble in its moderation and gentle forbearance. The whole affair was carried through quietly but determinedly—no threatenings, no violent outbreaks, no assassinations, no lawlessness of any kind. A committee went to the Grand Duke, and politely but firmly requested him to leave Florence, with all the royal family. The poor old man quietly accepted what he saw was inevitable, simply bowing his head in acquiescence. The next day the ducal carriages were seen driving through the streets, carrying the saddened and outcast family past the gates they would never more enter. They drove by our villa—a sad procession—and I never shall forget the sight. The whole scene was most touching; inside the carriage, the old Duke, sad and hopeless, his head bowed in utter dejection; outside, the people lining the road to witness his departure, and taking their hats off in respectful and courteous silence. Not one word of derision or triumph was heard; they had gained their point, and with true generosity of heart forbore to insult the fallen.

Why is it that so many Americans choose Florence as their residence? Why, I ask again, do foreigners who live there enjoy every moment of their existence, knowing only light-heartedness and catching the spirit of the Italians themselves, entering into everything gaily and joyously, letting the morrow take care of itself? There is no doubt in the world that it is chiefly owing to the absence of small worries in the housekeeping line. There the house takes care of itself, and rolls along on the easiest of casters. The extent of your housekeeping in Florence is to look over the cook's accounts once a week, and pay him. If you choose to be very particular, you can lock up your candles and sugar, giving them out when required. Your cook goes to market daily, choosing provisions to the amount that he

knows you wish to lay out for one day's consumption, each item of which he puts down in a book for your inspection. You are never obliged to order your dinner, or, in fact, give it any thought. The utmost labor you will undergo is the eating of it when cooked. Think of that, you poor heart-broken American housekeeper, whose mind can rarely soar above beef,—one-half of your day being occupied in buying your food and the other half in trying to teach your obstinate or ignorant cook how to prepare it. Some people make an arrangement with their cook to serve them for a certain sum weekly, but this is not a common custom, for experience has taught that one does not fare as well nor as cheaply in the long run, the cook generally managing to give poorer food for the sake of pocketing what he can save.

Few servants are required for an average-sized family, as they know their place and work for you indiscriminately and promiscuously, not informing you every hour of the day that such and such a thing is "not their business." And what wonder that women, old before their time from constant conflicts for the sake of house and home, fly in despair to that refuge of rest and peace, where, in a few years, they regain all their freshness and spirits, and "servants" form no longer a topic of conversation, only being thought of at all when an order is to be issued. Suppose you expect a dinner-party of eight guests. You merely send word to the cook to have a good dinner ready for that number, and tell your waiter, to whom you pay from \$10 to \$12 a month, to lay so many plates. Perhaps you intend having a "*conversazione*" of sixty or seventy people. Instead of providing oysters, salads, boned turkeys, fillet, ham, etc., etc., which will all have to be prepared out of the house, you have a table set with tea, sandwiches and cake—that is all; and any one who wants such refreshments in the course of the evening can help himself at any moment. Of course, for a ball supper is required, particularly as the guests always stay until daylight. One memorable ball, a most magnificent affair altogether, was kept up until eleven o'clock the next morning. The dancing-room was only opened at one o'clock, supper was at four, the German commenced at six, breakfast (chocolate, etc.) was served at eight, when dancing recommenced and continued until eleven o'clock. To return to the housekeeping: a small family can often live comfortably with only two servants, as

you can engage the cook to take care of the parlors and wait on table, while a woman will see to the bed-rooms and very likely take care of a child or two, and mend their clothes, etc. Everything is so comparatively cheap that a man and his wife, with three children and three servants, can live comfortably and yet not pay more than \$25 or \$30 a week for all the food consumed in the house. This will include meat, vegetables, butter, bread—everything, in fact, even red wine and coal for cooking. These are prices of five years ago; what they are now I should not venture to say, as every year makes a difference. Indeed, before we left there we were obliged to raise our cook's wages from \$6 to \$8, and felt that we were ruined. A woman, too, who had been with us for several years, who was nurse, chamber-maid, lady's-maid, seamstress, and anything else that she was told to be, had her wages raised to \$6, which we felt was more than we could stand. Mere passing travelers cannot live as cheaply as this, for the Florentines have two distinct prices—one for Italians and one for Americans. This they do not hesitate to acknowledge. I would always say, "No, I pay no such price; I am a Florentine." "Ah, I did not know that," would be the response; "then, of course, you shall have it for less."

One suffers intolerably from cold in Florence, not so much on account of the outside air, but owing to the inadequate arrangements for heating the houses, and to the stone floors, the chillness of which will penetrate to your feet through the thickest carpet. There is small doubt that the absence of furnace-heat is most desirable as regards health, but it seems cruel that no happy medium can be struck between that and no heat at all,—between floating about one's house in a light costume and thin slippers, and huddling over a few small sticks of wood, smouldering in a most minute fire-place, wrapped up in the thickest clothes, with shawls on, and your feet clad in the heaviest walking-boots. The only true way to keep warm there is to go outdoors and stay out, and this probably accounts for the constantly crowded streets. Gas, too, would be acceptable, if it were only used to light up the dark entrances to houses, in many of which one is obliged almost to grope his way up the prison-like stone stairs—the common property of each set of apartments on the different stories.

The charming society of the resident

Americans and English, of which there is quite a large circle, is a very great attraction, but Florence suits all tastes, and those who like variety can get it to perfection in the traveling society. As it is impossible to get the natives to move from it, so in due proportion, making the most accurate balance, do the Americans fly in and out, hither and thither, until one is almost dazed. These restless mortals never seem able to stay in one place a week. You scarcely get acquainted with their names before they have gone, and another Jack-in-the-box jumps up at you. You would scarcely be astonished to see one of these unsettled beings in the course of an introduction fade away before your eyes, while another gradually makes his appearance. It requires a constant, painful effort of memory to distinguish and remember names and faces. Every sort of person from every sort of motive goes to Florence, making the close observation of men and manners there a most amusing study. Some go there for their health, some for gayety, some for rest and some for excitement; some because they have lost money and wish to economize, and others because they have made a fortune and want to spend it. Among the last-named came a lady of newly acquired wealth, wishing to purchase copies of the old masters to ornament her New York residence. She was much pleased with the picture of "Judith and Holofernes," and stood entranced before it, watching the grand pose of Judith, as she stands erect and daring, with the sword in one hand and the bloody head of Holofernes suspended in triumph in the other. She at once went to an artist and ordered a copy of this renowned work, with only one "slight" alteration: the bloody head, she said, made her nervous and uncomfortable, so she desired that Judith should hold a basket of flowers instead.

I was walking one day through the Uffizi Palace, when I heard a voice calling out:

"Papa, come here, and look at Titian's 'Flora.'"

I turned, and beheld one of the commonest sights in Florence—an American family dutifully going through the orthodox wonders of the place, with no glimmer of real appreciation for the works of art about them. The reply of the worthy man I shall never forget, nor its tone of mildly reproaching astonishment:

"My dear, I don't want to see that. I have a copy of it at home, you know."

But as a display of real and unblushing

ignorance, what I am now about to relate is entirely satisfactory. An American youth, who was "doing" the sights under the escort of a friend residing in Florence, was shown, among other works of art, the famous group of "The Rape of the Sabines." Seeming rather bewildered in regard to it, and unable to see its meaning, his friend explained it, telling him briefly the historical event which the marble figures represented. He listened with rapt attention and with evident interest, and then, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, he exclaimed:

"Ah! Did that occur lately?"

These anecdotes serve as specimens to show one sort of traveling foreigner in European lands. It was my fortune to know of a tourist of a different stamp, one of the most remarkable characters of his kind. During our residence in Florence a young man suddenly arose in the social horizon who took the city by storm—not owing to his appearance, certainly, which was rather common, nor to his manners, which were so easy that an enemy might incline to call them impertinent. He was high-born and rich, therefore no enemy appeared. He was high-born, for he announced himself to be of the English Douglasses; he was rich, for he gave grand entertainments, at which all the *crème de la crème* of Florentine society appeared, in aristocratic magnificence. He gave splendid presents to the ladies, kept a running account at all the principal stores, was seen everywhere dashing about, and was regarded with envy by thousands. He was honored by notice from high places, was one of the two or three selected as fit guests to meet Lord Russell at dinner while the latter was on a visit to the English ambassador, and was even requested to dance with the daughter of the Grand-Duchess Marie, of Russia. He was allowed to do many things which would be considered in ordinary mortals, to put it mildly, discourteous,—such as lying on the sofa in the presence of ladies. The excuse, however, for this peculiar proceeding was ill-health. He said his lungs were affected, and if by accident his pocket-handkerchief fell to the ground, he would hurriedly pick it up, "for fear," he would say in a low voice to some one near him—"for fear the ladies should see the blood upon it." He became very intimate with Charles Lever, the novelist, who was always amiably inclined to rank, and at whose house one was always sure of meeting every celebrity passing through Florence, whether aristo-

cratic or literary. A word here about the writer of the well-known "Charles O'Malley" would not be out of place. We knew him well, and a more genial, warm-hearted man or a more brilliant talker it would be hard to meet. He was essentially a good companion, full of wit and humor, with a fluency and command of language most remarkable. He could go on indefinitely with amusing stories or appropriate anecdotes, told with a piquant Irish accent, until hearers would fairly cry with laughing, and beg him to stop. It is said he wrote as easily as he talked, his pen never stopping for an instant. His ruling passion was whist, which he played every night of his life until nearly daylight. With all Lever's worldly knowledge, he was a man of almost child-like credulity, and was easily duped. He was swindled to a very heavy amount at one time, by a man whose name presented the incredible combination of Napoleon Finn, and who, after deceiving Lever for years, was caught and imprisoned at Trieste.

To return to Douglas. As the spring came on, the Florentine mind began to bud and put forth ideas, and at last became suspicious of this society favorite. Although many bills were run up, none seemed to be fully paid. He always had a plausible reason why he was out of money. He resorted to the cleverest expedients to blind those about him. A few days after his arrival in Florence he deposited several valuable articles of jewelry at the principal jeweler's, as he feared, he said, to keep such things at a hotel, where he might be robbed. Of course this deceived the jeweler, who was delighted to give credit to so rich a man, and Douglas bought bracelets and rings to an alarming extent, which he presented to different ladies as little tokens of friendship or love. His credit once established, he removed the jewels he had deposited on pretense of wishing to wear them. The man's unblushing coolness and entire fearlessness, combined with such rare powers of invention, made him a genius. He managed to make Count B——, a man of high rank in Florence, believe him to be his own cousin, whom he had never seen, owing to a long residence in India. The Count was connected with the Douglasses, and, the relationship being most satisfactorily proved, invited this precious youth to stay at his house, and introduced him into the best society. The ladies all ran after him, young men of rank and wealth

made him their boon companion, and he was gazed at with envy by admiring crowds. Once he contrived to borrow a large sum from the head of one of the principal restaurants, to whom already he owed enormous sums, on the excuse that ladies had commissioned him to get gloves, etc., in Paris, where he was going for a few days, and had not advanced the money for them. "Of course," he added, confidentially, "I could not ask them for it, or tell them that my remittance from England did not arrive yesterday as I had expected." It is almost unnecessary to state that the ladies *had* given him the money, which, in addition to that extorted from the restaurant-keeper, made a very respectable sum to pay his traveling expenses and start credit in a new field, which he did. As some time elapsed and he did not return from "Paris," suspicions crept reluctantly into the hearts of his adorers, but more especially into the heads of his bankers, until one adventurous soul, feeling his absence more keenly, perhaps, than the others pecuniarily, took the bold resolution of sending a detective after him to Genoa, where it had been discovered he was residing. For some reason entirely inexplicable, no description of him was taken, and the detective set off with a bland confidence in his own unassisted powers. Upon reaching Genoa he went to the principal hotel, and asked if Captain Douglas was staying there. A gentleman lounging about the hall and overhearing the question, stepped forward, and told him that the person in demand was not at this hotel but at one not far off, and that, feeling himself some interest in Douglas's capture, he would like to have a conversation on the subject with him, adding that he thought he himself might be of some assistance in tracing this cunning impostor.

"But first," the gentleman said, "I must have my breakfast. I will order it now, and should be glad if you would join me. This will give us time to talk matters over, and I will tell you what I know of him." Accordingly, during a sumptuous *déjeuner à la fourchette*, consisting of endless courses and expensive wines, they did talk the matter over, most exhaustively. When breakfast was at an end, the host rose from the table and went into his bed-room adjoining to get his hat, telling his guest he would join him in a few moments and start on the search. The detective waited so long

that he got impatient, went to the bed-room door, opened it, found it was not a room, but merely another exit into the hall, and then gradually, but surely, awoke to the fact that he had breakfasted with Douglas himself, who had decamped and left him to pay the breakfast bill!

The most amusing incident in this man's Florentine career was one which caused much merriment at the expense of Lever, who went off to Trieste one day with Douglas; the arrangement having been made between them before starting that Douglas should "do the ordering" on the way and Lever the paying, and that all accounts should be settled upon their return home. The consequence was that the ordering was on a very extensive scale, and one which Lever was unaccustomed to and unable to afford. He, however, had not the moral courage to moderate the great Douglas, and so continued meekly paying frightful bills wherever they went, for which, of course, no settlements were made. During their stay in Trieste, Lever told Douglas with great gusto of the Napoleon Finn swindle, entering into details, and telling the joke against himself most good-humoredly. Whereupon Douglas expressed a wish to see such a clever fellow. Accordingly they sauntered off to the prison, and were at once admitted to the prisoner's cell. Lever introduced the two men, who at once displayed the most cordial feeling for each other. Napoleon Finn lamented his fate, sighing over the fact that, when his term of imprisonment should end, he would be an "outcast and friendless, with no means of getting an honest living," etc. Douglas grasped him by the hand and said, "You shall never want a friend while I am alive. Come to me when you are free, and I will give you work, and do all in my power to assist you. I can thoroughly sympathize with your feelings,"—and I really think he could. Poor Lever's life after this was scarcely worth having, so cruelly was he laughed at for having presented the two impostors to each other.

Florence holds peculiar people of its own and of every other nation. Peculiarly good people and peculiarly bad, and peculiarly peculiar. Taking it all in all, there is an inexplicable charm about it making it unique. It is a bright, cheerful, gay, easy-going, lazy-lounging, dear old town that, once known and lived in, can never be forgotten, or thought of with indifference.

MY FRIEND MRS. ANGEL.

A WASHINGTON SKETCH.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Angel dates from the hour she called upon me, in response to my application at a ladies' furnishing store for a seamstress; and the growth of the acquaintance, as well as the somewhat peculiar character which it assumed, was doubtless due to the interest I betrayed in the history of her early life, as related to me at different times, frankly and with unconscious pathos and humor.

Her parents were of the "poor white" class and lived in some remote Virginian wild, whose precise locality, owing to the narrator's vague geographical knowledge, I could never ascertain. She was the oldest of fifteen children, all of whom were brought up without the first rudiments of an education, and ruled over with brutal tyranny by a father whose sole object in life was to vie with his neighbors in the consumption of "black jack" and corn whisky, and to extract the maximum of labor from his numerous progeny,—his paternal affection finding vent in the oft-repeated phrase, "Durn 'em, I wish I could sell some on 'em!" The boys, as they became old enough to realize the situation, ran away in regular succession;—the girls, in the forlorn hope of exchanging a cruel master for one less so, drifted into matrimony at the earliest possible age. Mrs. Angel, at the age of sixteen, married a man of her own class, who found his way in course of time to Washington and became a day-laborer in the Navy Yard.

It would be interesting, if practicable, to trace the subtle laws by which this woman became possessed of a beauty of feature and form, and color, which a youth spent in field-work, twenty subsequent years of maternity and domestic labor, and a life-long diet of the coarsest description, have not succeeded in obliterating. Blue, heavily fringed eyes, wanting only intelligence to make them really beautiful; dark, wavy hair, delicately formed ears, taper fingers, and a fair, though faded complexion, tell of a youth whose beauty must have been striking.

She seldom alluded to her husband at all, and never by name, the brief pronoun "he" answering all purposes, and this invariably uttered in a tone of resentment and contempt, which the story of his wooing sufficiently accounts for.

"His folks lived over t'other side the mount'n," she related, "an' he was dead sot an' *de*-termined he'd have me. I never did see a man so sot! The Lord knows why! He used ter foller me 'round an' set an' set, day in an' day out. I kep' a-tellin' of him I couldn't a-bear him, an' when I said it, he'd jess look at me an' kind o' grin, like, an' never say nothin', but keep on a-settin' 'roun'. Mother *she* didn't dare say a word, 'cause she knowed father 'lowed I should have him whether or no. 'Taint no use, Calline,' she'd say, 'ye might as well give up fust as last.' Then he got ter comin' every day, an' he an' father jess sot an' smoked, an' drunk whisky, an' *he* a-starin' at me all the time as if he was crazy, like. Bimeby I took ter hidin' when he come. Sometimes I hid in the cow-shed, an' sometimes in the woods, an' waited till he'd cl'ared out, an' then when I come in the house, father he'd out with his cowhide, an' whip me. 'I'll teach ye,' he'd say, swearin' awful, 'I'll teach ye ter honor yer father an' mother, as brought ye inter the world, ye hussy!' An' after a while, what with that, an' seein' mother a-cryin' 'roun', I begun ter git enough of it, an' at last I got so I didn't keer. So I stood up an' let him marry me; but," she added, with smouldering fire in her faded blue eyes, "I 'lowed I'd make him sorry fur it, an' I reckon I *hev*! But he wont let on. Ketch him!"

This, and her subsequent history, her valorous struggle with poverty, her industry and tidiness, her intense, though blindly foolish, love for her numerous offspring, and a general soft-heartedness toward all the world, except "niggers" and the father of her children, interested me in the woman to an extent which has proved disastrous to my comfort—and pocket. I cannot tell how it came about, but at an early period of our acquaintance Mrs. Angel began to take a lively interest in my wardrobe, not only promptly securing such articles as I had already condemned as being too shabby, even for the wear of an elderly Government employé, but going to the length of suggesting the laying aside of others which I had modestly deemed capable of longer service. From this, it was but a step to placing a species of lien upon all newly

purchased garments, upon which she freely commented, with a view to their ultimate destination. It is not pleasant to go through the world with the feeling of being mortgaged as to one's apparel, but though there have been moments when I have meditated rebellion, I have never been able to decide upon any practicable course of action.

I cannot recall the time when Mrs. Angel left my room without a package of some description. She carries with her always a black satchel, possessing the capacity and insatiability of a conjurer's bag, but, unlike that article, while anything may be gotten into it, nothing ever comes out of it.

Her power of absorption is simply marvelous. Fortunately, however, the demon of desire which possesses her may be appeased, all other means failing, with such trifles as a row of pins, a few needles, or even stale newspapers.

"He reads 'em," she explained, concerning the last, "an' then I dresses my pantry-shelves with 'em."

"It is a wonder your husband never taught *you* to read," I said once, seeing how wistfully she was turning the pages of a "Harper's Weekly."

The look of concentrated hate flashed into her face again.

"He 'lows a woman aint got no call ter read," she answered, bitterly. "I allers laid off to larn, jess ter spite him, but I aint never got to it yit."

I came home from my office one day late in autumn, to find Mrs. Angel sitting by the fire in my room, which, as I board with friends, is never locked. Her customary trappings of woe were enhanced by a new veil of cheap crape which swept the floor, and her round, rosy visage wore an expression of deep, unmitigated grief. A patch of *poudre de riz* ornamented her tip-tilted nose, a delicate aroma of Farina cologne-water pervaded the atmosphere, and the handle of my ivory-backed hair-brush protruded significantly from one of the drawers of my dressing-bureau.

I glanced at her apprehensively. My first thought was that the somewhat mythical personage known as "he" had finally shuffled himself out of existence. I approached her respectfully.

"Good-evenin'," she murmured. "Pretty day!"

"How do you do, Mrs. Angel?" I responded, sympathetically. "You seem to be in trouble. What has happened?"

"A heap!" was the dismal answer. "Old Mr. Lawson's dead!"

"Ah! Was he a near relative of yours?" I inquired.

"Well," she answered,—somewhat dubiously, I thought,—"not so nigh. He wasn't rightly *no kin*. His fust wife's sister married my oldest sister's husband's mother—but we's allers *knowed* him, an' he was allers a-comin' an' a-goin' amongst us *like* one o' the family. An' if ever they *was* a saint he was one!"

Here she wiped away a furtive tear with a new black-bordered kerchief. I was silent, feeling any expression of sympathy on my part inadequate to the occasion.

"He was *prepared*," she resumed, presently, "ef ever a man was. He got religion about forty year ago—that time all the stars fell down, ye know. He'd been ter see his gal, an' was goin' home late, and the stars was a-fallin', and he was took then. He went into a barn, an' begun prayin', an' he aint never stopped sence."

Again the black-bordered handkerchief was brought into requisition.

"How are the children?" I ventured, after a pause.

"Po'ly!" was the discouraging answer. "Jinny an' Nely an' John Henry has all had the croup. I've been a-rubbin' of 'em with Radway's Relief an' British ile, an' a-givin' on it to 'em internal, fur two days an' nights runnin'. Both bottles is empty now, and the Lord knows where the next is ter come from, fur we aint got no credit at the 'pothecary's. *He's* out o' work ag'in, an' they aint a stick o' wood in the shed, an' the grocer-man says he wants some money putty soon. Ef my *hens* would only lay——"

"It was unfortunate," I could not help saying, with a glance at the veil and handkerchief, "that you felt obliged to purchase additional mourning just when things were looking so badly."

She gave me a sharp glance, a glow of something like resentment crept into her face.

"All our family puts on black fur kin, ef it *aint* so nigh!" she remarked with dignity.

A lineal descendant of an English earl could not have uttered the words "our family" with more hauteur. I felt the rebuke.

"Besides," she added, naively, "the store-keeper *trusted* me fur 'em."

"If only Phenie could git work," she resumed, presently, giving me a peculiar side-glance with which custom had rendered

me familiar, it being the invariable precursor of a request, or a sly suggestion. "She's only fifteen, an' she aint over 'n' above *strong*, but she's got learnin'." She only left off school a year ago come spring, an' she can do right smart. There's Sam Weaver's gal, as lives nex' do' to us, *she's* got a place in the printin'-office where she 'arns her twenty-five dollars a month, an' she never seen the day as she could read like Phenie, an' she's ugly as sin, too."

It occurred to me just here that I had heard of an additional force being temporarily required in the Printing Bureau. I resolved to use what influence I possessed with a prominent official, a friend of "better days," to obtain employment for "Phenie," for, with all the poor woman's faults and weaknesses, I knew that her distress was genuine. Work was scarce, and there were many mouths to feed in that forlorn little house at the Navy Yard.

"I will see if I can find some employment for your daughter," I said, after reflecting a few moments. "Come here Saturday evening, and I will let you know the result."

I knew, by the sudden animation visible in Mrs. Angel's face, that this was what she had hoped for and expected.

When I came from the office on Saturday evening, I found Mrs. Angel and her daughter awaiting me. She had often alluded to Phenie with maternal pride, as a "good-lookin' gal," but I was entirely unprepared for such a vision as, at her mother's bidding, advanced to greet me. It occurred to me that Mrs. Angel herself must have once looked somewhat as Phenie did now, except as to the eyes. That much-contemned "he" must have been responsible for the large, velvety black eyes which met mine with such a timid, deprecating glance.

She was small and perfectly shaped, and there was enough of vivid coloring and graceful curve about her to have furnished a dozen ordinary society belles. Her hair fell loosely to her waist in the then prevailing fashion, a silken, wavy, chestnut mass. A shabby little hat was perched on one side her pretty head, and the tightly fitting basque of her dress of cheap and faded blue exposed her white throat almost too freely. I was glad that I could answer the anxious pleading of those eyes in a manner not disappointing. The girl's joy was a pretty thing to witness as I told her mother that my application had been successful, and that Phenie would be assigned work on Monday.

"He 'lowed she wouldn't git in," remarked Mrs. Angel, triumphantly, "an' as fur Columbus, *he* didn't want her to git in no how."

"Oh *maw*!" interrupted Phenie, blushing like a June rose.

"Oh, what's the use!" continued her mother. "Columbus says he wouldn't 'low it nohow ef he'd got a good stan'. He says as soon as ever he gits inter business fur hisself——"

"Oh *maw*!" interposed Phenie again, going to the window to hide her blushes.

"Columbus is a butcher by trade," went on Mrs. Angel, in a confidential whisper, "an' Phenie, she don't like the idee of it. I tell her she's foolish, but she don't like it. I reckon it's readin' them story-papers, all about counts, an' lords, an sich, as has set her agin' butcherin'. But Columbus, he jess loves the groun' she walks on, an' he's a-goin' ter hucksterin' as soon as ever he can git a good stan'."

I expressed a deep interest in the success of Columbus, and rescued Phenie from her agony of confusion by some remarks upon other themes of a less personal nature. Soon after, mother and daughter departed.

Eight o'clock Monday morning brought Phenie, looking elated, yet nervous. She wore the faded blue dress, but a smart "butterfly-bow" of rose-pink was perched in her shining hair, and another was at her throat. As we entered the Treasury building, I saw that she turned pale and trembled as if with awe, and as we passed on through the lofty, resounding corridors, and up the great flight of steps, she panted like a hunted rabbit.

At the Bureau I presented the appointment-card I had received. The superintendent gave it a glance, scrutinized Phenie closely, beckoned to a minor power, and in a moment the new employé was conducted from my sight. Just as she disappeared behind the door leading into the grimy, noisy world of printing-presses, Phenie gave me a glance over her shoulder. Such a trembling, scared sort of a glance! I felt as if I had just turned a young lamb into a den of ravening wolves.

Curiously enough, from this day the fortunes of the house of Angel began to mend. "He" was re-instated in "the yard," the oldest boy began a thriving business in the paper-selling line, and Mrs. Angel herself being plentifully supplied with plain sewing, the family were suddenly plunged into a

state of affluence which might well have upset a stronger intellect than that of its maternal head. Her lunacy took the mild and customary form of "shopping." Her trips to the Avenue (by which Pennsylvania avenue is presupposed) and to Seventh street became of semi-weekly occurrence. She generally dropped in to see me on her way home, in quite a friendly and informal manner (her changed circumstances had not made her proud), and with high glee exhibited to me her purchases. They savored strongly of Hebraic influences, and included almost every superfluous article of dress known to modern times. She also supplied herself with lace curtains of marvelous design, and informed me that she had bought a magnificent "bristles" carpet at auction, for a mere song.

"The *bristles* is wore off in some places," she acknowledged, "but it's most as good as new."

Her grief for the lamented Mr. Lawson found new expression in "mourning" jewelry of a massive and somber character, including ear-rings of a size which threatened destruction to the lobes of her small ears. Her fledgelings were liberally provided with new feathers of a showy and fragile nature, and even her feelings toward "him" became sufficiently softened to allow the purchase of a purple necktie and an embroidered shirt-bosom for his adornment.

"He aint not ter say so ugly, of a Sunday, when he gits the smudge washed off," she remarked, in connection with the above.

"It must have been a great satisfaction to you," I suggested (not without a slight tinge of malice), "to be able to pay off the grocer and the dry-goods merchant."

Mrs. Angel's spirits were visibly dampened by this unfeeling allusion. Her beaming face darkened.

"They has to take their resks," she remarked, sententiously, after a long pause, fingering her hard-rubber bracelets, and avoiding my gaze.

Once I met her on the Avenue. She was issuing from a popular restaurant, followed by four or five young Angels, all in high spirits and beaming with the consciousness of well-filled stomachs, and the possession of divers promising-looking paper bags. She greeted me with an effusiveness which drew upon me the attention of the passers-by.

"We've done had *oyshters*!" remarked John Henry.

"'N' ice-cream 'n' cakes!" supplemented Cornelia.

The fond mother exhibited, with natural pride, their "tin-types," taken individually and collectively, sitting and standing, with hats and without. The artist had spared neither carmine nor gilt-foil, and the effect was unique and dazzling.

"I've ben layin' off ter have 'em took these two year," she loudly explained, "an' I've done it! He'll be mad as a hornet, but I don't keer! *He* don't pay fur 'em!"

A vision of the long-suffering grocer and merchant rose between me and those triumphs of the limner's art, but then, as Mrs. Angel herself had philosophically remarked, "they has to take their resks."

Phenie, too, in the beginning, was a frequent visitor, and I was pleased to note that her painful shyness was wearing off a little, and to see a marked improvement in her dress. There was, with all her childishness, a little trace of coquetry about her,—the innocent coquetry of a bird preening its feathers in the sunshine. She was simply a soft-hearted, ignorant little beauty, whose great, appealing eyes seemed always asking for something, and in a way one might find it hard to refuse.

In spite of her rich color, I saw that the girl was frail, and knowing that she had a long walk after leaving the cars, I arranged for her to stay with me over night when the weather was severe, and she often did so, sleeping on the lounge in my sitting-room.

At first I exerted myself to entertain my young guest,—youth and beauty have great charms for me,—but beyond some curiosity at the sight of pictures, I met with no encouragement. The girl's mind was a vacuum. She spent the hours before retiring in caressing and romping with my kitten, in whose company she generally curled up on the hearth-rug and went to sleep, looking, with her disarranged curly hair and round, flushed cheeks, like a child kept up after its bed-time.

But after a few weeks she came less frequently, and finally not at all. I heard of her occasionally through her mother, however, who reported favorably, dilating most fervidly upon the exemplary punctuality with which Phenie placed her earnings in the maternal hand.

It happened one evening in mid-winter that I was hastening along Pennsylvania avenue at an early hour, when, as I was passing a certain restaurant, the door of the ladies' entrance was pushed noisily open, and a

party of three came out. The first of these was a man, middle-aged, well-dressed, and of a jaunty and gallant air, the second a large, high-colored young woman, the third—Phenie. She looked flushed and excited, and was laughing in her pretty, foolish way at something her male companion was saying to her. My heart stood still; but, as I watched the trio from the obscurity of a convenient doorway, I saw the man hail a Navy Yard car, assist Phenie to enter it, and return to his friend upon the pavement, when, after exchanging a few words, the pair separated.

I was ill at ease. I felt a certain degree of responsibility concerning Phenie, and the next day, therefore, I waited for her at the great iron gate through which the employés of the Bureau must pass out, determined to have a few words with the child in private. Among the first to appear was Phenie, and with her, as I had feared, the high-colored young woman. In spite of that person's insolent looks, I drew Phenie's little hand unresistingly through my arm, and led her away.

Outside the building, as I had half-expected, loitered the man in whose company I had seen her on the previous evening. Daylight showed him to be a type familiar to Washington eyes—large, florid, scrupulously attired, and carrying himself with a mingled air of military distinction and senatorial dignity well calculated to deceive an unsophisticated observer.

He greeted Phenie with a courtly bow, and a smile, which changed quickly to a dark look as his eyes met mine, and turned away with a sudden assumption of lofty indifference and abstraction.

Phenie accompanied me to my room without a word, where I busied myself in preparing some work for her mother, chatting meanwhile of various trifling matters.

I could see that the girl looked puzzled, astonished, even a little angry. She kept one of her small, dimpled hands hidden under the folds of her water-proof, too, and her eyes followed me wistfully and questioningly.

"Who were those people I saw you with last evening, coming from H——'s saloon?" I suddenly asked.

Phenie gave me a startled glance; her face grew pale.

"Her name," she stammered, "is Nettie Mullin."

"And the gentleman?" I asked again, with an irony which I fear was entirely thrown away.

The girl's color came back with a rush.

"His name is O'Brien, General O'Brien," she faltered. "He—he's a great man!" she added, with a pitiful little show of pride.

"Ah! Did he tell you so?" I asked.

"Nettie told me," the girl answered, simply. "She's known him a long time. He's rich and has a great deal of—of influence, and he's promised to get us promoted. He's a great friend of Nettie's, and he—he's a perfect gentleman."

She looked so innocent and confused as she sat rubbing the toe of one small boot across a figure of the carpet, that I had not the heart to question her further. In her agitation she had withdrawn the hand she had kept hitherto concealed beneath her cape, and was turning around and around the showy ring which adorned one finger.

"I am certain, Phenie," I said, "that your friend General O'Brien is no more a general and no more a gentleman than that ring you are wearing is genuine gold and diamonds."

She gave me a half-laughing, half-resentful look, colored painfully, but said nothing, and went away at length, with the puzzled, hurt look still on her face.

For several days following I went every day to the gate of the Bureau, and saw Phenie on her homeward way. For two or three days "General O'Brien" continued to loiter about the door-way, but as he ceased at length to appear, and as the system I had adopted entailed upon me much fatigue and loss of time, I decided finally to leave Phenie again to her own devices; not, however, without some words of advice and warning. She received them silently, but her large, soft eyes looked into mine with the pathetic, wondering look of a baby, who cannot comprehend why it shall not put its hand into the blaze of the lamp.

I did not see her for some time after this, but having ascertained from her mother that she was in the habit of coming home regularly, my anxiety was in a measure quieted.

"She don't seem nateral, Phenie don't," Mrs. Angel said one day. "She's kind o' quiet, like, as ef she was studyin' about something, an' she used to be everlastin' singin' an' laughin'. Columbus, he's a-gittin' kind o' oneasy an' jealous, like. Says he, 'Mrs. Angel,' says he, 'ef Phenie should go back on me after all, an' me a-scrapin', an' a-savin', an' a-goin' out o' butcherin' along o' her not favorin' it,' says he, 'why I reckon I wouldn't never git over it,' says he. Ye see him an' her's ben a-keepin' comp'nysence Phenie was

twelve year old. I tell's him he ain't no call ter feel oneasy, though, not as I knows on."

Something urged me here to speak of what I knew as to Phenie's recent associates, but other motives—a regard for the girl's feelings, and reliance upon certain promises she had made me, mingled with a want of confidence in her mother's wisdom and discretion—kept me silent.

One evening—it was in March, and a little blustering—I was sitting comfortably by my fire, trying to decide between the attractions of a new magazine and the calls of duty which required my attendance at a certain "Ladies' Committee-meeting," when a muffled, unhandy sort of a knock upon my door disturbed my train of thought. I uttered an indolent "Come in!"

There was a hesitating turn of the knob, the door opened, and I rose to be confronted by a tall, broad-chested young man, of ruddy complexion and undecided features; a young man who, not at all abashed, bowed in a friendly manner, while his mild, blue eyes wandered about the apartment with undisguised eagerness. He wore a new suit of invisible plaid, an extremely low-necked shirt, a green necktie, and a celluloid pin in the form of a shapely feminine leg. Furthermore, the little finger of the hand which held his felt hat was gracefully crooked in a manner admitting the display of a seal ring of a peculiarly striking style, and an agreeable odor of bergamot, suggestive of the barber's chair, emanated from his person. It flashed over me at once that this was Phenie Angel's lover, a suspicion which his first words verified.

"Aint Miss Angel here?" he asked, in a voice full of surprise and disappointment.

"No, she is not," I answered. "You are her friend, Columbus——"

"Columbus Padgett, ma'am," he responded. "Yes, ma'am. Aint Phenie been here this evenin'?"

"No. Did you expect to find her here?"

Mr. Padgett's frank face clouded perceptibly, and he pushed his hair back and forth on his forehead uneasily, as he answered:

"I did, indeed, ma'am. I—you see, ma'am, she aint been comin' home reg'lar of late, Phenie aint, an' I aint had no good chance to speak to her for right smart of a while. I laid off to see her to-night for certain. I've got somethin' *partic'lar* to say to her, to-night. You see, ma'am," he added, becoming somewhat confused, "me an' her—we—I—me an' her——"

He stopped, evidently feeling his inability to express himself with the delicacy the subject required.

"I understand, Mr. Padgett," I said, smilingly, "you and Phenie are——"

"That's it!" interposed Mr. Padgett, much relieved. "Yes, ma'am, that's how the matter stan's! I made sure of findin' Phenie here. Her ma says as that's where she's been a-stayin' nights lately."

I started. I had not seen Phenie for two or three weeks.

"I dare say she has gone home with one of the girls from the Bureau," I said, reassuringly.

I had been studying the young man's face in the meantime, and had decided that Mr. Padgett was a very good sort of a fellow. There was good material in him. It might be in a raw state, but it was very good material, indeed. He might be a butcher by trade, but surely he was the "mildest-mannered man" that ever felled an ox. His voice had a pleasant, sincere ring, and altogether he looked like a man with whom it might be dangerous to trifle, but who might be trusted to handle a sick baby, or wait upon a helpless woman with unlimited devotion.

"You don't have no idea who the girl might be?" he asked, gazing dejectedly into the crown of his hat. "'Taint so late. I might find Phenie yit."

It happened, by the merest chance, that I did know where Nettie Mullin, in whose company I feared Phenie might again be found, boarded. That is to say, I knew the house but not its number, and standing as it did at a point where several streets and avenues intersect, its situation was one not easily imparted to another. I saw, by the look of hopeless bewilderment on Mr. Padgett's face, that he could have discovered the North-west Passage with equal facility.

I reflected, hesitated, formed a hasty resolution, and said:

"I am going out to attend a meeting, and I will show you where one of the girls, with whom I have seen Phenie, lives. You may find her there now."

The young man's face brightened a little. He expressed his thanks, and waited for me on the landing.

The house where Miss Mullin boarded was only a few squares away. It was one of a row of discouraged-looking houses, which had started out with the intention of being genteel but had long ago given up the idea.

It was lighted up cheerfully, however, we

saw on approaching, and a hack stood before the door. I indicated to my companion that this was the house, and would have turned away, but at that moment the door opened, and two girls came out and descended the steps. The light from the hall, as well as that of a street-lamp, fell full upon them. There was no mistaking Miss Mullin, and her companion was Phenie,—in a gay little hat set saucily back from her face, the foolish, pretty laugh ringing from her lips.

The two girls tripped lightly across the pavement toward the carriage. As they did so, the door was opened from within (the occupant, for reasons best known to himself, preferring not to alight), and a well-clad, masculine arm was gallantly extended. Miss Mullin, giggling effusively, was about to enter, followed close by Phenie, when, with a smothered cry, Padgett darted forward and placed himself between them and the carriage.

"Phenie," he said, his voice shaking a little. "Phenie, where was you a-goin'?"

The young girl started back, confused.

"Law, Columbus!" she faltered, in a scared, faint voice.

In the meantime, the man in the carriage put his face out of the door, and eyed the intruder, for an instant, arrogantly. Then, affecting to ignore his presence altogether, he turned toward the two girls with a slightly impatient air, saying, in an indescribably offensive tone:

"Come, ladies, come. What are you stopping for?"

Mr. Padgett, who had been holding Phenie's little hand speechlessly, let it fall, and turned toward the carriage excitedly.

"Miss Angel is stoppin' to speak to me, sir," he said. "Have you got anything to say ag'inst it?"

The occupant of the carriage stared haughtily at him, broke into a short laugh, and turned again toward the girls.

Mr. Padgett, pushing his hat down upon his head, took a step nearer. The gentleman, after another glance, drew back discreetly, saying, in a nonchalant manner:

"Come, Miss Nettie. We shall be late."

"I suppose you're not going with us, then, Miss Angel?" said Miss Mullin, with a toss of her plumed hat.

Mr. Padgett turned, and looked Phenie steadily in the face.

"Be you goin' with them?" he asked, in a low voice.

"N—no!" the girl faltered, faintly. "I'll go with you, Columbus."

A muffled remark of a profane nature was heard to proceed from the carriage, the door was violently closed, and the vehicle rolled rapidly away.

I had kept discreetly aloof, although an interested spectator of the scene. Phenie, after one swift glance in my direction, had not raised her eyes again.

"We'll go with you where you're goin', ma'am," said Mr. Padgett, as the carriage disappeared, but I would not permit this.

"Well, good evenin', ma'am," he said; "I'm a thousand times obliged to you—good evenin'."

With an indescribable look into Phenie's pale, down-cast face,—a look made up of pain, tenderness and reproach,—he put her hand through his arm, and they went away.

As might have been expected, Phenie avoided me, after this, more carefully than ever. I was glad that she did so. I was also glad when, a week or two later, Mrs. Angel presented herself, in a towering state of indignation, to inform me that Phenie had received her discharge. In vain I reminded her that Phenie's position had been, from the beginning, a temporary one.

"I don't keer!" she persisted. "I'd like ter know what difference it would 'a' made to the Government—jess that little bit o' money! An' me a-needin' of it so! Why couldn't they have discharged some o' them women as sets all day on them velvet carpets an' cheers, a-doin' nothin' but readin' story-papers? Phenie's seen 'em a-doin' of it, time an' ag'in—an' she a-workin' at a old greasy machine!"

In vain I endeavored to prove that no injustice had been done. Mrs. Angel's attitude toward the United States Government remains, to this day, inflexibly hostile.

"Ef Columbus had let alone interferin' between Phenie an' them that was intendin' well by her, I reckon she'd 'a' been settin' on one o' them velvet cheers herself by this time," she remarked, mysteriously, "or a-doin' better still."

I looked at her sharply.

"They's a gentleman," she went on, with a foolish smile, "a general, as is all taken up with Phenie. He's a great friend o' the President's, you know, an' they's no knowin' what he *might* do for the gal, ef Columbus 'd let alone interferin'."

"Then Phenie has told you of her new acquaintance?" I said, much relieved.

Mrs. Angel looked at me blankly.

"Lord, no!" she answered, "*she* never let on! No, indeed! But I knowed it—I knowed it all along. Sam Weaver's gal, *she* told me about it. I knowed she was keepin' company with him, kind o'."

"And you said nothing to Phenie?"

"Lord, no! Gals is bashful, Mis' Lawrence. No, indeed!"

"Nor say a word of all this to Columbus?" I asked again.

"What fur?" said Mrs. Angel, imperturbably. "He aint got no call ter interfere, ef she kin do better."

I was silent a moment in sheer despair.

"Do you imagine, for one moment," I said, finally, "that if this general, as he calls himself, is really what he pretends to be, a gentleman and a friend of the President's, that he means honestly by Phenie?"

Mrs. Angel regarded me with a fixed stare, in which I discerned wonder at my incredulity, and indignation at the implied disparagement of her daughter.

"Why not?" she asked, with some heat.

"Phenie was a-readin' me a story, not so long ago, about a man, a lord or somethin' like, as married a miller's daughter. The name was 'The Secrit Marriage,' or thereabouts. I'd like to know ef she aint as good as a *miller's* daughter, any time o' day?"

I said no more. "Against stupidity even the gods strive in vain."

A month later, perhaps, Mrs. Angel, whom I had not seen since the interview just related, came toiling up the stairs with her arms piled high with suggestive-looking packages, and beamingly and unceremoniously entered my sitting-room. With rather more than her customary ease of manner, she deposited herself and parcels upon the lounge, and exclaimed, pantingly:

"Wall! Phenie an' Columbus is goin' ter be married Sunday week!"

"Ah!" I responded, with a sympathetic thrill; "so they have made it up again?"

"Yes, indeed!" she answered, "they've done made it up. They *was* one time I was most afeard Columbus was goin' to back out, though. 'Twas after that time when he come down here after Phenie, an' found her a-goin' out 'long o' that Bureau gal an' that man as called hisself a general!"

"So you found out the character of Phenie's friend at last?" I said.

"Columbus, *he* found it out. I'll tell ye how 'twas. Ye see, him an' Phenie was a-havin' of it that night after they got home. They was in the front room, but they's right

smart of a crack 'roun' the do', an' you kin hear right smart ef you sets up clost enough," she explained, naively.

"Phenie," says Columbus, kind o' humble, like, "I don't want no wife as don't like me better 'n any other man in the world. Ef you likes that man, an' he's a good man, an' means right by ye, I aint one ter stan' in your way; but," says he, "I don't believe he's no good. I've seen them kind befo', an' I don't have no confidence into him."

"Columbus," says Phenie, kind o' spirited, fur *her*, "you aint got no call to talk agin' him. He's a gentleman, he is!"

"All right!" says Columbus, chokin' up, "all right. Mebbe he is—but I don't like this meetin' of him unbeknownst, Phenie. It aint the thing. Now I want you ter promise me not to meet him any more *unbeknownst* till you knows more about him, an' you give me leave ter find out all about him, an' see ef I don't."

"I wont listen to no lies," says Phenie, kind o' fiery.

"I wont tell ye no lies, Phenie," he says.

"I never has, an' I aint goin' ter begin now."

"Then he got up an' shoved his cheer back, and I had ter go 'way from the crack."

"Wall, Phenie looked real white an' sick after that, an' I felt right down sorry fur the gal, but I didn't let on I knew anything, 'cause 'twaren't *my* place ter speak *just*, ye know! Wall, she dragged 'round fur three, four days,—that was after she was discharged, you see,—an' one evenin' Columbus he come in all tremblin' an' stirred up, an' him an' her went inter the room, an' I sat up ter the crack. An' Columbus he begun."

"Phenie," says he, his voice all hoarse an' shaky, "Phenie, what would you say ef I was ter tell ye your fine general *wasn't* no general, an' was a married man at that?"

"Prove it!" says Phenie.

"I had ter laugh ter hear her speak up so peart, like. I didn't think 'twas in her, and she not much more'n a child."

"Wall," says Columbus, "ef I can't prove it, I knows them as kin."

"Wall," says Phenie, "when he tells me so hisself, I'll believe it, an' not befo'!"

"Then Columbus went away, an' I could see he was all worked up an' mad. His face was white as cotton. Phenie, she went to bed, an' I heerd her a-cryin' an' a-snubbin', all night. She couldn't eat no breakfast, nuther, though I made griddle-cakes, extr'y fur her; an' she dressed herself an' went off somewheres—I didn't ask her, but I reckon she went down ter the city ter find out about

that man. Wall, towards night she come home, an' I never see a gal look so—kind o' wild, like, an' her eyes a-shinin' an' her cheeks as red as pinies. She sot an' looked out o' the winder, an' looked, an' bimeby Columbus he come in, an' they went into the room. I couldn't hear rightly what they said, the chilPen was makin' sich a noise, but I heard Phenie bust out a-cryin' fit to break her heart, an' then Columbus, he—wall, Lord! I never did see sich a feller! He jess loves the groun' that gal's feet walks on!"

"He must be very forgiving," I said. "Phenie has used him badly."

"Wall, I do' know," she replied, with perfect simplicity. "I do' know as she was beholden to Columbus ef she could a-done better. The child didn't mean no harm."

Although aware of the impracticability of trying to render Mrs. Angel's comprehension of maternal duty clearer, I could not help saying:

"But why didn't you, as the girl's own mother and nearest friend, have a talk with Phenie in the beginning? You might have spared her a great deal of trouble."

Mrs. Angel's eyes dilated with surprise.

"Lord! Mis' Lawrence!" she exclaimed, "you do' know! Why, gals is that bashful! They couldn't tell their *mothers* sich things. Why, I'd 'a' died 'fore I'd 'a' told mine anything about—love-matters! Lord!"

"Well," I sighed, "I'm glad Phenie is going to marry so good a fellow as Columbus."

"Y—yes," she answered, condescendingly, "he's a good feller, Columbus is. He don't drink or smoke, an' he's mighty savin'."

I remarked here, as on other occasions, that Mrs. Angel regarded this being "savin'" as a purely masculine virtue.

"He's give Phenie most a hundred dollars 'a-ready," she continued, complacently. "They aint no gal on the Navy Yard as 'll have nicer things 'n Phenie."

A fortnight later the newly wedded pair called upon me. Phenie looked very sweet in her bridal finery, but there was something in her face which I did not like. It meant neither peace nor happiness. She looked older. There were some hard lines around her lips, and the childish expression of her lovely eyes had given place to a restless, absent look. Her husband was serenely unconscious of anything wanting—unconscious, indeed, of everything but his absolute bliss, and his new shiny hat. He wore a lavender necktie, now, and gloves of the same shade, which were painfully tight, and, with

the hat, would have made life a burden to any but the bridegroom of a week's standing. Phenie had little to say, but Columbus was jubilantly loquacious.

"I've gone out o' butcherin' fur good an' all," he declared, emphatically. "Phenie didn't like it, an' no more do I. Hucksterin' is more to my mind, ma'am. It's *cleaner* an'—an' more genteel, ma'am. I've got a *good stan'*, an' I mean to keep Phenie like a *lady*, ma'am!"

She lived but a year after this. She and her baby were buried in one grave. That was five years ago. Columbus still wears a very wide hat-band of crape, and mourns her sincerely.

Her death was a heavy blow to her mother, whose grief is borne with constant repining and unreasoning reflections. The fountains of her eyes overflow at the mere utterance of the girl's name.

"The doctors 'lowed 'twas consumption as ailed her," she often repeats, "but I aint never got red o' thinkin' 'twas trouble as killed her. I used ter think, Mis' Lawrence," she says, with lowered voice, "that she hadn't never got over thinkin' of that man as fooled her so! I wish I could see him onct! Says she ter me, time an' agin', 'Ma,' says she, 'I reckon I aint a-goin' ter live long. I'm right young ter die, but I do' know as I keer!' says she."

"Did her husband ever suspect that she was unhappy?" I asked.

"Lord no, ma'am! Or ef he did he never let on! An' I never see sich a man! There wasn't *nothin'* he didn't git her while she was sick, an' her coffin was a sight! They warn't never sich a one seen on the Navy Yard! An' he goes to her grave, rain or shine, as reg'lar as Sunday comes."

As I have said, several years have passed since Phenie's death, but Mrs. Angel's visits have never ceased. The lapse of time has left hardly any traces upon her comely exterior. In times of plenty, her soul expands gleefully and the brown-paper parcels multiply. In times of dearth, she sits, an elderly Niobe, and weeps out her woes upon my hearth-stone. The black satchel, too, by some occult power, has resisted the wear and tear of years and exposure to the elements, and continues to swallow up my substance insatiably as of yore. Occasionally, as I have said, something within me rises in arms against her quiet, yet persistent encroachments, but this is a transitory mood. Her next visit puts my resolutions to flight.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Political Machine.

It is readily observable that the protests against the political machine and the efforts on behalf of civil-service reform, as a practical outcome of that protest, originate in the cities. People in the country follow their political leaders, without serious question, and do not come much into contact with the bad results which they do so much to secure. The one or two men in each town who are relied upon at headquarters to do the party work, get office, it is true, but that seems to be because they are "fond of politics"; and, as office has so long been the reward of party work, it is looked upon as quite the regular and legitimate thing. The city is almost the only place where the authority of the political leader is questioned. He looks to the country towns for loyalty to his policy and decrees, and relies upon them to carry his ends in the State. The managing men of the small towns are always in confidential correspondence with headquarters, and their work is done so quietly and cleverly that the country voter is never made to feel the yoke, or led to suspect that he is the tool of a corrupt cabal of office-holders and office-seekers.

In the city, especially the great city, the machinery comes more to the surface. Here we find a class of professional politicians. Their business is politics. There may be some, above them, who are working for power, without any thought of office, but they know that every man under them is at work for what he can make out of the business. Some work with very small aspirations and expectations. There are wheels within wheels, and there are those who work for so small a consideration as their drink. They furnish the machinery of all elections. They attend and manage the primary elections and caucuses. They do the party work, and will permit no one else to do it. Good men are often reproached with their neglect of political duty, especially as it relates to what are called "the primaries." The reply to this reproach is that no good man can undertake to have anything to do with the primaries unless he belongs to "the machine," without the loss of self-respect. Indeed, all attempt to have anything to do with them, in the way of influencing their policy and results, is useless. If any clear-headed gentleman doubts this, let him try it. He only needs to do this once to be convinced. It has been tried many times, and always unsuccessfully. Even in our Staten Island suburb, the machine has proved too strong for our excellent friend, Mr. George W. Curtis, and will have none of him. It has been tried here in the city. The moment a good man enters a meeting where a primary is held, the whole crowd know him.

The latest instance reported to us was by the victim himself. He had been reproached for neglecting his duty, so he was moved to do it. He attended a primary, and found the leaders in con-

sultation in a private room. His position was such that they could not deny him entrance, and they immediately informed him that he must act as chairman. He protested that he wished to be at liberty to speak to such questions as might arise. The protest was hushed by the assurance that if he wished to speak he could call some one else to the chair. The meeting was called to order, and he was elected. Immediately a man jumped to his feet and moved the appointment of a list of delegates to a certain convention, and the "question" was called from all parts of the house. Our virtuous chairman was caught in a trap, and had to put the question. As soon as it was decided, as it was *new. com.* in favor of the nominations, another member rose and moved that the meeting should immediately adjourn, as the weather was warm! So our friend had his labor for his pains, and the men who had used him took great pleasure in showing how respectable their meeting was by publishing his name as its chairman, and thus doing what they could to make him seem to approve a list of political scoundrels!

"But if all good men would unite, they could have their own way." That is a mistake. If all good men would unite, all bad men would do the same, and the bad men would draw for voters to help them through, from all parts of the city, as there would be nothing illegal in outsiders voting at a primary. It is their business to outvote the good men, and they do it every time, because they have the whole machine of the city to do it with, and have no scruples to stand in their way, such as the good men have. Now do our country friends see the point at which we are aiming, when we advocate a reform in the civil service? Can they not see that just so long as office is the reward of party work, just so long party work will and must be done by office-seekers, who work for their party from the basest motives? Politics can never be purified in this country until there is a reform in the civil service. Such purification is practically impossible, until office ceases to be the reward, practically contracted for, of party service.

The machine politician has a contempt for what he sneeringly denominates "sentimental politics." If a man permits either moral or sentimental considerations to enter into his motives of political action, he has done all that is necessary to arouse the suspicion—probably the contempt or hatred—of the average party politician. Power and office are what the party men are after, and sentiment and principle are generally in their way. The attitude of Mr. Conkling toward Mr. Curtis is a sufficient illustration of this point. Mr. Conkling is a machine politician who is fond of power and who regards himself—with a strange hallucination—as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Curtis is a man of principle who has refused high and

important office in order to serve his country more effectually in an attempt to purify its politics. Mr. Conkling is quite incapable of appreciating such disinterestedness on the part of any man engaged in politics, and his contempt for Mr. Curtis is probably as great as that of Mr. Curtis for him—if such a thing be possible.

In the great election lying just before us, there will be, on both sides, no small amount of bolting and scratching. Some of this will be preliminary, with the hope of influencing the selection of candidates. We wish to bespeak for the men who engage in this work the considerate respect of the public, and especially of the rural public. The men who bolt and scratch are not after office. Office lies in another direction. They mean well by the country, and, if they could have their way, would do well by it. Some time they will have their way. "Sentimental politics" have just triumphed in Great Britain, and the time will come when they will triumph here, and the political machine will be overthrown.

Beaconsfield and Gladstone.

NO ONE who has familiarized himself with Lord Beaconsfield's history can witness the completion of his career without a feeling of sadness. His life has been a courageous and persistent fight against tremendous disadvantages. Belonging to the Jewish race, he suffered all the tortures possible to a sensitive temperament, as a child and youth, from the contempt of associates whom he knew to be his inferiors. His faith in his own powers from the very beginning—before those powers had had any trial whatever—was such as to prepare him for all the assaults of ridicule which lay before him, and the defeats that were in store for him. His good opinion of himself, his unbounded ambition, his unwavering pluck, under all discouragements, may well excite our admiration and attract our sympathy; and though we rejoice in his political overthrow, we cannot witness it without feeling that, in its personal aspects, it is a deeply pathetic event. For the despised Jew, who was brutally hissed and hooted into silence on the occasion of his first speech in Parliament, had risen to be the nation's master. Next to the Queen, he was the highest power in the British realm—the foremost man in the nation—and one of the most prominent political figures of the world and of the time. Only a few months ago, on his return from the Berlin Congress, he was the recipient of one of the most brilliant ovations ever accorded to an Englishman. Millions greeted him with huzzas, and his way was strewn with flowers. It was an hour of triumph that must have equaled all his dreams of power, splendid as they had undoubtedly been.

To any man who admires unflinching pluck, it must be sad to see this man overthrown, because it finishes his career. His old Parliamentary struggles can never be repeated. His wit, his readiness of sarcastic repartee, his fertility of resource, his power of leadership, will never again be called into action,

for he is an old and feeble man, who stands upon the brink of the grave. He appealed to the people, and the people have decided that they want no more of him. Lord Beaconsfield steps down and steps out, as a political man and a political force. He can never gather his powers again, or reassert his influence. The persecuted boy, the youthful dandy, the novelist and litterateur, rose to be Prime Minister, Lord Privy Seal, Earl Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield, Viscount Hughenden of Hughenden, Knight of the Garter; and to-day his titles are as though they had never been, and his power has passed into other, and, as we believe, better hands.

At the time we write this article—more than two months before it can be published—we have not heard the complete result of the English elections, but enough is known to see that the ministry must resign, and that whether Mr. Gladstone be called upon or not to form a new ministry, he will be a powerful influence in shaping it, as he has been an essential agent in the triumph of the liberal party. Will the Earl of Beaconsfield repeat the act of 1868, when he advised the Queen to name Mr. Gladstone as his successor? We hope so. We are not familiar with those rules of party procedure which are instanced as forbidding his return to his old place, but there is where he belongs, by the rights conferred by the revolution he has been mainly instrumental in effecting, by his great experience and ability in government, and by his transcendent character.

In whatever light we may regard the triumph of the liberal party in England, it is the result of a struggle between the English Premier and Mr. Gladstone. They are respectively the representatives of the principles and policies of the two parties that have fought out their battle among the people, with the result of a defeat of the government. This result is a victory of Christian England over barbarian England; for with all Beaconsfield's brilliancy, with all his power of oratory and his gifts of finesse and intrigue, he was essentially barbaric in his ideas, his tastes and his policies. It was in the nature of the man. He delighted in pageantry; he gloried in dramatic situations and effects; he was charmed with the exercise of power; he loved titles. The new title of his Queen could only have been conceived in his brain; and his foreign policy was conceived in the love of the spectacular, and supported by the bravado of the barbarian. The books he wrote were flooded with gold, as if he had a barbaric delight in the conceit of easily handled wealth of gold and gems.

Mr. Gladstone is, first of all, a Christian man. In an age and country in which science seems to be doing its best to put Christianity out of fashion among its strongest men, Mr. Gladstone—who stands a king among the strongest—abides by the old faith not only, but is one of its wisest expounders and promulgators. He has always been a man of principle. Lord Beaconsfield has always been a man of policy, when he has not been one of caprice. One has been devoted to the betterment of the condition of the British people; the other has directed most

of his efforts to the aggrandizement of the British Government, not forgetting himself. In literary skill, in learning, in scientific acquirements, in the ability to handle all the leading questions that interest society, in the power of debate, in sympathy with the great popular heart of England, Mr. Gladstone is easily Lord Beaconsfield's superior. He is the Englishman of Englishmen—an Englishman at his best; and, although he is already old, he is still hale and hearty, and good for years of public service.

So, while we congratulate the British people on the revolution that has taken place in their ruling political forces, we repeat the proverbial cry with peculiar satisfaction and with special meaning: "The king is dead! Long live the king!"

The Shadow of the Negro.

THE history of negro slavery, extending from its beginning in Portugal over a period of four hundred years, and involving the exportation by violence from their African homes of forty millions of men, women and children, is one of exceeding and unimaginable bitterness. It is too late to criminate those who were responsible for beginning the slave trade, and for perpetuating the system of bondage that grew out of it. Many of them were conscientious, Christian men, who worked without a thought of the wrong they were doing. Some of them, as we know, really believed they were benefiting the negro, by bringing him out of a condition of barbarism into the enlightening and purifying influences of Christianity. For many years negro slavery prevailed in this country, and greatly modified the institutions and the civilization of a large portion of it. It became, at last, the exciting cause of the greatest civil war known in the history of the world; and when that war brought abolition, it gave to the black race in America not only freedom but citizenship. The question as to what all these centuries of wrong and of servitude have done for the negro is not a difficult one to answer, but what they have done for the enslaving race is not so evident without an examination. The black man has been a menial so long that he has lost, in a great degree, his sense of manhood and his power to assert it. The negro carries within him the sense that his blood is tainted—that he is something less than a man, in consequence of the blackness of his skin. He may be whitened out, so that only the most practiced eye can detect a trace of the African in him, but the consciousness of the possession of this trace haunts him like the memory of a crime, and to charge it upon him is to abase him and cover him with a burning shame. The readiness of the negro in all the States to be content with menial offices in the service of the white man, comes undoubtedly from the fact that such offices relieve him from all antagonism. They put him in a position free from the pretension to equality, where he is at peace. We hear it said that the negro is a natural menial,—a natural servant,—but the truth is that if the negro were only relieved from the burden of contempt in which his blood is held, his special adaptation to menial work would disappear at once.

The harm that slavery did to the white man was one that touched him internally and externally, at most important points. It vitiated his sense of right and wrong. Through its appeal to his interests, it made a system based in inhumanity and standing and working in direct contravention of the Golden Rule, seem to be a humane and Christian institution, to be maintained by argument, by appeal to the authority of the Bible, and by the sword. This, of course, was an immeasurable harm, from which only a slow recovery can be reached. Another evil result of slavery to the white man was the disgrace that came to labor through its long years of association with servitude. No people can be prosperous who despise labor, and who look upon it as something that belongs only to a servile class. Any people that, for any cause, have lost the sense of the supreme respectability of labor;—any people that, for any cause, have come to regard an unproductive idleness as desirable and respectable, have met with an immeasurable misfortune. The shadow of the negro not only rests upon the white man's sense of right, not only on the white man's idea of labor, but upon his love of fair play. There is something most unmanly in the disposition to deny any man who has not harmed us a fair chance in the world. Are we, all over this nation, giving the negro a fair chance? It was not his fault that he was born to slavery. It was not his act that released him from it. Notwithstanding all his years of servitude and wrong, he did not revolt when his opportunity came, but bore his yoke with patience until it was lifted from his shoulders. He did not wrest from unwilling hands his boon of citizenship. Now, however, as we look into our hearts, we find that political rights were conferred upon him rather from an abstract sense of justice than for any love of the negro, or any equal place that we have made for him in our hearts and heads as he stands by our side. The North, to-day, is true to the negro rather in its convictions than in its sympathies. It never in its heart has admitted the negro to equality with the white man. It may consent to see the white man beaten by the negro in a walking-match at Gilmore's Garden, but at West Point the smallest measure of African blood places its possessor under the cruellest and most implacable social ban. So long as this fact exists—so long as the Northern white man utterly excludes the negro from his social sympathies, and refuses to give him a fair chance in the world to secure respectability and influence, it poorly becomes him to rail at his Southern brothers who do the same thing, and are only a little more logical and extreme in their expressions of contempt. The shadow of the negro lies upon the North as upon the South. It has obscured or blotted out our love of fair play. We do not give the negro a chance. It was recently stated in one of our metropolitan pulpits, by a minister of wide experience and observation, that he had never heard in any country better speeches made than were recently made in this city by four colored men, who spoke on behalf of the freedmen. He gave them the highest place in all the powers and qualities that go into the making of eloquence. At Hampton,

the negro is proving himself to be not only most susceptible to cultivation, but to be possessed of a high spirit of self-devotion. Under the charm of this most useful institution the African ceases to be a "nigger," and achieves a self-respect and a sense of manhood that prepare him for the great missionary work of elevating his race. It cannot be disputed that the great obstacle that stands to-day in the way of the negro is the white man, North and South. The white man in this country is not yet ready to treat the negro as a man. The prejudice of race is still dominant in every part of the land. We are quite ready in New York City to invite Indians in paint and feathers into social circles, from which the negro is shut out by a social interdict as irreversible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. If the

negro is a man, let us give him the chance of a man, the powers and privileges of a man. It is not necessary for us to give him our daughters in marriage, although he has given a good many of his daughters to us, as all mulattodom and quadroonism abundantly testify. It is not necessary for us to make an ostentatious show of our conversion to just and humane ideas in regard to him. We should like to see the time when the preacher to whom we have alluded would feel at liberty to invite one of these orators whom he praised to occupy his pulpit, and when such an orator would feel at home there and seem at home there. When this time arrives, in the coming of the millennium, all other relations between the two races may be safely left to adjust themselves.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to Young Mothers. Second Series. I.

How hard it is to amuse children, and keep them good-natured on rainy days! They miss the fresh air. They have played so hard in-doors, they are tired and cross. They squabble with one another, and finally they all flock about your chair, restless and impatient for something, they don't know what. You are perhaps hurrying to finish a piece of sewing before the early gathering twilight quite creeps over you, and are possibly a trifle impatient that it has come so soon. One tired little head comes down into your lap and a mischievous hand pulls your work out of your hands. Another hand upon your chair jogs your elbow and unthreads your needle. Behind you, Johnny is slyly teasing the baby.

Now lay aside your work. You are ruining your eyes, your nerves, your temper, and accomplishing nothing. First take the children to the washstand, bathe the hot cheeks and wash the moist little hands,—cold water is sometimes a means of grace,—smooth the tangled hair, take off the heavy boots and put on slippers. The judicious distribution of clean aprons also adds materially on these occasions to the sum total of human happiness. If you are so fortunate as to be musical, gather your little flock about the piano, start off with some bright and rollicking song or Mother Goose jingle, the "Muffin Man" or the "Shaker Dance." Lead them gradually up to tenderer and quieter songs. Perhaps by the time your husband's key clicks in the front door he will be greeted by the strains of some such good old-fashioned hymn as "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

If you tire of the piano, books are never-failing. Read a chapter in the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," or Whittier's books of "Child-Life." If these are beyond your audience, try "Rhymes and Jingles," or the ever-delightful Mother Goose. Chil-

dren are naturally fond of melody and rhyme; if they never hear anything better, they will be satisfied with mere jingle. But try spirited ballads and little ballads by our best authors, and see how quickly they will respond. Few boys will be deaf to "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and few girls but will be charmed with Westwood's "Little Bell."

There is no lack of books to cull from. Almost every household possesses some of our standard poets, or selections from their works. There are little compilations like Lucy Larcom's "Hillside and Roadside Poems," Mrs. Giles's "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Hymns for Mothers and Children," to say nothing of the school readers, which contain many excellent selections. Of larger and more expensive works, there are Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems," or, best of all for children, Whittier's "Child-Life."

You can make a book for yourself by saving favorite bits of poetry, by known and unknown authors, which go floating through our newspapers and magazines. Before you are aware you will have an attractive book, dear to the children because you made it, and an education and refreshment to yourself. But perhaps the children are too fretful to listen quietly to reading. Try telling a story. If you cannot "make up" one, fall back on the classics. "Cinderella," or "Jack the Giant-Killer," or Hans Andersen's tender little "Märchen." Tell "Thumbelina" once, and see if you haven't a story always ready.

When the children are old enough to sit up for some time after supper there is another hour to be provided for. Don't you remember those delightful evenings spent at the houses of your playmates where the mother, and sometimes the father, took part in the games of "Twenty Questions," "Stage-

Coach," or "Proverbs," where they popped corn and ate apples with the children? But you cry in dismay: "What is to become of my reading hour? The evenings are the only times I have for myself." True, but by eight o'clock the younger ones are ready for bed, and the older to go to their lessons or their library books. You may become interested in your book, but not so absorbed that you cannot stop to help Mary about her map questions, or to talk with Tom about Stanley's "Across the Dark Continent." Your children's reading and study, as well as their play, ought always to have a decided flavor of "mother" in it.

This does not provide for the days, and that is, after all, the main question. Have you ever tried a scrap-book? It makes no end of litter, unless managed just right; but let it once become an "institution," to be provided for as you do for the week's washing, and it will keep the children wholesomely busy for many an hour. First of all, you want a place for it. If you must drag chairs and tables out of their places and then put them all away again in a hurry, or if the cuttings are littered over everything, "the game is not worth the candle." But make a broad, low table (an extension table leaf will do), just the right height to match the little chairs. Put this table in a snug corner of your nursery or sitting-room. Appropriate a bureau-drawer or small cupboard close by the table for the pictures, books and papers. Have the waste-basket so near that the waste-papers will almost go in themselves. If paste will injure your carpet, lay down a drugget; or mark off the boundaries of this "children's corner" with a piece of chalk. Make them understand that "all the litter" must be kept within that line, and that things left on the floor after due notice of clearing-up time will be liable to confiscation. If you make these arrangements convenient for them, and if you are firm about taking things away (for a time) which they leave out of place, they will soon learn to put scissors and pictures, pencils and paste, into their proper boxes and shelves, to stuff papers into the basket, and be ready for the next play. In this corner they can paint or play tea-set or dolls, and, if properly managed, it will be a delight to them, and a relief to you.

But, you ask, where do the pictures and books come from? Everywhere—from odd magazines, old papers, publishers' catalogues, advertising circulars, old books whose bindings are hopelessly broken, and the like. You can make the books for the little ones of brown wrapping-paper, or get large sheets of white paper at a printing-office. Fold them into book-form, and make stout covers of cotton cloth, pasted on stiff paper. Sew it all firmly together, book-binder fashion.

Understand, to begin with, that the object of all this is to amuse, not to produce results. The younger children will be pleased with anything that will paste, especially if it is bright-colored. It is hardly necessary to say that they should not be allowed to have pictures that are really bad, either in subject or design. The older children, with the

better pictures, if you can direct them a little, will sometimes make very handsome books.

Do not give them many pictures at a time, and insist that they finish cutting them out before they begin to paste them in. Otherwise, they will have paste, scissors, pictures and waste-paper "heaped in confusion dire." I know of no amusement to which children will return with greater delight, and out of which they will get so much pleasure for the same expenditure of time and money.

If your pictures are too good to give to the children, make the book yourself, if you have time, and let them stand by and look. They can help by preparing the pictures for you to paste.

In such a book you can put all these bright little reward and Christmas and Easter cards, pictures and valentines which are continually floating into a family of children. These pretty things soon get lost and spoiled, but if put into a book at once they make a very interesting and pretty picture-book. If the leaves are made of cloth, and the book, when finished is simply bound by a book-binder, it will last a whole generation of children and be a never-failing delight.

When they get tired of pasting, let them paint the pictures. The little ones can use colored crayons or pencils; the older ones will enjoy best the toy water-color paint boxes. Give them a few instructions about rubbing off the colors, and teach them to use the tips of the brushes, not to daub with the whole brush. Provide them with tiny cups for the water, and something on which to wipe the brushes. A few minutes' instruction to begin with will help them very much, and they will paint by the hour.

Another amusement can be furnished them by cutting tissue-paper into square pieces about as large as an ordinary book, and letting them trace the pictures in their "St. Nicholas" or "Nursery" or scrap-books. This is a good preparation for their writing and drawing lessons by and by. Some systems of drawing and writing begin with tracing lines of copies through thin paper in just this way. The little folks will learn a great deal about form and color by all this handling of and looking at pictures, to say nothing of what they learn from the pictures themselves.

The success of these amusements will depend very much upon the good condition of their tools and materials. If the paste is lumpy, the pencils dull, the paper crumpled, the brushes the wrong kind or worn out, the embryo artists will soon come flocking back to your sewing-chair, complaining. "Oh, Mamma, we can't do anything with it. Why can't we go out doors? It is horrid in the house."

MARY BLAKE.

On Landing in Liverpool.

THE Atlantic steamers arriving in Liverpool usually anchor in the stream and land their passengers by a steam-tender, to which all the baggage is transferred by the sailors and stewards. From the tender the travelers are disembarked upon the great landing stage, which among its other conveniences has a

spacious customs depot for the examination of baggage or "luggage," as one's impediments are invariably called in England. A gang of badged porters, licensed by the municipality and supervised by the police, carry each passenger's effects from the tender to the customs depot, where they are deposited in sections, according to a lettered label which is pasted upon them at New York. Then, if your letter is R, you calmly walk ashore and ask in the customs depot for the corresponding section, in which your Saratogas and valises will be found. The customs officers are civil and accommodating, and a statement that you have brought no wine or cigars with you usually obviates any further trouble than the unlocking of your trunks. Wine containing less than twenty-six degrees of spirits is dutiable at the rate of one shilling (twenty-five cents) a gallon; that containing more than twenty-six degrees at two shillings and sixpence a gallon; unmanufactured tobacco at three shillings and twopence a pound, and cigars at five shillings a pound. American reprints of English books are liable to confiscation; but, except in large attempts at smuggling, the law is flexible, and such tobacco and cigars as a gentleman may have with him for personal use, provided they do not exceed two pounds in weight, are not charged. When the officer has written his illegible shibboleth upon your trunk, the badge porter takes them on his shoulders and carries them up one of the great iron bridges that connect the landing stage with the massive pier wall. Here you engage a cab, and when you are seated in it and your luggage has been placed on the roof, you pay the porter, whose tariff is fixed by municipal ordinance, at the rate of a shilling a piece for large packages and sixpence for small ones. Seated in the cab you probably feel gratified for the admirable system that prevails and the protection given to passengers from "touters" of all kinds. All the principal hotels and railway stations in Liverpool are within a mile and a half of the landing stage. It is the custom of tourists to hasten away from this great maritime city without seeing it, but it is well worth a day's delay, and as it is only an hour's ride from ancient Chester, a run may be made during the morning or afternoon to that picturesque and extremely interesting place, if it is not otherwise included in your itinerary. The two leading hotels in Liverpool are the Northwestern and the Adelphi, and the cab fare to either, from the landing stage, is one shilling and sixpence. Both are vast, modern, and expensive. The average price of a room with attendance is about eight shillings a day, and the restaurant tariff is about the same as in any first-class New York restaurant. There are other hostels less showy and less expensive, such as the Angel, the Imperial, the Alexandra, and the Feather's, all good, "commercial" houses, where rooms may be had for four shillings, attendance included.

If you stay, visit the Birkenhead Park, Sefton Park, the Walker Art-Gallery, the Derby Museum and St. George's Hall. At five o'clock every evening in summer a four-in-hand drag leaves the Exchange for Childwall Abbey—a venerable old place now occupied as an inn, which is set in a lovely garden, overlooking

one of the prettiest landscapes in England. The fare is only one shilling and sixpence, and the route is partly through a fashionable section of the town and partly through meadows. After a supper at the inn, and a tranquilizing hour in the garden with the wonderfully soft landscape in view, you can return to the city by the drag or by rail, after walking between hawthorn bushes to Broad Green, a distance of about a mile from the Abbey; however precious your time may be, you will not regret the evening given to this foretaste of pastoral England.

Liverpool is the terminus of three railways to London, the fare by all of which is the same, *i. e.*, first class, twenty-nine shillings; second class, twenty-one shillings and ninepence; third class, sixteen shillings and ninepence. The London and Northwestern is the shortest, and some of its trains make the distance, over two hundred miles, in a little more than five hours. The Midland, passing through Derbyshire, has the finest scenery, and should be selected if time allows; some trains by this route do the journey in about six hours, while others are eight or nine hours. By the Great Western, *via* Chester, the time is about ten hours. Before starting you should see that your luggage is ticketed by the guard with the name of your destination, and that it is put in a through carriage, as the American system of checks has not yet been adopted by the English railways. Remember, also, that many respectable people travel second and third class in England, but that the Pullman cars are only available by those holding first-class tickets.

ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

The Culture of the Rose.

EVERY rose will not come from the slip. Of the three great divisions into which the rose family is separated, *viz.*, the damask, the noisette and the tea, the last two may be propagated with more or less readiness from the slip, or by budding; the first only by dividing the roots, and planting the seed, which latter method is resorted to, however, only when it is desired to obtain new varieties.

The best season for taking rose slips is in June, just after the profuse bloom of early summer is over, although a person who knows exactly how to cut a slip may find good cuttings throughout the warm months. Judgment and discernment are needed for the selection at all seasons. I know a generous lady who sent her friends immense armfuls of boughs, with hardly a real cutting upon them.

One should choose from a good vigorous branch of last year's growth a fresh shoot, containing two or three buds, such as will always be found more or less swollen at the base of the leaf stems. It should be cut from the parent branch diagonally, with a smooth, clean cut that will bring off a little of the old bark as well, in order to make the condition as favorable as possible for the formation of roots.

Have ready a box or pot of rich mold. With a round, pointed stick, make a hole several inches deep, and fill it up with clean sand; insert the end of the slip in this sand to the depth of one or two inches;

be sure to make it firm in the soil, and the sand acting as a percolator for moisture, you may keep your slip well watered. You can soon see, by the swelling of the buds and the dropping off of the old leaves, whether the slip is indeed taking root, but do not attempt to remove it to the place where you would wish it permanently to remain, until it has put out several sets of new leaves.

An ingenious way to raise a set of slips has been recommended by Mrs. London, which we have tried with unvarying success. It is to take an earthen-ware flower-pot, gallon-size, and fill it more than half full of broken potsherds, pebbles, bits of slate or such things; now set in the middle, on top of these refuse materials, another similar flower-pot, half-pint size, with the hole at its bottom stopped up tightly with a cork;—let its mouth

be even with that of the large, outer one;—fill up the interstices with silver sand or other pure sand, and set in a row of slips all around, cut according to the directions given above. Keep the inner pot full of water all the time, but do not water the slips directly. In about six weeks your slips will have fine roots, and can be potted. A hand-glass always hastens the process of rooting, and enables you to take advantage of the sunshine, but if you are not provided with one, be careful to keep your plants in the shade until they show certain signs of independence of life.

Roses need very rich soil to bring them to perfection, thriving best in a mixture of well-rotted manure, sand and garden loam, and to stint them of nourishment is indeed poor economy.

M. S. S.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Huxley's "Crayfish."

A MONOGRAPH upon the crayfish would scarcely find place in the International Scientific Series, since this series is addressed to the public at large, rather than to the select scientific few. This volume, however, is not a monograph, but, as its supplementary title denotes, an introduction to the study of zoölogy. It will therefore prove of special interest only to such students as are both willing and able to follow the author patiently through every step of his progress; the tedious technicalities which invest the discussion of arthrobranchiæ and podobranchiæ, coxopodite and basipodite, however, are constantly relieved by the wide outlook over organic nature afforded from each new point of view.

We have here, in fact, a profound sermon upon evolution, with the crayfish for text. Unlike many of his brethren of the pulpit, Professor Huxley does not use his text as a mere point of departure. The structure, development, mode of life and reproduction, the geological and geographical distribution of the crayfish, and the relation which it sustains to organic nature, are all clearly set forth. The volume might be called an introduction to biology or physiology with almost as much justice as it is to zoölogy, since every physical fact is viewed in its widest relations. There is no problem involved in the theory of transformism which is not affected, and no cardinal point in human physiology which is not illustrated by the processes of life and death in this simple organism. The crayfish derives its importance, and has won the distinction of a biography in the present volume, not by its own intrinsic interest, but by the place which it occupies in the series of typical forms selected to illustrate the doctrine of evolution.

The inductive method of scientific study—as old as the first intellectual stirrings of the race, though formulated and fathered by Bacon—has begotten a passion for generalization which pervades all the science of our day. A better illustration of this tendency could scarcely be found than that afforded by this book. The fairy tales of science are no more. Facts have given up their knight-errantry and act only in platoons. And so the outcome of Professor Huxley's study of the crayfish is a flat denial of a personal Creator. Nowhere does he more plainly express his views upon the subject of evolution or transformism than here. After establishing a certain unity of organization to be found throughout the organic world, he says:

"But if this is a just mode of stating these conclusions, then it is undoubtedly conceivable that all plants and all animals have been evolved from a common physical basis of life, by processes similar to those which we see at work in the evolution of individual animals and plants from that foundation. That which is conceivable, however, is by no means necessarily true; and no amount of purely morphological evidence can suffice to prove that the forms of life have come into existence in one way rather than another" (page 286).

After a consideration of the ætiology,—that is, the distribution of these forms with reference to their probable origin,—he says:

"It would appear difficult to frame more than two fundamental hypotheses in attempting to solve this problem. Either we must seek the origin of crayfishes in conditions extraneous to the ordinary course of natural operations, by what is commonly termed creation; or we must seek for it in conditions afforded by the usual course of nature, when the hypothesis assumes some shape of the Doctrine of Evolution" (page 318).

On page 319, he clinches his argument, if argument it can be called, or, more properly, he blows

* The Crayfish. An introduction to the study of Zoölogy. By T. H. Huxley, F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

scornfully aside with a single puff the obstacles in his way, by this begging of the question :

"However, apart from the philosophical worthlessness of the hypothesis of creation, it would be a waste of time to discuss a view which no one upholds," etc., etc.

It is somewhat remarkable that a man so keen and clear-headed as Professor Huxley can think to settle the origin of all things by merely pushing the difficulty of transformation from the non-living elements to living organisms back a few millions of years. A miracle differs from ordinary phenomena, not in degree, but in kind. *Granted a force able to transform one atom of inorganic matter into a living germ, and we have a God capable of creating a universe.* With all his brilliancy of intellect and power of logical thought, Professor Huxley can believe that somehow, in some infinite distance of time, by a fortuitous combination of force and matter, some fragment of inorganic matter became endued with life, which was, by the action of blind force, developed into the well-ordered system of the organic world, and yet he scoffs at the absurdity of the belief that Will, the one uncorrelated force of which we know, should have anything to do with that or any other transformation. Truly, the faith that science demands puts to shame the faith of religion.

Professor Huxley has not lost, even in the mazes of this dry and technical subject, the happy faculty of saying things graphically, and even at times with a flash of poetical feeling, or a gleam of humor. This treatment makes of the book—by the aid of judicious skipping—pleasant reading for the uninitiated.

Hosmer's "Short History of German Literature."

THIS is an entertaining and yet, in some respects, a disappointing book. It betrays considerable scholarship, without yet being scholarly. The author appears to have read a vast deal about German literature and to have read it intelligently and critically, but the German literature itself, or, at all events, that part of it which precedes the Reformation, he seems to know chiefly from anthologies and literary histories. To be sure, he frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to his German predecessors, and particularly to Kurz and Vilmar, and endeavors, both in his preface and in foot-notes, to render credit where credit is due; but we are inclined to think that the method he has chosen is somewhat imperfect. In some instances he continues, for page after page, his paraphrase of a German authority, taking sufficient liberties with the text to make quotation marks superfluous, and indicating merely where his dependence upon Kurz, Gervinus or Vilmar ceases, but not invariably where it begins.

Again, from a very attentive perusal of Professor Hosmer's work we derive the impression that he

has not had a full appreciation of the gravity of the task which he has undertaken. He interrupts his serious narrative, at odd intervals, with accounts of his personal experiences and adventures during a European pilgrimage, describes his interviews with Hermann Grimm, Leopold von Ranke and Theodore Mommsen, gives free rein to his emotions during a visit to the Cathedral of Speyer, and indulges in semi-historical and semi-sentimental meditations in Weimar, Nuremberg and other localities associated with the lives of the intellectual heroes of the Fatherland. It is but fair to admit that his experiences are, in most cases, very interesting, and that his meditations give evidence of a sensitive and cultivated mind; but their connection with German literature is not sufficiently apparent to excuse the digression. Even as illustrative incidents they seem out of place, and interfere with the dignity of a serious historical work.

Questions of proportion are notably elastic, and in a book which makes no pretense of exhaustive completeness, it would, perhaps, be safest to accept the author's judgment as final. We are, on the whole, disposed to think that he has rarely erred on the side of prolixity, except when the autobiographical mood attacks him. His sense of the relative importance of the various authors and literary epochs is, as a rule, very accurate. Only in two or three instances are we forced to take issue with him. He dismisses the most ancient literature in a too summary fashion, devoting but five lines to the Heliand (a most profoundly characteristic and interesting work, to which even so short a history as Vilmar's devotes nearly two closely-printed pages) and three lines and a half to Otfried von Weissenburg's "Harmony of the Gospels." Again, the two Silesian schools are disposed of in a dozen lines, and Paul Flemming is mentioned only as a writer of hymns, although the authorities to which Professor Hosmer so frequently refers (Vilmar and Kurz) agree in praising him also as a secular poet of genuine merit. To us he has always been a refreshing, lyrical oasis in the poetic desert of the seventeenth century.

Our space does not permit us to enter into a detailed criticism of each successive chapter. Of the many notes which we have made we will, however, select a few which suggest topics worthy of discussion. On page 341 Professor Hosmer remarks that "Goethe was forced to leave Wetzlar," and on page 369, that "Goethe sees them (Kestner and Charlotte Buff) given to each other, and leaves Wetzlar suffering from his passion." In our opinion, and in that of Grimm (whose account of Goethe's relation to Lotte is well fortified with documents and, moreover, bears an internal evidence of its truthfulness) the above passages convey an utterly erroneous impression. What forced Goethe to leave Wetzlar was his own conscience; or, perhaps, the circumstance that after having discovered Lotte's love for him it would be embarrassing to continue the same free and unrestrained intercourse. Secondly, we should conclude from Professor Hosmer's version of the Wetzlar affair, that Kestner and Lotte were

* A Short History of German Literature. By Prof. James K. Hosmer. Second edition. St. Louis: G. T. Jones & Co. 1879.

married before their friend departed; but this was not the case. Engaged they were already when he made Lotte's acquaintance. That Frederika Brion served Goethe as a model for *Gretchen* in "Faust," we know has been frequently asserted, and some of her characteristic traits do re-appear in Faust's beloved; but we think a closer study of Goethe's autobiography reveals the fact (already pointed out by Bayard Taylor) that his more immediate model was his own youthful love Gretchen, who came near bringing him into an unpleasant scrape while he was yet under the parental roof in Frankfurt. Again, we submit that the voices which arouse the recollection of his childhood, in "Faust," when he holds the goblet of poison to his lips, are not those of cherubs (page 396), but of holiday mummers who, in the disguise of apostles, angels, etc., chanted the solemn Easter choruses. Such mummers were very common at Christmas and Easter in mediæval times, and are yet seen in Germany during the great church festivals. Finally, we would venture a criticism which, final as it may seem, is yet its own justification; Hans Christian Andersen was not a German, but a Dane.

In spite of these literal defects, Professor Hosmer's "Short History" may be recommended for its many excellences. The style is remarkably chaste and clear, and not needlessly elaborate or overloaded with rhetorical decorations. The author's reading has been varied and extensive and his scholarship is highly creditable, although we have ventured to find fault with his evident preference for critical writings and literary histories, in instances where an acquaintance with the criticised work would have stood him in better stead; but, as we have already remarked, this stricture is only applicable to that portion of his book which relates to the earliest German literature. His mind is apparently as judicial as is free from prejudice as any human mind can be; he is always benevolently disposed toward every author whom he approaches, and examines in a just and fair-minded spirit his claims to greatness. Especially admirable are his chapters on Luther and Lessing, with both of whom he is in perfect sympathy. Without being a hero-worshiper he has due respect and reverence for a man of exalted character or exceptional intellectual endowments. This attitude of what one might call sympathetic neutrality, is especially manifested in Professor Hosmer's treatment of two such antagonistic geniuses as Goethe and Heine, to both of whom he endeavors to do full justice.

It is but fair to add that the present work, being of larger compass than Bayard Taylor's "Studies in German Literature," which we noticed a few months ago, is necessarily, when dealing with modern authors, more complete, while in the period preceding Luther, it does not remotely rival it. Nevertheless, it is, every way, a more useful and satisfactory book than Metcalf's fragmentary translation of Vilmar, and is also a considerable advance upon Bostwick and Harrison's "Outlines of German Literature." For all that, it covers but partly a field in which much yet remains to be done.

Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana."

MRS. BURNETT is always at her best when dealing with strong, primitive natures. Her "cultivated" young women, though they need not be lacking in interest, are, as a rule, less strikingly characterized than are those in whom nature is allowed to assert herself, unobstructed by the impediments of culture. Thus the conventional types, to which belong Miss Barholm, in "That Lass o' Lowrie's," Miss Ffrench in "Haworth's" and Miss Ferrol, in the present story, are necessarily at a disadvantage when contrasted with the noble barbarism of Joan Lowrie, the quaintness of Janey Briarley, and the primitive charm of Louisiana. In some of her minor stories, too, such as "Lodusky" and "Esmeralda," Mrs. Burnett has given proof of her deep insight into the workings of minds as yet untouched or only remotely touched by modern civilization. In "Surlly Tim," which belongs approximately to the same order, there was a touch of sentimentality which recalled Dickens,—a certain morbid and lachrymose tendency which some of her admirers feared would in time vitiate the wholesome strength and spontaneity characteristic of Mrs. Burnett's best work. "Louisiana," however, dispels all such fear for the author's artistic future, and fortifies the admiration of her genius and character. It is a fresh, wholesome, human novel. In its style there is an unstudied simplicity which impresses one almost as improvisation. The situations are all well conceived and possess, in some instances, a pathos which goes directly to the heart. Thus, in the scene where Lawrence and his sister pay their involuntary visit to Louisiana's home and unwittingly make themselves merry at the expense of her father, there is a rapid succession of situations all of which are profoundly moving. The old farmer's discourse on novels (the scenes of which are laid in Bagdad) is especially happy.

We might mention many other scenes in which Mrs. Burnett utilizes apparently slight motives with admirable effect. Thus, we are readily reconciled to her apotheosis of millinery in the first half of the story, and would not challenge the contempt of any of her female admirers by questioning the possibility of the transformation which Louisiana undergoes after having been arrayed by Miss Ferrol in her wonderful Parisian dresses. The weak point in the book—though one which is hardly felt in the reader's absorption in Louisiana herself—is the vagueness of Miss Ferrol's and her brother's personality. These are subordinate elements, no doubt, and we fail to find any vigorous attempt at characterization in either of them, while the portraits of Louisiana and Mr. Rogers abound in touches which are inimitable. As a whole, the story is dramatic and impressive, and the reader is sorry that it comes to an end so soon.

* Louisiana. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

James's "Confidence." *

It must always remain a matter of wonder to those who admire Mr. James most sincerely, that, being so great as he is, he is no greater; that with all the artistic perfection of his style, the keenness of his observation and the strength and brilliancy of his thought, he has yet so little real depth of insight. Would any one, for instance, venture to assert that Mr. James's writings display an adequate conception of what love is? In "Confidence," the cardinal passion manifests itself chiefly as a vague unrest which has the power of propelling its victim an indefinite number of times and in either direction across the Atlantic Ocean. It causes young ladies to behave in an enigmatical fashion (which of course is perfectly proper), and up to the moment of the happy consummation makes everybody mildly and discreetly miserable. However, this is undeniably the form in which love most frequently asserts itself in the over-civilized "international" society with which Mr. James's books are concerned; it is a gentle and easily manageable emotion, not a passion with a spark of Plutonian fire in it.

Within these limitations, "Confidence" is an entertaining and skillfully constructed novel. Close up to the line of real emotion, we see the whole inner life and character of Mr. James's men and women. We see, too, the influence that their emotion exerts on their conduct, but not the real emotion itself. For all that, the reader who can supply the missing links and rewrite the love passages for himself, can only admire the whole outgrowth of the conditions. Judged by itself, each character is a skillful study, and is accepted into the circle of our literary acquaintance to a degree not usual even with those which have stirred us more. The absurdly conscientious Gordon Wright, with his interminable letter-writing; the chattering little coquette Blanche Evers and her redoubtable English adorer Captain Lovelock, are all so originally and so piquantly portrayed as almost to impress us as new creations. And yet Captain Lovelock is quite a common type in the English novel of the day, and Blanche Evers, in her deliciously inane chatter, reminds us constantly of Daisy Miller, of whom she is an improved and further elaborated edition. Mrs. Vivian, the "perverted Puritan," is also very vividly conceived, and the mixture of timid worldliness and minute conscientiousness in her character has a quaint, serio-comic effect. Angela is so needlessly enigmatical that we doubt if Mr. James himself understands her; but this does not deprive her of attractiveness and fascination. Bernard Longueville, the nominal hero, is a slightly modified repetition of the author's favorite type. Apart from his very clever talk and his cosmopolitan tendency to roam the world over at a moment's notice, he is in no wise remarkable, and we are inclined to think that he was blessed beyond his deserts

in gaining Angela. The plot, as usual with Mr. James, is conspicuous chiefly for its simplicity, but contains, nevertheless, a series of delightful surprises dexterously managed. Especially masterly is Angela's successful stratagem for restoring the disaffected Gordon to his innocent flirt of a wife.

Matthews's "Theaters of Paris." **

IN any work which partakes of the nature of a hand-book, whether in outward form or in inward and spiritual essence, we look for three points of excellence—accuracy, agreeable style, and a judicious and effective presentation of the subject matter. Mr. Matthews's volume on "The Theaters of Paris," stands well this three-fold test. In form it is a collection of smoothly written essays, almost gossipy, at times, in tone, which sketch the history and characteristics of the famous play-houses of the French capital in such a way that the reader quite unconsciously absorbs much correct, specific and well-chosen information. Thus the book fulfills its primary object in suiting the needs and tastes of the general public. To the student of the drama and the lover of the stage it must have a special value, for the popular form in which its theme is treated does not lessen its more serious merits. The scheme of the book is comprehensive; it pictures persons as well as places, and ranges at will over the long space between Molière's earliest and Sardou's latest play. A rather disproportionate amount of space is devoted to "The Musical Theaters of Paris," the record whereof is notable for its barren frivolity; for the Opera was an outgrowth of the nation's social, not of her intellectual, development; it has never been a vital factor in civilization, nor anything more than a luxury of super-refinement. An index would add to the usefulness of "The Theaters of Paris," and it is to be observed that the author's punctilious care in translating the names of books and plays is likely to confuse the reader who is unacquainted with the original French; but the minor details of the book leave as little to be desired as does the excellent taste shown in its material dress and make-up.

Recent Books of Travel.

ONE of the most attractive books for young folks brought out during the season just now closing, is Col. Knox's capital story of the travels of two boys in the far East.¹ China and Japan engage the attention of the youthful travelers, who, guided by a friendly physician, explore precisely those parts of the world which most boys delight to read about. The little caravan starts from New York, across the continent, and so, ever traveling with the sun, visits the principal cities of the two great Asiatic empires. The doctor is guide, philosopher, and friend. He furnishes to the wide-awake youngsters the informa-

* *The Theaters of Paris*. By J. Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

¹ *Through China and Japan. The Boy Travelers in the Far East. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China*. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. Pp. 421.

* *Confidence*. By Henry James, Jr., author of "The American," "The Europeans," etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

tion which is naturally to be brought to the surface by other means than that of the personal observation of the boy travelers; and very entertainingly does he perform his part of the work. As the author is an old traveler, his pictures of manners, customs, and scenes in the east are charged with local color. The reader must needs be carried along with the tourists, and be interested at every step. The work is profusely and handsomely illustrated, and is bound in the most sumptuous manner. The boy who is not attracted and held to a careful reading of this book must be an abnormal development of boydom.

Another admirable story of travel is Mrs. Brassey's second book, in which she gives an account of the voyage of the *Sunbeam* to the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean, from England.* The course of the voyagers lay through scenery which has already been made familiar to readers of books of travel. But, although the author has followed closely on the track of countless tourists, she has not re-written an old book. Her account of things seen and heard is as fresh as if she were the first to write of the regions visited. The voyage extended as far east as the Isle of Cyprus, and southward to Malta and the coast of Algeria. The party enjoyed the very luxury of traveling, and, in addition to the usual personal adventures of tourists, they met with a variety of accidents and incidents which were peculiar to what might be called a private nautical expedition. The author's style is vivacious, and, although one may be sometimes impatient with the pettiness of detail which is intruded, this does not materially detract from the value of the work.

The title of Miss Bird's book, "A Lady's life in the Rocky Mountains," is somewhat misleading.† It is a very small part of a life which is described in these sprightly pages. Beginning at San Francisco in September, the writer finishes her life in the Rocky Mountains early in the following December. She is charmed by all she sees, and a truly feminine sentiment pervades the whole work. It should be remembered, however, that the book has grown out of a series of private letters to a sister of the author's living in England. This should account for the familiar style adopted, as well as for what may seem to some its needless minuteness of detail, but the enthusiasm of the lady is contagious, and she has made a really enjoyable book.

Two modest and unpretending books of travel, just published by Dodd, Mead & Co., are renewed proof of the services which Christian missionaries have rendered to geography and ethnology. Rev. Titus Coan is well known as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. But while he was yet a young man, and before he had embarked in the enterprise which has made his name famous in the annals of missionary adventures and labor, he spent two or three months among the savages of Patagonia.

In company with one other devoted man, he was left on the inhospitable coast of Patagonia, near the Straits of Magellan, while the vessel which had brought them from the United States pursued her way into the Pacific. During the time these two brave men were on the land, they were the guests of the natives, traveling with them from point to point, sharing in their privations, and enduring numberless discomforts. For the most part, however, the strangers were well treated, and the entertaining narrative* of their sojourn among the Patagonians gives us a vivid and striking picture of the manner of life of a people of whom almost nothing is known. The two missionaries labored under the serious disadvantage of not being able to hold any conversation with the Patagonians, and after fairly canvassing the matter they returned home, stopping at the Falkland Islands, of which comparatively unknown land they give us some interesting notes.

The other volume to which we refer is Rev. Dr. Jackson's account of the establishment of the Presbyterian mission in Alaska.† Alaska is noted as being a country more frequently reported upon than any of which we have account. Dr. Jackson draws freely from the various sources, official and unofficial, which are now accessible to him who would know aught of Alaska, its people, resources and history. The author, who takes a rosy and Sewardian view of our often-described purchase, occupies the first half of his book with extracts from the reports. The rest of the work is taken up with a series of letters from the missionaries and their helpers, dove-tailed together by a running commentary from the pen of the author and editor. The result is a tolerably interesting book, whose chief value consists in its skillful condensation of information previously collected by other explorers. The work is copiously illustrated by some particularly bad wood-cuts.

The Art Season.

NEW YORK has had a winter full of surprises in art matters, but not always, to judge from the tenor of the daily press, of agreeable surprises. Perhaps never before have so many unfavorable criticisms been made upon American art as during the season of 1879-80. The minor exhibitions, such as those by the Salmagundi Club and the Water-Color Society, have received grudging praise, while the Academy Exhibition and that of the Society of American Artists have been assailed with vigor. Nor is this only true of the criticisms in the press of New York City. Correspondents of New England journals of weight, and of the leading papers of St. Louis and Cincinnati, have been even more out-spoken. Yet the criticisms may be broadly divided between those that come from adherents to the Academy work and those that find something to tolerate, if not to admire, in the some-

* *Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople.* By Mrs. Brassey, author of "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam." New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1880. Pp. 404.

† *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains.* By Isabella T. Bird, author of "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands, &c." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. Pp. 296.

* *Adventures in Patagonia: A Missionary's Exploring Trip.* By the Rev. Titus Coan; with an introduction by Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1880. Pp. 319.

† *Alaska, and the Missions on the North Pacific coast.* By Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Pp. 327.

what chaotic productions of the younger artists. Then there are the correspondents of Boston journals, who point out, with ill-concealed triumph and not a little justice, that New York painters have to expose their pictures in Boston and get the stamp of approval from the Hub before their own city dares to appreciate them to the extent of purchases. Even in the remote West, in new States like Colorado, the journals have their correspondents and set up their "art column" for local and foreign items. Denver proposes to be an art center a few years hence, and a Leadville paper asks in an exasperated tone why a certain local millionaire does not found an Art Academy! To the north, too, there is an awakening, and Canada has at last an Art Academy, opened under the patronage of the Princess Louise. Southward there is less stir. Doubtless Mobile and New Orleans will soon be heard from; but, at any rate, Charleston begins to "talk art," and Richmond has actually compassed the dubious honor of a Loan Exhibition!

The tone of criticism, as we said, is severe. What else could it be, when such a mass of art, claiming to be of the highest rank, is filling our galleries? Meanwhile, great injustice is done; artists are worried and made desperate, lose their heads and look in vain about them for some clue to follow, for some one man to rest their faith upon, after the fashion of the indiscriminate admirers of John Ruskin. But surely, were criticisms mesely-mouthed, far greater injustice would be done and the healthy advance of art would be retarded; radically weak men would be bolstered up and the rising artists misled by hollow compliments. Take them all in all, one finds that with strong men sharp criticism, when it is free from personal bias, oftener does good than harm, while it disposes a poor workman to try at something else.

THE WATER-COLORS.

WATER-COLORS retained their hold on the public and the affections of the artists; and although several names of note were wanting to make the exhibition complete, new aspirants were abundantly present. For example Mr. Winslow Homer, who is always surprising his admirers, chose to stay away from the exhibition altogether this year, although he showed last year a greater number of pictures than any other painter. Instead of hazarding again his reputation as a water-colorist after the success of last year, he had the inspiration to doubt the fickle public and prefer a sale of his own, in which it is said that good prices were obtained. Mr. Henry Muhrmann, an artist exclusively devoted to this charming branch, presented a large figure piece which was misnamed a "New England Girl," since nothing distinctively of New England was to be seen in the picture. As the profile portrait of an innocent little girl in a peaked cap, gazing upward, the picture had great attractiveness. It was very freely treated, but with all the freshness and delicacy which Mr. Muhrmann gives his best work. Criticism was offered that insufficient work was expended upon it—that it was too sketchy for its large size. But between the artist who wants to stop when he has obtained his best effects, and the purchaser who insists upon a

good deal of labor for his money, there seems destined always to be war. Mr. Muhrmann's Long Island hovels, corn and cabbage fields are fresher and sprightlier work than the views of church interiors which he brings from Bavaria, although the latter are apt to be more strictly correct, and the former sometimes faulty in the perspective of the distance. "A Bit of South Cove" and "Buildings in Jersey City" are wonderfully happy bits of painting. Mr. Muhrmann has the genuine artistic temperament that sees the beautiful in things that to most persons appear ordinary and even ugly. He is rapidly becoming acclimated once more to America, and will doubtless in time make a name for himself. Within certain narrow limits Mr. Henry Farrer is a water-colorist of individual force. "Sweet is the Hour of Rest" was the title of a cool, quiet scene of water-marshes and trees which forms a good example of Mr. Farrer. He seems to know instinctively the limits of his art, for he seldom oversteps them. He offered fully eighteen pieces, of which "Twilight on the Creek" was noticeable for its breadth and solemnity, two qualities that he often approaches, but by no means always obtains. Many artists' proofs of fine etchings were contributed by the same able artist. A newcomer among the water-colorists was Mr. Alden Weir, who sent several sketches, taken, to all appearance, during the trip of the Tile Club through the Champlain Canal. Without being really serious work, they showed plainly enough that the vigorous and individual touch of Mr. Weir adapts him excellently for water-colors. But even water-colors can not be dashed off during the intervals of oil-painting, and one cannot regard his clever raid into this branch in the same light with the steady and thorough work of Messrs. Muhrmann and Farrer.

Mr. Falconer, like Mr. Farrer, is a hard-working artist of limited scope. His water-colors still want much of a good scheme of color, not to say a good feeling for color, and he is at his best in etched work. Mr. R. Swain Gifford has a cleverer touch. Without doing anything very inspiring, the water-colors exhibited by Mr. Gifford are remarkable for nicety of observation and for what might be called their taste. What he lacks in boldness and inventiveness Mr. Alfred Kappes possesses, and what is a grievous want in the water-colors of the latter, namely, quiet and tenderness, is present in Mr. Gifford's landscapes to a degree not often found. For thoroughly charming though still somewhat indecisive work, the poetical sketches of J. Francis Murphy are to be commended, and, as hardly inferior, the works of Messrs. Charles Melville Dewey and R. Bruce Crane. All three men are just now rising rapidly out of the ordinary ranks of artists, but their work does not yet allow of any safe prophecy regarding their future. Mr. J. D. Smillie and Mr. George H. Smillie are making good the advance which of recent years has put them in front of their brother Academicians for artistic spirit and fine taste. A "Shepherdess" by J. S. Davis was noticed at once for admirable workmanship, and soon found a purchaser.

THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB.

IN black and white there is so much work being done, especially for the magazines, that the Salmagundi Club fills a real demand. The Academy Exhibition and that of the Society of American Artists have little chance to display this kind of art. What there is divides itself between the Water-Color Exhibition and the Salmagundi, and, as might be expected, the two leading illustrated magazines were drawn upon largely for the original sketches in black and white from which remarkable illustrations had been photographed and printed. Messrs. Walter Shirlaw, W. Taber, Alfred Kappes and C. S. Reinhart were noticeable contributors, and Mr. J. Francis Murphy exhibited landscapes in charcoal, which confirmed the good opinion of his work formed from what was shown at the Water-Color Society. Mr. Elihu Vedder sent a painting in white and black, representing the head of a modernized Medusa. George Inness, Jr., J. D. Smillie and E. A. Abbey had excellent effects. Perhaps most striking, after the sculpturesque "Medusa" of Mr. Vedder, was "The Rescue," of Mr. Alfred Kappes, a winter scene on a mill-pond, where a strong, burly man is anxiously reaching over an ice-hole for a half-submerged child. The situation was boldly conceived and realistically carried out. Mr. Francis Lathrop's portrait of Edison, engraved by Mr. Fred. Juengling last year for this magazine, was another of the noteworthy pictures; Messrs. F. Hopkinson Smith, Charles H. Miller and J. Carleton Wiggins had good landscape work. Miss Oakey's "Dwarf Cedar" and "Sunlight in Orchard" found admirers, and Mr. P. L. Senat sent from Philadelphia a coast view of New Jersey wreckers. Mr. Swain Gifford's "Orchard by the Sea," owned by Mr. H. Harper, deserves a mention, while Mr. A. F. Bellows surprised those who know him only as an indifferent workman in oils, by offering several pleasant studies in pencil.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most cheering sign in American art of recent years is the formation of this society. Whether it has been conducted in the best manner or not is a question. Its effect has been most beneficial to art in general, and most of the best work that is being done finds its way into these exhibitions. Equally unquestionably, sculpture in the society showed more advance this year, relatively, than painting. While few of the painters, save perhaps Messrs. Fuller, of Boston, and Alden Weir, of New York, offer canvases noticeably superior to those of the season before, the busts by Messrs. Warner and St. Gaudens are far in advance of late productions. One of our older, and certainly one of our best, sculptors is Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, whose noble equestrian statue of General Thomas was last year unveiled in the city of Washington. But the Thomas by Mr. Ward, while of course a far more difficult undertaking, being of life size and on horseback, did not offer so many nice points nor show so much genuine artistic feeling as the work of Messrs. Warner and St. Gaudens. The former has modeled a strikingly masculine and

yet beautiful bust of the painter Weir; the latter sent from Paris a marble half-length of ex-President Woolsey of Yale College. The former treated his sitter without the smallest bit of drapery or accessory of any sort; the latter has the ex-President clothed in a stiff academic gown which by no means aids the general aspect. Nevertheless, it may be fairly said that the beauty and truth of expression in pose and features overcome this drawback. The highest art has been used, in so far as the sculptor was at liberty.

Among the painters, Mr. Walter Shirlaw caused disappointment by exhibiting an unfinished view of a marble quarry, well composed, but without any remarkable beauty. His "Chess" was better liked, and his "Jollity" highly appreciated, being the face of a girl with a jaunty expression. The pictures of Mr. George Fuller, of Boston, were greatly admired by the artists, although they could hardly compare with his contributions to the Academy exhibition. One was an afternoon view in woods, a boy driving a calf with the mother cow following; the other was the portrait of a lady. Mr. Homer D. Martin exposed a very beautiful lake scene at sunset, illuminated by his individual and subtle coloring, and a little piece of evening sky above a bit of West Tenth street—a picture that has a fine impression in it, though with some formality in the shaded parts. Mr. W. Gedney Bunce made a charming display of Venetian scenes, noticeably a large canvas of "Morning on the Lagoon," most exquisite in parts, and quite adequate elsewhere. A life-size portrait of a young woman at a piano, by Mr. Eakins, of Philadelphia, was little liked by the generality of critics and visitors to the gallery; it had, however, great merit, and refused to be passed over as merely ungraceful and harsh—there was some inner grace which made itself felt. Mr. Wyatt Eaton had a fine evening landscape looking down a road through tall forests, an indifferent river view, and a firmly-painted portrait of an old lady. Mr. Albert P. Ryder has been growing in favor with artists and critics; whether the public cares for him yet can hardly be decided, although his pictures are being taken up here and there. His moonlight scene with a cow in the foreground was a most exquisite bit of work. The landscape had the poetic quality of his best, and the animal possessed the quality which is oftenest denied to Mr. Ryder—that of good drawing. The landscapes and marines of Mr. Twachtman, of Cincinnati, found ready buyers. Frank Fowler showed good interior work with figures, and A. H. Thayer received high praise for his landscapes, although criticised too severely for the flesh-painting, and, in some cases, for the drawing, in his "Nymph with Tigers." Mr. Thayer deserves great credit for attempting an imaginative work on so large a scale. There was much sweetness, purity and charm in the pose and expression of his nymph. A large piece by Mr. George D. Brush repeated easily and well, though not literally, the story of "Miggles," who leans against her pet bear in front of the hearth. Mr. John La Farge contributed nothing very new or striking; of the three pieces sent, the portrait of him-

self, taken in 1859, was alone characteristic and suggestive. The portraits of Mr. William M. Chase showed the dexterity, adaptability and invention of this painter; one was a lady in maroon against a maroon background; another, a young lady with a hat; a third, an able portrait of General Webb; a fourth, and perhaps the best, a simple, quiet side-face of a young lady in gray. Mr. J. Alden Weir created a sensation with a "Good Samaritan" of almost life-size,—a large picture hastily put together, but full of a vigorous personality, and illuminated in places by passages of the most beautiful brush-work—not passages of careful handling, but of inspiration.

THE ACADEMY.

LIKE the exhibition of last year, the Academy contained a great quantity of pictures with few of high quality. Among the best were those of Mr. George Fuller of Boston, especially the portrait of a reading boy, which was singularly beautiful in the simplicity and breadth of its painting. A quadroon girl in a field was a fine composition, whether for expressiveness of look, or for the mystery which the painter has had the art to throw around the figure. Mr. Winslow Homer had several good studies of Southern negroes, and a fresh, unusual and audacious picture of a camp-fire with men. Portraits were alarmingly plentiful, that of Mr. Douglas Volk being among the very best. Mr. Witt redeemed his promise of fine achievements by several portraits of decided merit. Mr. Alden Weir showed a tolerable, but no more than tolerable, portrait of an elderly gentleman, while Messrs. Porter and Vinton, of Boston, exhibited the likenesses of a handsome lady and fine-looking gentleman. Among women artists Mrs. Dillon and Mrs. Baker were remarkable for fine flower pieces. The landscapists Wyant, Smillie, Murphy and Dewey had pleasing views. Space permits us to say only that the Academy Exhibition, on the whole, was neither much worse nor much better than those of late years. Diligent search brought to light pictures that commanded respect and even admiration, although hardly one could be said to have that nameless charm which stamps a work as a masterpiece.

THE METROPOLITAN.

THE opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in its new quarters in Central Park was the occasion for bringing together a large loan collection of American and foreign work by moderns. Being in a separate gallery and yet under the same roof with the antiquities and the old pictures, the loan exhibition of modern paintings afforded a good chance to compare the old with the new, ancient art with mediæval, mediæval with that of to-day. In but one or two cases the old masters were of the highest mark; generally speaking, they were more representative than the very best would have been. Similarly, the very finest work of modern foreigners and Americans could not be borrowed; yet for that very reason what was offered seemed more representative. It may be safely said that neither did the old pictures, as a collection, put the moderns to the blush, nor did the

foreign quota in the loan collection seriously injure the American work by comparison. This latter was a surprise even to American artists, for the advance of American art has been necessarily so gradual and unobserved, that it is no wonder even the artists were afraid of comparisons. Far be it from us to say that America is as yet even with Europe in the matter of the fine arts. All that is intended to say is, a collection of modern American and Parisian art being made somewhat at hap-hazard, the American pictures held their own in the most gratifying way. On the one hand, the French landscapists, who are unquestionably the strongest in this century, were not represented as they would have been in France: the greater landscapes of Millet, Corot and Rousseau were not there, although smaller figures and views by Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Dupré and Decamps were; there was no Delacroix, no Ingres. On the other hand, the American work included none of the best things by Martin, La Farge, Ryder and other idealists. This showed, at least, that a committee of selection, with good judgment and sufficient breadth of education to recognize the movement in the art of to-day, could form a collection which no one need be ashamed of, by simply omitting the kind of painting which has heretofore made American art the laughing stock of cultivated people.

A collection of a few paintings by the old masters, loaned by Mr. M. K. Kellogg to the Museum, contained the most valuable picture ever brought across the Atlantic. It is a "Herodias" by Leonardo da Vinci, which once belonged to a noted private gallery of Switzerland. The estate of the late William M. Hunt loaned a good number of pictures by that much regretted genius. The inequality and whimsicality of Mr. Hunt was seen in this small show. Along with pictures having every evidence of direct imitation of European masters were original landscapes, such as the darker view of Niagara, the surprising picture of a New England surf, the exquisite scene on a pond, and other brilliant pieces. In portraiture, Mr. Hunt showed most unusual sensitiveness and yet great inequality, too.

STUDIO SALES, ETC.

DURING the past season, Schaus imported two very beautiful specimens of Corot, and Goupil another. Added to the specimens brought over by Cottier and Avery, these landscapes—"The Old Manor," "Les Gaulois," "Twilight with Nymphs"—form a very striking collection of the products of this master. New York maintains its former admiration for Meissonier, and buys his cabinet pictures as well as his later efforts on a large scale. On the other hand, there is a marked falling off in the admiration for sentimentalists like Cabanel, Merle and Bouguereau.

The season has shown an unusual number of sales of the studio pictures of various artists, chiefly in Boston. Mr. John La Farge had two sales in that city, in which he got good prices for the works that remained in his studio. He is now devoting himself to stained glass and mural decoration. Mr. George Inness had a successful sale of

landscapes in Boston, and Messrs. Elihu Vedder and C. C. Coleman, long residents of Rome, also found that city appreciative. The death of the great artist William M. Hunt made a sale of his work imperative, and being a local celebrity and a man of unusual individual force of character, his memory was honored by a scramble for his work at prices hitherto unknown to any but our flash painters during the epoch of extravagance after the war. These sales tend to make the exhibitions less interesting, but are otherwise a healthy sign.

At the Art Students' League several excellent little exhibitions have been made, one being of work by Blake, owned chiefly by the family of Gilchrist, the editor of Blake. This exhibition was to be repeated on a larger scale in Boston.

In conclusion, it must be said that American art, although grievously defective in many directions, is showing continual proofs of sound vitality. If the results are groping and ineffectual, they are not sterile. The epoch appears to be one of rise, not decline.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Cheap Ventilation.

TO SECURE a constant change of air in public and private buildings so that it may never be breathed twice, and at the same time to keep the place warm in winter, is a question that has been settled in various ways by a greater or less expenditure of money. The heating and ventilating apparatus described on page 798 in the March number gives absolutely perfect ventilation in a large building, changing the air every six minutes, and with any required temperature, at a very moderate cost. In a dwelling-house recently erected in this city the following method of securing warmth and pure air has been tried with success.

A low-pressure steam boiler located under the sidewalk, outside the building, supplies steam to groups of radiators placed in different parts of the basement to distribute the heat evenly through the house. These groups of radiators are inclosed in brick air chambers in the usual manner, where fresh air taken from the roof is warmed and distributed to the house. The novel features of the apparatus consist of a sieve or strainer for purifying the air from dust and excessive moisture, and appliances for securing a rapid current in the air passages, and thus obtaining a constant change of air or good ventilation. In the box inclosing the radiators is spread a wire netting covering the entire space under the coils, and on this is placed a thick layer of cotton batting, pressed down and kept in place by a second netting laid on top. This makes a strainer for arresting dust, moisture and impurities, so that the air sent into the house is purer and cleaner than out of doors. Above the radiators is a large tank of water. This is not a new feature in such apparatus except that it is of unusual size, so that evaporation proceeds slowly and without steaming. The purified air, warmed and softened with moisture, passes to the rooms above through pipes and registers in the usual manner, and were there nothing more provided the apparatus would work slowly and in the half-effectual manner of all such appliances, filling the house gradually with warm and

comparatively stagnant air. To ventilate, there must be a removal of the impure air by mechanical means, or by taking advantage of the specific gravity of the air without and within. The well for the stairs occupies a central position, reaches from the street floor to the roof, and has a large ventilator constantly open to the sky. This makes the stair-well an "upcast shaft," through which the air moves rapidly. The air having a free escape at the roof gives the currents in the hot-air passages free movement, and a very large volume of pure, warmed air flows out of the registers at all times. Were the stair-well the only place to be warmed and ventilated, this would be all that would be needed. For the rooms, each provided with its hot-air register, ventilation is secured by other and independent means. The products of combustion from the steam boiler and the kitchen range are taken away through stone-ware pipes, inclosed in brick shafts extending to the roof, and opening below by means of registers into the various rooms in the house. The interior pipes (chimneys), heated by the smoke and gas from the fires, warm the air in the annular spaces surrounding the pipes and set it in rapid motion, quickly drawing the air from the rooms below. In summer, when the apparatus is not in use, a stove is connected with the chimney of the boiler, and a small coal fire serves to keep the ventilation in operation.

By this cheap and simple arrangement the waste heat of the house fires is made to do the work of moving and changing all the air in the house every fifteen minutes. The doors and windows fit tightly, and never need be opened, as the air is always purer within than without. While the idea of inclosing a chimney within an air shaft and using it for a ventilator is not new, its application to a private dwelling on a complete and liberal scale is both a novelty and a decided success, well worth the attention of householders and architects.

The most prolific sources of impure air in modern dwellings are the gas lamps. An argand burner gives only six per cent. in light and ninety-four per cent. in heat as the result of the combustion of the

gas, besides consuming oxygen and throwing upon the air a stream of unburned and poisonous gas. It may be laid down as a rule that every gas lamp should have a chimney leading to the open air, and that none of the products of combustion should enter the room. This rule is beginning to be recognized, and in the house under consideration all the hanging gas lamps are provided with ventilators directly over the lamps in the ceiling, each ventilator leading by a tin pipe laid between the floors to the nearest ventilating shaft. The ventilators either form a part of the ornamentation of the ceiling or the center-piece over the lamps, or the center-piece is lowered a few centimeters, so as to permit an escape of air between the stucco work and the ceiling, and thus to the ventilator. This plan of providing a chimney for gas lamps has received special attention of late, and in many of the best dwellings now erecting in this city small tin pipes, of either round or rectangular section, are being laid in the floors and walls as the house is built. For floors, and leading from the lamps to the wall, round pipes of about ten centimeters (four inches) diameter are used, and in the walls the pipes are made wide and shallow to economize space, and they are either led into the chimneys or to special ventilators reaching to the roof, the heat from the lamps being sufficient to keep the current of air in the pipes in motion. For gas fixtures, hoods of metal are hung over the open lights or over the globes in drop lights and chandeliers, and these are connected with metal pipes that form part of the fixture and are treated as part of the design. For wall lamps on brackets, with either argand burners or fish-tail jets, double pipes are used, the inner pipe for gas being enclosed in the ventilating pipe. The two pipes are covered at the end with a large globe or lantern having openings for the entrance of fresh air.

The products of combustion are retained by the globe or lantern, and compelled to escape through the ventilator. Single hanging lights are arranged in the same manner, the gas-pipe being enclosed in the ventilator. Those ventilating gas lamps have now been tried in private dwellings, hospitals and theaters, and have proved of very great advantage in ventilating the rooms, and in keeping the air pure and cool. So great are the advantages that it would seem as if no well-appointed public or private buildings could use gas unless provided with separate chimneys for each lamp or group of lamps. Incidental advantages have also been found to spring from these ventilated lamps. There is a decided economy of gas, and a great gain in the steadiness and power of the light. Concerning this, more is said under the head of "Regenerative Gas-lighting" in this department.

Steam Catamaran.

The catamaran or double-hull sail-boat (already described in this department) has been found to possess certain advantages in the way of speed. Quite a number have been built, and it is now proposed to apply steam power to this style of boat.

This has already been done in England, but with only indifferent results, owing chiefly to faulty construction, and a new boat now building in this country seems to promise great stability and carrying capacity, combined with light draught and high speed. The chief objection to the catamaran arises from the fact that the two hulls act as funnels, jamming and crowding up the water between them, and retarding their headway. To overcome this, the hulls have been made with straight sides, or have been placed wide apart, or have been built of very light draught. This involves heavy bracing to keep them upright, or very long bracing, and this implies weight at the expense of speed. In designing the new boat the whole aim has been to gain speed, and the two hulls are iron cylinders, very long and narrow and exactly alike. They are each 61 meters (200 feet) long and 1.67 meters (5½ feet) in diameter at the center, and tapering uniformly to a sharp point at each end, and upon very fine lines. The material is boiler iron, 5 millimeters (3-16 in.) thick at the center and slightly thinner at the ends, and securely riveted, leaving a smooth surface on the outside. The cylinders are divided into five water-tight compartments by bulkheads, each being securely stayed to the sides and to each other, the whole being held together by radial stays and braces of angle iron. The shape of these hulls, it will be observed, is designed for very light draught and the least resistance to the water. When finished with engines, boiler and house they will be submerged 76 centimeters (2½ feet) at the center, the two ends being out of water for some distance, the total weight being only forty tons. The hulls will be placed side by side, with a clear space in the middle of only 2.74 meters (9 feet); and resting on these and securely fastened to them will be a single level deck, about 38 meters (125 feet) long, and 7.62 meters (25 feet) wide, overhanging the hulls on each side to form a guard, and leaving the hulls projecting fore and aft. On this deck will be built a single house, the whole width of the deck and slightly shorter, to give an open deck at each end for handling the boat. The house will contain a ladies' cabin forward, a smoking-room aft, and a main saloon with glass sides in the center. The pilot house at the bows will be kept low, and there will be no deck on the house, the aim being to offer the least possible resistance to the wind. The power will consist of a single six-bladed propeller hung at a slight angle or downward pitch, just aft of the center compartment and between the hulls. This wheel has a six-sided hub, so placed that it is just clear of the water, leaving two blades constantly submerged and four in the air. The design of this is to save the friction and loss of power spent in dragging the hub through the water. The wheel will be 2.63 meters (8 feet) in diameter, and of the same pitch. The low pitch of the screw and apparently wasteful position in the water is to be compensated by a very high speed of revolution and great power. The downward pitch gives solid water to strike against, and the great length and peculiar shape of the hulls gives the screw free play

in unbroken water. The engine is to be of the new balanced type already described in this department, and is to have two upright cylinders, leaning slightly aft to conform to the pitch of the shaft, and is to be of 476 horse power, and to give 325 revolutions a minute. This type of engine runs at high speed with great steadiness, and is exceedingly light for the power developed. To gain still more in weight, the boiler is to be of the high-pressure coil pattern now being introduced as a marine boiler, and is designed to supply steam at a pressure of 125 pounds. It is the combination of these special features that makes this boat of interest. The whole aim is speed, and to this end the catamaran type of hull is adopted: the house is low to prevent wind resistance, the screw is of low pitch and high speed and placed in unbroken water, and the engine and boiler are of great power and very light weight. The novelty of the combination will no doubt attract attention, and the practical workings of the boat will be watched with interest.

Regenerative Gas-lighting.

EXPERIMENTS with the regenerative gas lamps already described in this department (page 948, volume xviii.) have been continued by the inventor, and further progress is reported, showing the practical value of the system. The best form of lamp appears to be a pillar lamp (for newel posts), carrying a single light or group of lights in a lantern at the top. The supporting pillar is composed of an upright standard, suitably ornamented, containing in the center a hollow tube of large diameter, and surrounded by two pipes, thus leaving two annular spaces between them, all the spaces and pipes being filled with fine wire netting. The gas is admitted to the inner tube at the bottom, and rises through the wire netting to the lamps. The second pipe is open at the bottom to admit fresh air, and at the top directly under the flame of the lamps. The outer tube is open at the top, and communicates at the bottom with a ventilating shaft that leads to the top of the building. The globe or lantern surmounts the three pipes, inclosing the lamps from the air. The products of combustion rise to the top of the lantern, and finding no escape move along the cool sides of the lantern to the outlets below, and descend through the outer pipe, imparting their heat to the netting, which soon becomes intensely hot. This heat is readily transferred to the netting of the second pipe and the interior gas-pipe, heating the fresh air and practically making a hot blast for the lamps. The gas is also heated, and is burned at a high temperature. The gain is threefold. The netting acting as a regenerator gives a hot blast and hot gas, and induces a more complete combustion at a material saving of gas and a gain of light. At the same time, all the products of combustion are removed from the room and made to do useful work in heating the lamp and ventilating the room. The system is reported to give excellent results in economy of gas, and it certainly recommends itself as a means of ventilation. Three styles of regener-

ative lamps have been tried—upright lamps, hanging lamps, and a wall light having the regenerator hung on a spindle. The products of combustion escape through the upper half of the regenerator, and the fresh air enters through the lower half, the regenerator also serving as a reflector for the lamp. After the lamp has been burning a few minutes the regenerator is turned round, the heated portion now being below, and the fresh air passes through it. This lamp has, however, the objection that no means are provided for ventilation, and is only suitable for an out-door light. In connection with the new ventilating gas-fixtures now being introduced (described on page 316), it may be observed that the regenerative idea is used in part, as the ventilating pipes surrounding the gas-pipes tend to heat the gas before it is burned.

Seamless Paper Boxes.

A NEW article of manufacture in the form of paper boxes made in one piece and without seams has been introduced, in a limited way. The boxes have been made direct from paper pulp by hand, and have been found to be strong, light and durable. Machinery driven by power has now been perfected for making the boxes upon a large scale. The pulp is prepared from rags in a paper-mill in the usual manner, and, when strained, whitened or colored, is pumped through pipes to the box-forming machine. This consists essentially of a circular revolving table, carrying on the edge a number of forms or molds made of fine wire netting. As the table revolves these pass in turn under the end of the pipe, and are covered with a flood of pulp under heavy atmospheric pressure that tends to drive the water through the netting, leaving a hood or skin of pulp on the mold. The water escapes through a hole in the table into the sewer, and the mold with its paper hood moves away to make room for the next, and passes to an ingenious piece of mechanism that lifts the hood off the mold as a soft paper box without seams. The boxes are placed by the machine on a traveling board that conveys them to a drying-room. When partly dry the boxes are placed in a hydraulic press and stamped with any embossed figure, lettering or ornamentation that may be desired. The press works automatically, and delivers the boxes dry and finished ready for use. If desired, they may then be passed to a papering and pasting machine for covering with colored or printed paper. The box-forming machine in principle resembles the apparatus used in forming felt hats, where the material is driven by air pressure over a perforated mold, and it appears to do its work quickly and effectively. The pulp may be colored to give the boxes any desired tint inside and out, in which case the papering may be omitted. Wood or rag pulp may be used, and, if sizing is added to it, the boxes are very stiff and strong. The machine examined was the first of the kind ever used by power, and larger machines, of a capacity of thirty boxes a minute, are to be erected for the manufacture of the boxes upon a large scale.

Bi-sulphide of Carbon in Steam-Engines.

ATTEMPTS have been made from time to time to find a substitute for water in steam boilers—to find something having a low boiling point that would give an elastic vapor that might be used in motors in the place of steam. Bi-sulphide of carbon has been made the subject of some of these experiments, but, so far, none of the experiments have been wholly satisfactory. The latest experiment seems more promising, and it may be briefly observed that the bi-sulphide of carbon is used in connection with petroleum in the proportion of three of the sulphide to two of the oil. A twenty-horse-power engine, supplied with a mixed vapor of steam and the mixture of oil and bi-sulphide of carbon from a ten-horse-power boiler, has been made the subject of experiments that certainly seem promising.

Steam is first obtained from water, and the engine is started. The power obtained is then used to pump the prepared mixture into the boiler. A very minute quantity serves to raise the pressure quickly, and the fires may then be dampened and the boiler supplies all the needed vapor for the engine with a very moderate use of fuel. The exhaust of the engine is taken to a large copper coil submerged in cold water, in which it is condensed to a liquid form and run into a reservoir, from which it is pumped back, as needed, into the boiler. The usual disagreeable smell of the bi-sulphide of carbon appears to be neutralized by the oil, and, from an examination of the boiler and engine at work, it appears that the mixture of oil and bi-sulphide may be added to the water in any boiler at a very decided gain in economy of fuel, ease of management, and safety.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Present and Past.

'Tis no pleasant task contrasting
Now and Then,
Though I long for kindness lasting—
Once again.
Then you said you thought me clever;
Now you listen to me never,
And your silence seems to sever
Now and Then.

Still I cannot but adore you
Now and then,
Though I see in shoals before you
All the men;
Women are but cattle-kittle,
And their promises are brittle!—
Can't you love me—just a little—
Now and then?

ARTHUR PENN.

Dianthus Barbatus.

(SWEET WILLIAM.)

I USED to know him in the olden days,
When Love and I were young, and skies were
mellow,
And, spite of his demure and formal ways,
I rather liked the dear old-fashioned fellow
Who used to meet me in my garden walk
And entertain me with instructive talk.

He was a miracle of common-sense;
His brain the seat of learning most prolific;
And if a flight ideal I'd commence,
He'd bring me back to something scientific:
And I am not ashamed to own it here,
I loved him—just because he was so queer.

Women are converts to the latest fashion,
And even coarting will assume rare grace
If the fond lover but declare his passion
In looks and tones that are not commonplace.
My pride was flattered that a man so shy
And wise should care for such a dunce as I.

Alas! We parted; and I never met
Again my queer and antiquated suitor,
Although I hear he's living single yet,
And in some Western college is a tutor;
Yet to this day my cheeks would blush with
shame
To call him out of his botanic name!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A Kind of Traveler.

He goes from Ecuador to Maine:
He studies every people,
He visits every crypt in Spain,
And every German steeple.

He roams among Liberian rocks,
He haunts Thibet's wild region;
Men find him on the Styrian lochs,
And on the lakes Norwegian.

Greece he has seen a dozen times.
Iceland has hailed him loudly,
And in the bland Hawaiian climes,
He oft has wandered proudly.

He scales the Himalayan peaks,
He strolls through vales Ionian,
He hunts the buffalo with Creeks,
And puns in Patagonian!

He goes to Europe every year,
Is known to all the sailors,
And in his life has seen, I fear,
More than ten Bayard Taylors!

A modern Wandering Jew is he,
A student of all races,
And when there's nothing left to see
In strange, exotic places,

He homeward turns for fame to look,
Quite sure that he will win it,
And writes a most ambitious book,
Without one new thing in it!

CENDRILLON.

**On the Trapping of a Mouse that Lived in a Lady's
Escritoire.**

POOR mouse! you have learned too late,
This lady's scorn of mice—and men,
Who envy yet thy better fate,—
To hear the music of her pen;—

To kiss the rug her feet have kissed;—
To gambol round her dainty slippers,
And wonder if, in Beauty's list,
The foot of Venus could outstrip hers;—

To draw the splendor of her eyes,
That flash as they discover you,
And picture in their swift surprise
Your fleeting bliss, and sentence, too;—

To have her fingers set the snare
And bait with crumbs have touched her lip,
Inviting to ambrosial fare
And sudden death's endearing grip:

While men may sigh and sigh in vain,
And suffer torturing Love's demur,
Without a smile to ease their pain
Or even leave to die for her. C. C. BUEL.

The Phonograph in the Moon Two Centuries Ago.

THE editor has been shown a curious old volume which contains a passage showing that there is nothing new under the moon, in the way of the phonograph, at least. The title reads: "The Comical History of the States and Empires of the Worlds of the Moon and the Son. Written in French by Cyrano Bergerac. And newly Englished by A. Lovell, A. M., London: Printed for Henry Rhodes, next door to the Swan Tavern, near Bride Lane, in Fleet Street, 1687."

This book gives an account of the writer's travels in the Sun and Moon. While in one of the cities of the Moon, he meets an inhabitant of the Sun, who had wandered to the Moon, and they take a stroll through the city, discoursing, as they go, pleasantly concerning their new surroundings. The citizen of the Sun is suddenly called away, and before going gives his companion two books. The writer says:

"No sooner was his back turned, but I fell to consider attentively my books and their boxes, that's to say, their covers.

"As I opened the box, I found within somewhat of metal, almost like to our clocks, full of I know not what little springs and imperceptible engines. It was a book, indeed, but a strange and wonderful book, that had neither leaves nor letters. In fine, it was a book made wholly for the ears and not the eyes. So that when anybody has a mind to read in it, he winds up that machine, with a great many little strings; then he turns a hand to the chapter which he desires to hear, and straight as from the mouth of a man or a musical instrument, proceed all the distinct and different sounds, which the Lunar Grandees make use of, for expressing their thoughts, instead of language.

"When I since reflected on this miraculous invention, I no longer wondered that the young men of that country were more knowing at sixteen or eighteen years old than the graybeards of our climate; for knowing how to read as soon as speak, they are never without lectures, in their chambers, their walks, the town or traveling; they may have in their pockets, or at their girdles, thirty of these books, where they need but wind up a spring to hear

a whole chapter, and so more, if they have a mind to hear the book quite through; so that you never want the company of all the great men, living and dead, who entertain you with living voices."

Portraits in Black and White.

I. A WOMAN OF FASHION.

UPON her brazen cheek the color's high;
Her hair has risked the hazard of the dye;
Her heels—but why of such a trifle talk?
Her conversation's petty as her walk.
She tries to hide, by some linguistic wrench,
Her lack of English 'neath her lack of French.
She wears no stocking of cerulean hue,
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;
She has no wish to vote, and make things worse;
She always leaves her children with their nurse.
In Lent she fasts, she prays, she hears long sermons,
Instead of chattering French and dancing Germans;
Indeed, she always worships God on Sunday,—
On week-days she bows down to Mrs. Grundy.

II. A FAST YOUNG MAN.

HE prides himself upon his cockney "togs,"
Goes in for horses, and goes to the dogs.
Man of the world, with not a thought of heaven,
He's not puffed up by Pharisaic leaven,
But tries, like Moses, whom he thinks a dunce,
To break the ten commandments all at once.
On women and cards he spends time—money—
breath;
Maid of dishonor to the Queen of Death,
Ixion-croupiers toiling at the wheel,
Have found in him one worthy of their steal.
Along a narrow railroad, black and fell,
He rushes on—to ruin, death, and hell:
Should not a warning shrill to this vain clown
Whistle "down brakes!" ere all be broken down?

III. POLITICAL ORGAN-GRINDERS.

THEY dare do all—for party or for self;
They scold and scoff, like Ghibelline and Gueff.
Of course each holds himself immaculate—
And damns the other to a fiery fate;
All virtues in himself he has descried,
And all the vices in the other side.
'Tis pot calls kettle black,—and kettle, pot.
Believe what each says of the other! not
What each says of himself: and thus, forsooth,
Believe the worst,—and so get at the truth.

IV. AN ADVANCED THINKER.

THIS modern scientist—a word uncouth—
Who calls himself a seeker after truth,
And traces man through monkey back to frog,
Seeing a Plato in each pollywog,
Ascribes all things unto the power of Matter.
The woman's anguish, and the baby's chatter,—
The soldier's glory, and his country's need,—
Self-sacrificing love,—self-seeking greed,—
The false religion some vain bigots prize,
Which seeks to win a soul by telling lies,—
And even pseudo-scientific clatter,—
All these, he says, are but the work of Matter.
Thus, self-made science, like a self-made man,
Deems naught uncomprehended in its plan;
Sees naught he can't explain by his own laws.
The time has come, at length, to bid him pause,
Before he strive to leap the unknown chasm
Reft wide 'twixt awful God and protoplasm.